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BENGAL ANNUAL

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TO
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
LADY WILLIAM BENTINCK

• *This Volume*

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BY
HER LADYSHIP'S MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,
THE EDITOR

INTRODUCTORY SONNET.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

ONCE more, fraternal Exiles, firm and brave,
(When the stunned earth at War's dread thunder reels,
Or fell Disease through silent chambers steals,) .
The western Muses dare the tropic wave !
For yet no sultry skies your souls enslave :—
Though the fierce God to whom the Persian kneels •
The rose of health may sear, your fame reveals
What bloom of mind self-energy may save.

And ye that tread our distant father-land—
Dear, unforgotten friends—receive this store
Of treasures gathered on a foreign strand—
A slight yet precious gift—for many a hand
That shared the pleasant toil, perchance no more
Shall press a kindred palm on Britain's happy shore.

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THE
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THE JUNCTION OF THE OCEANS.

[*A Tale of the Year 2074.*]

BY H. M. PARKER.

YES, my dear Alfred ; that reef of rocks barely rising above the surface of the sleeping ocean was Albella, a lofty mountain of the Isthmus, at the foot of which the pleasant Quinta of your grandfather stood, amidst the greenness and perfume of laurels and myrtles, of spice-trees from the Phillipines, and bowery orange groves. Further to the east, there where the ripple sparkles in the declining sun, is the summit of Pica del Lana, once covered with its canopy of grey clouds from the far south, now the resting place of the gull and the albatross, who deposit their eggs in the sand-bank which is there accumulated, while the nautilus furls his azure sail beneath the lea of the lonely islet, and its shores are fringed with sea-weeds and glowing shells. You see yonder flight of birds, they are wheeling now between us and that amethystine cloud which seems to hover like some guardian spirit in the blazing path of the declining sun :— two thousand fathoms beneath the spot over which they circle lies the once magnificent, the proud, the luxurious city of

NEW PANAMA! and woe! who are now the denizens of her golden palaces—what uncouth monsters of the lowest deep have their seaweed lair in her marble halls? There, where I have heard the light laugh of happiness, and the sweet melodies of a thousand charming voices and delicate instruments mingling in the soft breeze, as the silver beacons lighted upon the hill tops by the rising moon called forth all the children of pleasure; there is now the mysterious dumbness of the deep ocean, with desolation and the bones of the dead.

I have often promised that I would narrate to you the events of that fatal, that tremendous day, which while they dispersed the high anticipation of ages, and inflicted a terrible chastisement on the proud presumption of man, left me almost a lonely dweller on this rocky islet. I arose in the morning a mighty noble, the possessor of vast domains which art and nature contributed to render so many terrestrial paradises; the beloved master of a numerous tenantry; the owner of wealth, the limit of which was scarcely known to its possessor; blessed with youth and health, with dear friends and dear connections; anticipating long years of happiness with a beloved wife, to whose memory I dare even now hardly do more than allude; the father of two lovely infants, and proud (it was a sinful pride) of the numerous advantages of fortune and of station, which united in my destiny—ere sunset I was a lonely, miserable wretch, overwhelmed with mortal agony, and clinging to existence, only that I might live to humiliate myself before Heaven in deep repentance for my past unthinking and criminal presumption.

I trust that the murmuring spirit has long been chastened within me; that I can say, with a humble and

true heart, with no discontented repinings after the past, no unworthy fears for the future, "*Fiat voluntas tua.*" But were it not so, did no sense of the duty of submission touch my soul, common reflection would teach me the absurdity of such a miserable worm as I am, pining over his petty griefs, when, alas! I fear it cannot be otherwise! when the day of my own ruin was marked by the desolation of mighty empires, the disappearance of vast kingdoms from the face of the earth; by a change over the whole surface of the globe which has but too probably reduced mankind, even if any yet survive, to the few individuals who, like myself, were on that terrible day in the highest regions of lofty mountains, and then only in the vicinity of the equator, for elsewhere they must have perished in the ensuing winters.

It is now twenty years and one month since the awful catastrophe occurred. In twenty years, I have familiarized myself with the dreadful recollections it inspires; but I have not spoken much on the subject, even with your dear mother, a common sufferer in that great calamity. We could add but little to each other's knowledge of its terrible details, and such was the awe impressed on our very souls by its occurrence, that we have, as it were by mutual consent, tacitly avoided more than a casual reference to it, after the first few months of bewildering astonishment, and dreamy horror—for we could scarcely believe it to be any thing but a ghastly dream—had passed away; and the fearful certainty that this humble islet contained nearly all, if not the sole survivors of the human race, became irresistible. Although therefore, you have heard many allusions to the unparalleled disaster, I have abstained from a detail which I am still unable to enter upon without pain. It is time however, that I should communicate all to you, not only in

preparation for a solemn act of duty, on which I crave God's blessing, but that if countries heaved from the depths of the ocean, or, as is more probable, abandoned by its waves, still remain; the future race of man, while they once more win the forest and the morass to fertility and beauty, may not continue ignorant of the real history of that mighty and appalling convulsion whose marks will remain so deeply graven on all around them—I have not omitted fully to record in the utmost detail all my recollections of the great catastrophe, but before you peruse the documents, which I will place in your possession hereafter, I wish verbally to give you a brief outline of what they more completely describe. Sit then, my son, on the edge of this mossy rock, against which, with a gentle sound, ripple the waves that flow above a departed world. The sober glory of this calm sunset shining over the now unbroken solitude of the boundless ocean; the soothing gush of the mountain stream, that leaps from rock to rock past our humble dwelling; the gentle whispering of leaves scarcely agitated by the soft breeze, all inspire a composure favourable to the mood of mind in which I would feign communicate my mournful tale:—a mood of melancholy, yet not desponding, resignation; of firm reliance on that Power whose goodness, notwithstanding apparent exceptions, speaks to us through all nature; through the balmy air of this serene evening, from beyond the bright calm azure canopy above us; from the sapphire beams of that resplendent star; above all, from the depths of an irresistible conviction in our own souls, whenever we are humble, whenever we are just. Hark! the evening hymn of your dear sisters and beloved mother, comes sweetly from yonder wooded hollow, where the soft breath of the summer breeze murmurs through shrubs and wild flowers, which still flourish in their

simplicity of beauty and fragrance, though empires have passed away, and the glorious realms of a hundred climates live in my memory only as a beautiful dream—Soothing to the soul, is that holy sound ; with no pealing harmony to decorate its beauty, no musical thunder of the mighty organ to roll forth with it upon the still air of evening, but instead, the solemn dashings of the everlasting tide, the solemn whisperings of the twilight wood ; let us, my son, join our orisons to those of the pure spirits who pour forth their innocent hearts in love and praise for the only good, and oh how surpassing great ! which they have ever known. It is a fit prelude to a tale of the nothingness of man, the infinite might even of the least of those instruments which are permitted to go forth by the Omnipotent, and rebuke the pride of his presumptuous creature.

Nearly a century of warfare had been closed by the Peace of Frankfort. The new European republics, every where triumphant over the misrule and oppression of the past, formed a consolidated and harmonious system. The crust of old prejudices was broken up, and from the chaos arose a thousand springs of mental power which had hitherto wound their way obscurely beneath the superincumbent weight of ancient despotism, or whose force had been misused in its support. Europe stretched her hand to America in union and in love, and the only competition between the old world and the new, for nearly fifty years after the Peace of Frankfort, was how to turn to the greatest advantage of mankind, that vast power of intelligence, and that prodigious energy which the general pacification had released from the stern bondage of war and politics. Under these circumstances, schemes for ameliorating the

condition of society, especially through the medium of that chiefest of ameliorators commerce, were in rapid circulation, while the general spread of science and information enabled men readily to reject visionary theories, and, ordinarily, to follow none but well founded and sufficiently matured plans for particular or the general welfare. I have pointed out to you on our maps the Isthmus of SUEZ. It was cut through ; the coral rocks of the Red Sea were scattered by explosive forces, or removed by mechanical powers, unknown to the philosophers, even of the twentieth century. Majestic fleets stemmed alike the winds and currents, and within a lunar month and a half the produce of Norway or of Holland was landed on the marble quays of the cities of the Indus. Inclined planes adjusted to an exactitude which our predecessors would in vain have endeavoured to comprehend, still less effect, spread from the Russian republics throughout Central Asia ; and when the hunter on the Steppes saw vast indistinct masses in quick succession roll past him like dark clouds flying before the breath of the tempest, those were precious cargoes launched, as it were, from ASTRACAN or MESHID, and impelled by the impetus of their own weight, unguided by human hands, along the platina grooves which terminated at BOCHARA or TOBOLSKI. Great Britain and France were united by an artificial isthmus covered with flourishing towns. A similar connection spanned the Hellespont, and there brought Europe into contact with Asia. Following or disregarding the rugged windings of the Pyrenees, a great canal united the Mediterranean and the Atlantic ; while in our own hemisphere communication was so rapid, that a traveller leaving that splendid city of the kingdom of Virginia which I have pointed out to you in your maps as Wash-

ington, might reach the shores of the Pacific on the fourth day.

You will believe, my son, that amongst other vast achievements one was not un contemplated which had so often excited and baffled the energies of mankind:—I mean that union of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, to which nature has in all ages since the dawn of science and the discovery of the new world, appeared to demand the attention of society. It was a problem continually presented for solution, and alas ! how has it been solved ? Several attempts to connect the two seas had already been made and failed ; or if they can be said to have succeeded, it was upon a scale too insignificant, and in a manner offering no practical advantage to the world at large. The birch canoe might track a laborious course from one Ocean to the other, through scooped rocks, and by following the natural channels of uncertain torrents ; but this was not the desideratum. Two efforts on a more imposing scale had been made, immediately prior to that great war which for a century filled the earth, and like the hurricane to which it bore the aptest resemblance, purified the moral atmosphere, until at its subsidence each star in the galaxy of human intelligence sparkled with a more surpassing lustre, each flower of life bloomed with greater beauty than ever. It was the last dazzling blaze of the setting sun, the brief bright flash of the expiring torch.

After the Peace of FRANKFORT, the granite rocks of the isthmus, which connected the two great divisions of America, were again viewed as a fortress on whose battlements nature hung out her banners of defiance to brave and tempt the assaults of art. Not only individuals or even great commercial bodies became warmly interested in the

project for dividing the isthmus so effectually, as to give a ready passage to the vast arks which then burthened the ocean, but entire empires, laying aside all thought of rivalry, and assuming instead a spirit of generous emulation, prepared to forward, and devoted the energies of nations to the accomplishment of an object, apparently fraught with such inestimable benefits to mankind.

I have intimated, my son, that no ordinary excavation following the narrow course of torrents amongst the cliffs of Darien—no streightened canal—no limited cut would serve for the passage of those mighty vessels which, towards the close of the twenty-first century, bade defiance to the storms and the billows of the ocean. The delineations I have shown you, supply no adequate idea of those vast masses which propelled through the flashing waves like floating islands, and with the swiftness of the dolphin darting upon his prey, were announced on the verge of the extreme horizon by the cataract of foam and vapour, which the mighty bows of the advancing vessel threw high up into the clear air like the first smoke-burst of a volcanic eruption. Ocean seemed to groan beneath their weight, and miles of snowy foam, wheeling in sparkling vortices and mimic whirlpools, told for hours of the passage of the great ship. Nor when reposing in our harbours, delivering and receiving the wealth of kingdoms, were those glorious creations of human power and intelligence less worthy of admiration; neither could even the familiar habit of seeing those monsters of science, remove the awe with which they impressed a contemplative or enthusiastic mind. The billows of the fiercest tempests of the tropics moved those far-spreading masses, no more than the ripple of some quiet river could affect the mightiest war vessels of our forefathers. The

hurricane, as it howled in impotent fury over their decks, was unheeded, as much as the lightest breeze of the Mediterranean would have been disregarded of yore by the flag ship of the English Nelson. Rocks, those terrors of the ancient mariners, were no longer objects of apprehension. A thousand feelers of elastic metal, like the gigantic arms of the great sea Polypus, stretched far on all sides from the bottom of the vessel, and the first touch of a hidden danger instantly communicated to the whole prodigious machinery, a retrograde power and motion sufficient to counteract the most rapid *way* of the advancing ship. In ports and in shallow water, where she might anchor, these mighty arms were folded to her side like the wings of a reposing bird, and became imperceptible. The deadly leak again, and fire, the most insidious and the most awful enemies of old navigation, were never thought of. In our invulnerable floating islands each particle of the immense fabric, however minute, was a hollow and air-tight metallic tube; of those, layer within layer formed the hull of the giant vessel,—every knee, every beam, every plank of the deck, to use the ancient terms of the ship-builder's art, was similarly composed; and supposing for a moment the possibility that such a vessel could be stranded or oppressed by the fury of the elements, one stroke of an enormous exhausting machine, constructed for the purpose, emptied each tube of the atmospheric air which was ordinarily allowed to remain in it, forming a perfect vacuum, and instantly the vast hull became buoyant almost to rising from the surface of the sea. Deeply interesting indeed was the sight of one of these great ships anchoring with her incalculable freight, and with many thousand souls on board bent on business or roaming for pleasure to the several ports whither she was

bound. The shops, the hotels, the theatres, the markets, the baths, the places of public worship, the police, the various offices of magistrates, and others vested with the government of this microcosm ; (some vessels even bore gardens of great beauty) would no longer permit one to consider the huge fabric as a ship floating on the surface of the ocean, but rather as some maritime town, against whose bulwarks and on whose piers the billows thundered in vain.

It was greatly with a view to facilitate the commercial transactions carried on to so prodigious an extent, and so rapidly, by means of these grand vessels, that the determination to pierce through the Isthmus of Darien a channel of sufficient width and depth to admit of their uninterrupted passage, was finally adopted.

From PORTO BELLO to NEW PANAMA, a tract of country which the singular alteration of climates that occurred in the beginning of the twentieth century, and the clearance of the mangrove and bamboo woods, had converted into one of the most salubrious spots in the world, a line was traced chiefly in the valleys and along the courses of the streams which wound amidst our gigantic heights—a million of workmen exhausted the powers of human labor and of mechanical aids in excavating a vast canal through the granite roots of the Andes. It was more than four Spanish leagues in width, for a less space would not have provided for the passage of two “of those vast ships, meeting in their transit from the oceans whose waters were destined to commingle in this huge basin.

Never was there a more sublime spectacle—it was the triumph of human art and intellect—its greatest and its last. Mountains of granite were hurled in the air by the explosive

force of ignited gases, and their huge fragments removed with a rapidity which seemed rather the work of magic, of that genii force you have read of in Arabian fables, than of the limited means of the human race—rivers were turned, and streams dammed into magnificent lakes, which formed temporary basins for the vessels desiring to unload their freights on the isthmus. In some places enormous arches were carried across valleys, which the unrecorded convulsions of nature had sunk far below the level of the oceans, with a boldness to which the mightiest works of old were but timid trifling. They spanned black ravines and chasms to whose depths no sun-beam had ever penetrated, and hung in air at such a height that the condor and the eagle built their nests far beneath them. Over these bridges were to flow the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific, and not alone, but bearing on their heaving waves, the gigantic ships I have described. The wealth of Europe, of Asia, and the Americas was lavishly poured forth to accomplish this crowning work of civilization; a triumph more sacred than all the glories of the most glorious war; a triumph of peace over the strife and rivalry of ages: and while the means of success were profusely supplied, even those were multiplied, in a vast ratio, by the science and sagacity with which they were wielded. You would have thought that the beautiful city of New Panama, at which the Pacific was to enter the canal, had become by common consent the capital of the arts, and the centre of earthly science. The congregated philosophers of the two hemispheres were either engaged in conducting the gigantic work in progress, in studying the mineralogical and geological facts which its advance naturally brought to light, or in speculating on those results, so interesting to humanity and civilization, which would attend its completion. Here

at length, they said, is the last connecting link which will so closely unite mankind that the most opposite kingdoms of the globe shall be less remote from each other than were the neighbouring states of the last age. Here is that which shall communicate civilization and science, the products and the intelligence of nations, no longer slowly, and as streams born in the mountains traverse and intersect the plains which they gradually enrich, but as those majestic rivers which rising to the verge of the season at once overflow their banks, spreading wealth and fertility over whole continents.

Surely there was something prophetic in the terms of this prediction !

But the work proceeded. The representatives of the most potent and powerful states were stationed at New Panama to controul the expenditure of the enormous sums advanced by their respective republics. Again, in addition to the men of science, multitudes were drawn to the spot by curiosity, and by the festivities which naturally arose in the neighbourhood of such lavish expenditure. The streets of New Panama presented a perpetual carnival, nor were wanting what seemed the mimic costumes appropriate to that season, for there were assembled the people of nearly every civilized state on earth, each in his national garb, and bringing with him national peculiarities. But it was the reign of perfect order ; for not only were men profitably occupied or amused, but they yielded themselves to the brightest and most gorgeous anticipations of the future. All day the distant roar of explosions amongst the mountains, the passing to and fro of immense engines, the busy consultations held by Boards of Science, the departure and arrival of the superintending engineers, and the joyous aspects of thriving workmen

kill the wolf because he was an annoyance to my tenantry, than because I attached any particular credit as a sportsman to the exploit itself. We had a wearisome chase, however, and it was not until near dusk that our savage and crafty antagonist, was brought to bay. Two rifle balls in his gaunt body did not prevent his flying with a strength nearly equal to his ferocity at my throat. I was prepared for this, as I always fired at the great wolf of the mountains with my hunting sash fastened tight round my left arm, and then dropping my gun if he was close, stood prepared for his rush with a broad double-edged dagger in my right hand. On the present occasion, I received my adversary as usual on the protected arm, and plunged my poignard up to the hilt in his heart; but the ground had been rendered slippery by a cold mountain mist, which had enveloped us during the last hour of the chase, and in the exertion of striking home, I fell. On attempting to rise, I discovered that I had sprained my ankle severely, and although the simple remedies of the mountain peasantry, used to such accidents, were immediately applied, I was still unable to walk without intense pain. I reached my hunting seat with difficulty, and so late that a return to New Panama that night was out of the question; indeed, I felt that I could not sit my mule had it been earlier, and was moreover quite assured that it would not be possible for me even to attend the august ceremony of the following day; but my regret on this account was not very profound. It had often occurred to me that the spectacle would be even more sublime from the summit of my mountain, commanding as it were a view of both oceans, and from which the course of the vast canal could be traced for so great a distance, and

through so many of its gigantic windings—my mind was therefore made up at once. I wrote to Marianna, giving her an account of my trifling accident, and begging that with those of our friends who felt disposed to accompany her, she would join me the following morning at the lodge, before the hour appointed for opening the canal. At the same time, unwilling to deprive my servants of the more tangible pleasures they anticipated below, where wines were to flow from a thousand fountains, and all the other preparations for popular rejoicing had been made on a vast scale, I desired that excepting a few who would attend their mistress to the hill, they would use their own discretion in remaining at Panama, or coming to the lodge. Those already with me had a similar option given to them, and when I dispensed with their attendance for the night, nearly the whole establishment availed themselves of it to proceed to the city; Domingo, a fine young negro, his mother, and one page alone remaining. Indeed this was but natural, even the people of the mountain villages, except a few who tended sheep in the distant valleys, had descended to witness the approaching solemnity; and in the course of the day's chase, I had found it very difficult to procure sufficient assistance to turn the wolf from the different passes and drive him back upon myself.

All my servants, excepting those I have mentioned, had departed. It was a heavenly night—I sat reading, while the old negress bathed my ankle with a decoction of soothing simples:—it was already much better. She sung, and the sound was as faint as the sound in dreams—a low and mournful, not unmelodious, song; some wild American air, half religious, half a witch rhyme; thus she sung as she proceeded in her ministry. It harmonized with the rust-

ling of the trees in my garden, with the murmur of the stream, and the deep monotonous voice of the Pacific rolling in upon the beach, far, very far below us. Through the open bay window of my library in which I sat, the gentle wind brought in the fresh delicious perfume of the roses, which had been trained in thick clustering masses from base to summit round every pillar of that verandah, while each interstice in the trellis-work was filled by white and yellow jasmín and passion flowers. Beyond, amidst emerald plots sprinkled with countless flowers, the lilac, the laburnum, the Indian baubul, the geranium, the aloe, and the orange flower, lent their sweetness to the breath of the starry night. Oh how starry ! how clear ! how beautiful ! or do I think so now, because it was the last to millions upon millions who then reposed peaceful, happy, full of hope, full of life, and all life's blessings beneath its bright and silent canopy. The last to—; Merciful heaven ! what a fate was theirs !—my precious wife—my dear dear children.—Alfred, I do not repine, a blessed, a mighty assurance is borne in upon my very soul, that they dwell in bliss unspeakable, in realms of everlasting happiness, beyond the most resplendent orbs which that night glittered in the depths of heaven. These, my son, are not the tears or the sighs of a murmuring spirit : as rain-drops fall from the passing clouds of summer ; they gush forth unbidden with the shadows of endeared and tender recollections, between which and my subsequent existence, that night forms in my mind the beautiful but mournful veil of separation. My son, let us pray to the Giver of all peace, for strength, and faith, and humility of spirit.

The moon about eight days old was sinking in a soft silver mist, which rested like some enchanted island on the extreme horizon of the calm Pacific. A long train of pearly light seemed to form a bright track for spirits from the beautiful planet to the white shiny beach, upon which the still whiter breakers poured with a majestical and measured cadence. I bade old Sarah cease her fomentations, the effect of which had been admirable, and send my page, as I would retire to rest. As she was preparing to obey, I heard a sound above, below, around, filling as it were the whole atmosphere, and impregnating the very earth, of so singular a description, that it is almost impossible to convey any adequate idea of it. It was not loud, but it was heavy, solemn, mournful; it had that thrilling effect upon the nerves which you have experienced, Alfred, from the ringing dissonance of the Chinese gong we have hung in the further cave: yet it was not dissonant, it was too subdued, too sad: it seemed as if the mountains shuddered, while a hollow groan murmured through the deep valleys, and over the sleeping ocean. Twice it arose without a possibility of tracing the quarter from whence it came, for it appeared simultaneously to fill the atmosphere, to rise from the bosom of the earth, and to float upon the waves of the star-lit ocean. For a few minutes it increased, yet never was it loud to the ear though the heart quailed under it, and then it died away in a long sigh, like the last breath of the storm amidst the solitudes of a forest. I sat motionless, and heard the beating of my own heart. The negress held by the handle of the door, and moved not. The tired wolf-dog, who had been sleeping at my feet, started up, and crouched and cowered beneath my chair, shivering as if with

an ague fit. As the sound gently, very gently, died away, the striking of a silver time-piece on the table startled me as if it had been the explosion of a mine. It struck two, and I again heard the murmur of the far waves on the beach, and the sighings of the breeze amongst the flower-laden branches in the garden.

In the name of Heaven, I exclaimed, what means this, Sarah ?

Oh Senhor, replied the trembling negress, this is the third time we have heard this dreadful sound. Twice has it come, at the dead time of the night, within the last year. It has been heard too amongst the wild mountains by the peasants on your farthest farms, and by the fishers on the beach, and those who cast their nets out by the bank of Padalesa, twelve miles from shore ; but your Lordship's servants, and the people of the city, laugh at us when we tell them, and call our truths, which are as true as the holy saints, foolish superstitions.

I spoke a few words to the old woman, calculated to remove a feeling, I knew not what to call it—a feeling of awe and apprehension, with which I was myself more affected than I was willing to believe it possible for any occurrence of the sort to affect me. This then was the origin of many of those vague rumors which had agitated the public mind—they were *not* groundless—what could it mean ? Were there indeed more things in heaven and earth, than we dream of in our philosophy ?—But the pride of knowledge, and the hard scepticism of physical science came to my aid. I would not allow myself to believe that the phenomenon did not admit of a natural, perhaps a simple, solution, and impressed with this sentiment, I made accurate notes on the subject, and even sketched more

than one explanatory hypothesis, before retiring to rest. I have seen them once since—with what feelings I reperused these vanities of my presumptuous spirit you will judge, when you have heard the termination of my fatal story.

My page and Domingo, tired with the fatigues of the day's chase, had slept unconscious of that mysterious sound—so little did it approximate to loudness. It was the low, deep, mournful shudder, which made it so awful : but I said, in the vanity of science, beyond doubt it is a mere physical phenomenon, less inexplicable than the tides, less mysterious than the magnetic attraction. I calculated on the credit to be acquired by the solutions I had to propose, and fell asleep in my pride.

The morning of the tenth of May came bright and beautiful, as if the sun beamed upon a world which had never known sin or sorrow. A mild breeze blew with balmy softness over the sea, just curled by its breath into crisp and sparkling waves. The sky was of that light, transparent blue, which seems as if it absorbs all the fiercer rays of the sun, and distributes those only which are most mild and benignant. A few light fleecy clouds hovered on the horizon, and one or two of dazzling whiteness slept upon the purple summits of the highest mountains. Elsewhere the whole magnificent vault of heaven spread in clear majesty, affording that sublime idea of the illimitable which attaches to a perfectly cloudless sky. In the city, all was joy and animation. From an early hour the firing of salvos, the cheerful peal of bells, the shouts of congregated multitudes, and the sound of innumerable bands of music, had been echoed back from the hollow rocks and valleys of the mountains. As the day advanced, one joyous voice of exultation seemed to arise

almost like thunder from the borders of the mighty channel, now at length prepared to receive and mingle the waters of two hemispheres. At the mouth of the great excavation, tier above tier of seats had been elevated to a dizzy height in the form of vast amphitheatres, whose adornments were velvet, and cloth of gold, and the silks of Cairo and Japan. Ten thousand banners of every beautiful hue, and blazoned with each rich device that imagination could contrive, floated above those stupendous edifices, while the rich costume of the myriads arranged upon the seats, the fairest, the best, the bravest of the new world and the old, glanced back the sun-light from jewels, and plumes, and rich embroidery, with almost intolerable lustre. All this, by the aid of my excellent glasses, I could see with the most perfect distinctness—every group, every feature of the gorgeous spectacle was brought close to my eyes. There on one side was the splendid representative of the Gallic confederation, his suite flashing with jewels, and one mass of waving plumes. The charming women of his country were surpassed by none, who gave life and animation to the assembly on the Isthmus. Near him were the superb delegates from the republic of red Russia, and the golden-haired daughters of that far land, standing in beautiful clusters on the platforms, covered and draped with pale green and silver, which were allotted for their accommodation. On the left of the President's throne, were the British: the scarlet uniforms of the men, the graceful costumes of the lovely women, shining brightly amidst the multitudes of gorgeous hues which covered the whole edifices as if it were one mighty parterre of oriental flowers. By their side stood the majestic representatives of Erin, now united with their valiant brethren of the sister island, in more enduring ties

than those formed by the legal bonds of other days. Why do I dwell on these things? they were indeed, to the events which followed, as trifling as the busy swarming of some ant-heap, which is in the next instant crushed by the tread of the unheeding elephant. From the flowery porch of my lodge, all was as visible as if I had been in my place in the general assembly, nay, more so; and even now, without an effort, the whole glorious and magnificent vision floats before my eye when it rests on nothing but the unquiet waves of that trackless ocean, or the clouds which sail slowly over our lonely isle. At the mouth of the canal ten thousand vessels, from the gigantic steam-ship to the humble coaster and the humbler fishing boat, lay ready to pass through as soon as the excavation was sufficiently filled. Their rigging was covered with countless flags, their yards were manned with their innumerable crews, dressed in their holiday attire, and replying with stunning shouts to the huzzas of the multitude on land. Farthest out lay the leviathans of the deep, mighty war-ships, which from a thousand bellowing cannon answered with thundering salvo for salvo the blazing batteries on shore. Never on earth had been such a tumult of gladness, so vast a jubilee. I had received a reply from my Marianna, she cheerfully met my wishes; when was she otherwise than the most kind, the most considerate, the most affectionate of wives! Many of our friends had expressed their approval of my idea as to the greater enjoyment we should have in witnessing the whole magnificent spectacle at one grand coup d'œil from the mountain; and those who were not detained by their official avocations, had agreed to accompany my wife.

My ankle felt comparatively well, and, with the aid of a stick, I walked to the verge of the mountain, from whence

I could trace our romantic road nearly to the city. I soon saw my wife, with some other ladies, and a gallant cavalcade of gentlemen, with their attendants, threading the chestnut wood which filled one of the intermediate valleys: that indeed which was nearest to the foot of the mountain on which my lodge was situated. As they came to a green open space, I caught a clear view of my Marianna's beautiful white mule, with the sun glancing from his golden trappings; she saw me also, for she waved her handkerchief, and the whole party coming onward at a brisker pace, they were again lost in the bowery shadows of the wood. It was but a narrow belt of beautiful trees to cross, and they would commence the last ascent of the elevation on which my lodge stood—this island, Alfred—and much less than an hour, with mules and horses so swift, and so well broken as those of the Isthmus, would bring them to the summit of the mountain.

As I was endeavouring to trace their progress through the thick green of the forest, I was startled by a loud report high in the air. I looked up, and perceived from the thick cloud of pitchy smoke, which, hovering in one spot contrasted strongly with the tender azure of the sky, that one of the great signal rockets had been discharged as a warning that the flood-gates of the Pacific were about to be opened. Rocket after rocket along the line of the canal conveyed the intelligence to the shores of the Atlantic, while the signal stations were rapidly at work, communicating to the engineers more in detail the orders of the chiefs. In ten minutes more, another rocket was discharged, and similarly replied to. I looked at my watch, and felt persuaded that owing to some cause with which I was unacquainted, the period decided upon for opening the canal was about

to be anticipated by at least two hours. I was sincerely annoyed at this, for I was sure that Marianna and her party would not reach the summit of the mountain in time for the spectacle ; but in spite of my vexation, my attention was soon attracted to the scene below by the discharge of a third rocket, followed by a thousand others as before, along the whole vast line of the works.

This time, however, the report of the most distant was distinctly audible, for a silence like that of death had settled at once upon the plain, and the mighty multitude below me awaited in breathless expectation the majestic junction of the oceans. What thoughts of difficulties overcome, of hopes fulfilled, what triumphant anticipations for the future, what philanthropic self-congratulations must at that instant have filled many a noble mind in that vast assembly, when the rudest mechanic in the throng seemed awed into silence by the greatness of the event, the immensity of the triumph. The President of the delegates raised high a golden banner. Owing to his elevated position, he was seen from one of the vast and polished black marble quays at the mouth of the canal, each ornamented with a colossal sphinx of red granite to which that of old Egypt was but as the conception of a child, to the opposite one. The President, elevated upon a throne, which seemed a mountain of flashing gems, waved his banner thrice ; and then the death-like stillness was broken by the heavy rolling of machinery, the clanking of prodigious chains, and the dull sound of blows dealt by huge engines ; for the whole power provided by the engineers for removing the last barrier to the waves of the Pacific was in full operation—still the silence was unbroken by any human voice, or any sound but that of the gigantic machinery. The breeze

had died away. The ocean lay motionless and smooth, as one vast sheet of emerald. The few fleecy clouds which had hitherto floated gently over the blue heavens were at rest. The very murmur which fills a tropical atmosphere, so rarely mute, was hushed, and the air and the forest were voiceless—Nature herself might seem to a fanciful imagination to hold her breath at this sublime crisis. But the vast powers, placed by science at the disposal of man, were in active operation.* First the enormous breast-work appeared pierced, with ten thousand arches, range surmounting range; then pier after pier, and buttress after buttress disappeared, while the waters of the mighty ocean, entering from beneath, flashed upwards green and sparkling in the glorious sun-shine. All this was accomplished, to such incredible perfection had the employment of mechanical forces been carried, with almost the rapidity of some vast change wrought by Nature. Layer after layer of the huge barrier disappeared. One only, the upper one, composed of the lightest and most buoyant materials, remained. It was divided by means invisible to me into a thousand mighty fragments, and each, forming a secure raft for the workmen who covered it, and the machinery it bore, floated away eastward on the breast of the in-flowing sea stream which now filled the excavation. A vast blazing mass of green and purple fire projected high in air at the other extremity of the canal, announced that the Isthmus of America had ceased to exist; that the northern and southern continents were now enormous islands; that the waters of the two oceans had mingled; that the junction was complete. Then advancing in beauty and majesty, as if a creature instinct with life and conscious of her sublime position, one of the mightiest vessels that swam on the ocean, entered from the

Pacific ; and as her expansive bows drove forward the first silver ripple on the glittering surface of the magnificent canal, there arose, as with one voice, a shout from the immense multitude which seemed to shake the very mountain on which I stood ; and the next instant, to the solemn accompaniment of countless trumpets, millions of voices poured forth a sublime hymn of praise and thanksgiving, drowning with that awful and thrilling harmony the thundings of the canon that pealed without ceasing from ships and towers and vast batteries. Hosts of vessels followed their gigantic leader spreading in broad lines across the vast mouth of the canal, until the white sails of those nearest the opposite shore just glanced like the wings of birds in the sun-shine. I was greatly vexed that my Marianna, and our friends, had not enjoyed the glorious spectacle from the first ; but the scene was still very magnificent, and I turned away from it to expedite by my signs their progress up the mountain. For during the period which had elapsed since I last saw the cavalcade, it had left the chesnut wood and was now at least two-thirds of the way up the ascent to my lodge.

While I was waving my handkerchief to the advancing group, and pointing though not looking towards the mouth of the canal, intimating by signs that they were losing the beautiful spectacle, I heard a singular murmur from below, very different from the joyous and exulting tumult of sounds which had ascended since the echoes of the magnificent hymn, the pœan of congregated nations, had died away amongst the recesses of the mountains. I turned towards the canal ; at first I could perceive no cause for a kind of confusion, of agitation, which appeared to prevail amongst the multitude upon its majestic borders. Suddenly

• however, it struck me, that the vessels were proceeding through, though there was no wind, with extreme rapidity—the surface of the water too was no longer clear, smooth, and sparkling as at first, but broken into dark eddies, which bore many ships with violence against those great quays of granite and marble that bordered the whole work—others began to be whirled round, at first slowly, then with greater velocity in the centre of the stream; soon their rigging became entangled with that of others, and masts fell with a crash, which, arising as it did from many falling at the same moment, was audible even on the spot where I stood. Through the hollow agitated murmur which now arose, I thought I heard cries, as of distress, both from the vessels, and on the shore. The spectators in the huge amphitheatres, erected for their accommodation, appeared alarmed; there was a confused movement amongst them; some began to rush down from their seats and pour forth on to the plain, while others hurried up towards the highest parts of the buildings with eager and agitated gestures. Carriages were seen driving furiously away, and thousands of horsemen galloping towards the mountains—an universal sentiment of terror seemed to have penetrated the immense multitude, which, in a shorter time than I have been narrating what passed, appeared flying, dispersing, with a frightful clamour, in every direction. I was thunder-struck, when suddenly I perceived that the canal, which was intended, to flow twenty feet below the surface of the quays, had not only risen to their level, but even during the few seconds my eyes had been withdrawn from it, had acquired a terrible impetuosity, and was now dashing along like a gignautic rapid, with its turbid surface, half hidden by

mist and foam. Almost bewildered, I cast my eyes hastily along its whole course, as far as that was visible. They encountered a frightful spectacle. Where a deep valley was spanned by one of the enormous bridges I have told you of, the parapet had given way, no doubt before a pressure against which no provision had been made—at this place, consequently, a mighty sheet of water precipitated itself over through the chasm in a vast cascade, and horrible to relate, carried with it ship after ship, nay, hundreds at a time, hurling them a thousand toises down into the frightful abyss beneath—but what, what was this ! The tame, the feeble prelude to the horrors which followed. While I was gazing, fascinated as it were by the appalling spectacle, I heard my page scream with a voice of agony, *Miro Senhor ! por l'amor de Dios, Miro Senhor !* I turned to the south, and saw along the whole extent of the horizon rising from the ocean, and advancing upon the isthmus quicker than the clouds of a hurricane, what appeared to be a mighty range of jagged mountains, black as midnight, and fringed along the entire length of their wildly undulating summits by a dazzling line as if of molten silver. A hollow roaring sound came from the same quarter : there was no mistaking that awful voice. They are storm clouds, said the boy ; *Madre de Dios*, a terrible storm is coming. No, no, I shouted—God have mercy upon us, it is the sea.—Great Heaven ! it was the sea, the raging, the terrible sea ! such as no man's heart, no, not the wildest imagination had ever conceived it, tossed up in jagged peaks and mountains higher than the Alps of the old world, and rushing as with the wings of the wind, upon the doomed race of man. I heard the wild universal scream, which from the devoted multitude below pierced through the stunning roar of the advancing deluge ;

for a moment I covered my eyes, horror stricken, and wished for death; but louder and louder rang the dreadful shriek of perishing nations, amidst the accumulation of terrific sounds, which now hurtled through the suddenly darkened air.—My wife! horror! horror! I staggered to the extreme verge of the hill. I saw my wife more than half way up the ascent through the lower garden. I endeavoured to rush down, that I might share her fate; but my ankle failed me, and I fell. Marianna! Marianna! I shouted with a voice to which my agony gave an unearthly power—perhaps she heard me, she threw herself forward on the saddle as if to clasp me to her heart—she extended her beautiful arms towards me, while her noble mule, mad with the instinct of self-preservation, rushed right up the mountain with wild and prodigious bounds. The rest of the late splendid and joyous cavalcade seemed overwhelmed with dismay and despair; some endeavoured to spur their horses up the ascent, but the animals seemed paralyzed by terror, and either stood rigid and rooted to the spot, or reared and plunged wildly without attempting to advance—some of the party had thrown themselves upon the ground, and were burying their faces amidst the grass and flowers, as if to shut out the dreadful sight of the “Hell of waters,” so furiously raging onward—others again were flying on foot with wild gestures, and stumbling in their great fear at every step; but this I saw in the hurried glance of an instant. My wife! My wife! on her I gazed frantic, helpless, unable even to perish with her—I shouted her name deliriously—she came nearer. I saw the pale features of her lovely, her dear, dear face—she held her seat bravely.—In what an agony I prayed to God to help her, a few hundred yards now only divided us—her eyes were fixed on mine.—I saw

them, I saw every beloved feature as clearly, Alfred, as I now see your's—why, why, did I not die then?—Oh misery! At that instant the resistless power of a wind, cold as death, and to which the fiercest tornado of the Indian seas were but as a spring zephyr, dashed the mule with horrid force to the earth, my Marianna fell under him—I heard her shriek even through the infernal din that filled earth and air—I once more attempted to rise, the same terrific blast hurled me to the ground breathless and bleeding, and I saw (shall I ever cease to see it?) rushing right on from the now lurid south, one prodigious cliff, one gigantic, horrible precipice of dark raging waters—or—how shall I describe it, one vast wave, huger than the mountains, black, illimitable, advancing with the speed of light, and breaking, as it advanced, in cataracts above cataracts of boiling foam, higher than the eye could reach, with the noise and shock of ten thousand thunder peals. I felt that the doom of Marianna was sealed—I trusted, I prayed that I too might be delivered. Horrible noises filled my ears—the ground seemed to fling me from its breast, and toss my body to and fro with convulsive heavings. There was a deafening, stunning crash, as if all the caverns of the earth had fallen in, as if the granite ribs of the giant Cordelliers were rending into atoms, and all the mountains of the earth toppling down from their bases—a blackness came over my eyes—I gasped for breath, and my senses deserted me.

When I awoke to the melancholy consciousness of existence, I could not for a long time recall to my memory what had passed. It seemed as if I had struggled through some frightful dream, infinitely too terrible to have had any existence, save as the dark vision of a distempered slumber. I leant upon my arm, and looked around me, but my sight was

wavering and confused—there was a mist before my eyes—I was giddy, and sank again to the earth again with an indistinct feeling of hopeless agony, and that something very fearful had occurred, yet I knew not what; but as my senses became somewhat more collected, I heard the rapid rushing of water very close to me, a noise like that of a vessel at her highest speed cleaving the green waves. The wind too was blowing fresh across my face, and not far off, I heard a heaving as of some heavy body, and occasionally mighty blows, which shook me as I lay. Could I be in one of the vast vessels I have described—how came I there?—What had happened? I endeavoured to command my wandering faculties. I rubbed my eyes—after a time. I again rose, and looked around me—Merciful heaven! a host of frightful recollections came with that single glance; an appalling conviction flashed upon me that I had survived the miserable hour of a world's desolation, that one frightful wretch had torn from me home, happiness, wife, children—the very beings of my kind, and that I was alone on the unpeopled globe. One moment I stood fixed in a horrible despair—the agony of a whole lifetime was concentrated in that instant—my blood seemed turned into a burning dust, my throat was bursting, and parched as if with actual fire—a rush of blasphemous and fearful thoughts blackened my heart—I was about to “Curse God and die,” when I felt something touch my foot—I looked down—it was a favourite little dog of my lost Marianna's—it had, no doubt, left the city with her, and having ran on before the horses, had thus been saved—it crouched and trembled at my feet, poor creature, and seemed to look up to me with a supplicating expression in its meek dark eyes, as if instinctively conscious of the horrible feelings which agitated my soul;

but I was mad—I spurned it from me.—It seemed frightful, unnatural, that such a thing should live, when beauty, and virtue, and talent, the loveliness of woman, the pride and power of man, had in one little hour been swept from the face of the earth. I raised a piece of rock to crush the trembling animal, when my eye was attracted by the ribbon round its neck. The previous morning I had remarked my wife fasten it on with her own hands. The day before I had observed her wear it as a girdle—what a revulsion came over my feelings ! It seemed as if a token had been brought to me from the dead—from the lost treasure of my soul. I threw the stone far, far from me, as if fearing some force which might make me use it against my will. I untied the ribbon—I pressed it to my heart—I kissed it with frantic kisses—I flung myself upon the ground—my tears poured forth like rain, and that gush of affliction saved me from death or madness. Long I lay in the deep bitterness of my matchless grief ; my tears flowed unchecked ; Fidelio crouched close to me : occasionally he licked my hand, the hand which had been raised to slay him. I felt that horrible as was my destiny, I was yet not quite alone in existence—poor Fidelio ! You remember him, Alfred, in his old age, when his once bright eye was dim and his uncommon beauty had departed. To that poor animal you owed the life of your father.

Hours passed away, and at length I became more composed. I fortified myself by mental devotion. I rallied the energies of a nature not altogether without fortitude. I recalled the better feelings which a temporary despair had smothered in my heart, and recognised my sacred duty to that Power which had so miraculously preserved me. By a strong effort I addressed myself with comparative composure to

the endurance or performance of whatever my destiny might have reserved for me. I looked around me with the calmness, not of despair but of fortitude, or at least of resignation—judge, my son, of what I had suffered, for what I had been prepared, when I tell you, that the scene before my eyes scarcely excited more than a momentary feeling of surprise. When the blast of that mighty wind which preceded the careering waves of the advancing deluge dashed me to the earth, it flung me on the breast of a lofty mountain, a portion of a great continent surrounded by a thousand peaks of greater or lesser elevation, and commanding a view over hill and plain until in the blue distance, the noble range of the Cordellieras blended with the azure of heaven. When I next looked around me, I was standing on a lonely island in the midst of a dreary waste of troubled waters—fathomless, illimitable—An ocean surrounded me. Its dull ashen swell hurried past with a sullen roar, and with frightful rapidity, as if the terrible tide was still pouring on to fill some huge chasm rent in the crust of the globe by the convulsion which had occurred. There was not one curling wave upon that grey sea, which heaved up in long dark, silent undulations, but streaks and enormous eddies of white foam rushing and whirling past the beach, (what else could I call it?) on which I stood, with a velocity that baffled the eye and made the brain dizzy. I looked up, and there the clouds of a deep lurid red were hurrying across the firmament, as if dragged by the attraction of the raging tide beneath them. Now and then, through a rift in the dismal veil, I saw a hard blue sky in which the stars glittered with surpassing brightness, dazzling and fiery, and with what appeared to my distempered fancy a fierce malignant lustre. In the west, some streaks of the colour of blood

resting on the heaving verge of the grey ocean, shewed where the sun was sinking after this day of terror. Not far from me lay an enormous sperm whale, which had been hurled amongst the granite rocks, and which had shaken the ground with those tremendous buffetings my bewildered fancy had construed into the working of some mighty machinery. His struggles were however nearly over, and the repetition, at longer and longer intervals, of the dull heavy blows with his vast tail, which broke the dreary silence like the report of a piece of artillery, showed that his strength was nearly exhausted.

I turned towards the cliff which had sheltered my lodge. As I approached it an object lay in my path, it was my unfortunate page; he was dead, stone-dead, without a sign or mark of violence—terror had killed him. I moved on with the endurance or the indifference engendered by utter misery—at another time I should have wept; for he was a good and affectionate boy, the stay and hope of a widowed mother who had fallen from affluence to poverty, and was encumbered by a numerous family; now, I could feel only envious of his fate. If all dear to him had perished, he had not been left in the bitterness of desolation to lament their loss. I moved on, and turned the corner of the horse-shoe cliff. It seemed as if my eyes looked upon a miracle, for the lodge remained uninjured. The very trees and flowers of the garden had been sheltered from the fearful whirlwind, that came with the terrible wave, by the massive and protecting rocks which so nearly enclosed it. Those trees were drooping, and no murmur sang amongst their leaves; but they seemed to me friends who had survived the general destruction, and as I gazed upon them—as I recalled those who had sat beneath their fragrant shade—the fountain of my tears

was once more opened, and I wept aloud. My name was suddenly pronounced with a wild cry, and before I recovered from the startling effect of such a sound at such a moment, Domingo, my negro, was at my feet. I raised him—the fanciful distinctions of society, and the wicked one of colour, were forgotten in a moment. I saw only the man and the brother. I raised Domingo, I pressed him to my heart, and our tears mingled. Thus we stood on a lonely island, with that fearful sky above us—with that terrible looking ocean rushing past, its leaden waters careering over a dead world—perhaps the last dark and the last white man, the sole survivors of countless myriads—we stood alone and wept.

Domingo's information added little to my own frightful recollections; he had seen the advancing precipice of waters, and with his poor mother, turned with a natural instinct to fly towards the house, but they were overtaken by that terrific blast, which as with the arms of a giant tore them asunder; the unfortunate negress was probably borne away upon its breath like a feather or a winter leaf to instant destruction. Domingo described himself as having been carried off his feet with irresistible violence for many yards, and then, by a kind of eddy, whirled round the corner of the cliffs which encircled the lodge, where he was dashed upon the earth with such violence as to deprive him of his senses—when he recovered, he saw nothing but the wild waste of waters raging past with terrific fury, and, as he described it, the summits of mountains broken away and falling into the dreadful torrent; yet not sinking, but owing to its inconceivable velocity, borne away far out of sight upon the surface of the rushing water, as if its waves had been of iron.

That awful night was past in darkness and in misery.

I could not enter the lodge where there was so much to recall agonizing recollections. I spent the night prostrate on the ground, in tears, and in prayer. Devoutly at length did I humble myself to my Maker—devoutly did I recognize and bend my soul to his inscrutable pleasure, shewn in the miraculous preservation of the two helpless creatures who were perhaps all the dwellers upon earth to whom his being was known. The morning came grey and misty, with the clouds weeping big rain-drops, heavy and slow as if they were Nature's tears, and with a chill wind moaning over the waveless sea, which now no longer rushed past the island, but rose in vast sullen undulations of discoloured water. As far as eye could reach every thing was sad, and dreary, and desolate as my own heart; but I arose prepared to encounter my destiny, and fulfil without repining the will of heaven. Domingo still weeping for his mother, to whom the poor negro was greatly attached, went to see to the condition of the horses and cattle in the caves, where they were always kept, and from whence we had heard their neighs and melancholy lowings, at intervals during the long, sad night. I climbed the cliff above the lodge, now one of the highest points of the miniature mountain ridge which intersects our island dwelling. From thence I cast my eye far and wide over the turbid stillness of the sea without encountering any object to break its dreary monotony of colour and swell, except one or two small bare elevations above the surface of the waters, apparently the summits of mountains not altogether submerged. Many of much greater height had existed even on the isthmus, but had no doubt been rent from their bases, as Domingo described, or had sunk in vast chasms caused by the deluge. At this dreary prospect I felt my heart sink, but I prayed to be strengthened, and descended to the shore.

Strange to say the ills of my mind seemed to have driven away mere bodily pain, and I could walk with sufficient ease on the ankle which but the day before had failed me when I wished to seek death.

I traversed the shores of the island, looking idly, for wonder was exhausted, at marine shells and weeds, and pebbles tossed upon a green sward which had bloomed but the preceding morning nearly ten thousand feet above the level of the ocean. As I followed the windings of the coast, I turned into a bay, which had been hidden from my sight when on the cliff, by the formation of the coast, and by the high rocks which encompassed the inlet. Judge, Alfred, of my sensations, when I saw one of those great vessels I have attempted to describe to you, though of the third or fourth class, lying on the shore, and nearly occupying the considerable indenture which formed the bay. Oh with what hope ! with what joy ! such joy as I could feel, I hastened forward. Perhaps other human beings were on board miraculously preserved like myself. I should again see and mingle with my kind, and find some consolation even in the community of that sorrow which had overwhelmed us all. I hurried on as fast as my weakness and the agitation of my spirits would permit. I climbed the huge side with a difficulty and with danger which you, Alfred, can estimate, for it has been the exploit of youth and daring in your brothers and yourself to surmount that mighty ruin which still lies upon our coast, now grey, shapeless, covered with shells and sea-mosses, and presenting in its rugged and hoary ascent precisely that degree of risk which seems to challenge the powers and stimulate the activity of boyhood. With difficulty then, and with much danger, I reached the enormous deck ; but all

was silence and solitude.—The dead were alone there—some bodies were lying as if forced into positions amongst the machinery, and into recesses of the wood-work by the passing of heavy seas over the deck; most of them bore tokens of the violence with which they had been flung into the situations where they were lying, and all were quite dead. I could comprehend that the people on board had rushed upon the upper decks on the appearance of an imminent and mysterious danger, and except the few ghastly objects before me, had all been swept into the raging sea. I descended below, and traversed the vast fabric for hours; but its splendid halls and long arcades were as still as the tomb. I shouted aloud, and nought replied but the echoes which mournfully arose from the hollow ship, and murmuring along the deserted decks, died away far off into silence. Around me in overpowering profusion lay the treasures of nature and art—there existed scarcely an object of beauty or utility which was not to be found in one of those floating cities; but how valueless was all now—they had been created for the benefit or enjoyment of a race which had ceased to exist. I returned to the deck. It was nearly sunset; the unnatural grey of the sky had given place to cloudy masses, through which the azure of the firmament was once more becoming visible, while in the west the heavens were all aflame with the splendor of the sinking sun. As I reached the open deck, Domingo, who had come in search of me, uneasy and alarmed at my prolonged absence, mounted the side of the vessel. With his aid I resolved to renew my researches. We proceeded to a quarter which I had examined less carefully than other portions of the huge edifice. We thought that in the deep silence we heard voices afar off; we hurried to the spot, and hastily

flinging open the door of one gilded and gorgeous chamber, beheld a group of human beings. On a rich sofa lay the body of a middle aged and strikingly beautiful woman, evidently dead: a younger female, whose face was hidden by the dishevelled tresses of her long bright hair, was kneeling on the floor; her head resting on the bosom, and her arms clasping the waist of the deceased—two women, one old and somewhat decrepid, the other finely formed and handsome, apparently about seventeen, and both possessing the cast of features peculiar to the natives of the Phillipines, as well as dressed in the picturesque costume of the Manilla Creoles, stood in mute sorrow by the side of the dead. The strong red light of the setting sun streamed in upon the mourners with a glow and glitter which seemed to mock at their melancholy occupation. When the persons who were standing nearly in front of the door saw Domingo and myself, they screamed, and the weeping lady, raising her head, discovered to us the colourless, but very lovely features of an European girl of eighteen or nineteen. She arose pale, and in tears, but awaited my advance with the natural grace and self-possession of good birth and education. It occurred to me from her appearance that she was English, and I addressed her in that language—explanations were soon given of the awful circumstances which had thrown us together. She had, it seemed, the preceding morning quitted Japan with her father, a gentleman holding a high office under the British Government of that island. His object was to remove her mother, whose delicate health required the change, as speedily as possible to an European climate, and their passage had been taken on one of the great ships, which intended to make the voyage through the mighty canal of the American isthmus. They had not long left the harbour of Nambu when the sky,

which had been brilliantly clear, became lurid, and of a sudden horribly overcast with a black driving mist—from that time, said Henrietta Albany, such was the young lady's name, all was terror and confusion—the waves were at first not high, but the ship was wholly unmanageable ; now spinning round with frightful rapidity, and then rushing on with the velocity of some buoyant object shooting over the smooth verge of a cataract ; at length vast seas rolled in ceaseless succession over the vessel, which trembled and groaned through all her mighty frame, as if on the eve of instant dissolution. My father hurried out on deck—we were following when a horrid shock—a roar like thunder—and a brief period of utter darkness left us only to imagine that all hope was lost. On recovering my senses, which wavered at this terrible moment, I felt that the vessel was no longer in motion. By a dull light, which began to stream in, pale and lustreless, through the windows, I saw my poor mother extended evidently lifeless on the floor—alas, her delicate frame could not endure a shock so appalling !—her gentle spirit had fled—she had left me for ever. Her two principal female servants had been in the cabin at the period when we attempted to leave it—had we succeeded all, all must have perished with my poor father, and the thousands who like us were temporary or permanent occupants of the devoted vessel.

This brief narrative, you will easily believe, my dear Alfred, was not delivered as I now give it, but with tears and sobs, and those passionate bursts of sorrow which shake young hearts in the bitterness of their first great grief ; yet even her sorrow paused as with deep wonder, and a deeper horror. She heard the dreadful events I had to communicate in return. She had conceived herself and her attendants to

• be the survivors of an unaccountable shipwreck—alas ! those congregated in that limited chamber were but too probably the survivors of the race of man !

My story is nearly told—Henrietta Albany is your mother Alfred ; the mother of that dear family whom we have endeavored to inspire with virtue, with true piety, and above all, with that resignation to the will of Providence which an awful calamity had taught to our own spirits. Thrown together by means little short of miraculous—our thoughts and feelings connected by the strange similarity of our fate—your mother, all that was beautiful, all that was excellent, you will not wonder, Alfred, that after the shock of recent sorrows had been softened down by time into a tender sadness, we became united before that Heaven which had willed our meeting. Never for a moment have I had any cause but to bless the goodness of that Providence which in the hour of despair and desolation sent me so inestimable a comforter—so dear a companion : but I have a great duty to perform—a duty to which it seems to me I am called by the very circumstance of our miraculous preservation. I have prepared your mother for it—she weeps, but she assents. Alfred, it is borne in upon my mind, that I have a high commission to seek if there yet survive in islands like our own some remnants of the human race. Perhaps they do, a prey to the misfortunes of want and ignorance, from which we have ourselves been preserved only by an extraordinary concurrence of events—if it ought not rather to be called a miraculous dispensation. I cannot conquer an impression, with which nevertheless I have struggled from a sense of present happiness which no change can increase, that it may be reserved for me to reillumine the lamp of human knowledge, to rekindle the smouldering flame of true religion

amongst mankind. It may be my lot to reunite the survivors of the human race under the banners of civilization and society, to organize once more those combinations which are the elements of power, the sources and safeguards of enlightened happiness. Continents upon which the foundations of the ocean rested for countless ages, have no doubt been abandoned by its waves. There a rich and genial soil like that of the primeval earth, as yet untasked by the wants of mankind, awaits the new human race. Guided by the intelligence and armed with the science of a former world, we shall more successfully than did our fellow-men in the dim ages of the early earth, and more speedily achieve those triumphs of perfect civilization which a fatal catastrophe has for a time suspended. Perhaps I am deluding myself by these anticipations, but after attentively studying the nature of the calamity I have endeavoured to describe, I cannot persuade myself that this little island bears the sole survivors of that terrible day. Even if it does, we are bound to anticipate a period when it can no longer provide, by means so limited, for the subsistence of an increasing population, and this view alone would justify the experiment I have decided upon making, while I retain a practical knowledge of that art which might, in another generation, become but a theory. A bold and fearless seaman in my youth—glad, in those beautiful vessels which my fortune enabled me to command, to try my skill against the wave and the breeze, I shall once more career with joy on the blue waters; but I have now many reasons for caution, and many incentives to prudence—I am too happy to be rash. The vessel we have constructed from that enormous wreck has properties of safety which were undreamed of in the most sanguine visions of ancient

navigation. Manned by Domingo and three of his stout sons, with two of your own brave brothers, Alfred, I shall embark with a fearless certainty that, with heaven's blessing I shall, unlike the unfortunate adventurers of earlier ages, even if unsuccessful in the object of my voyage, at least return to my own happy home, contented that I have not shunned what I thought my duty. To you a more sacred charge belongs—You have reached an age, and you are of a character which justifies my consigning it to you with a confidence as entire as my affection. Rule our little community—attend in my absence to those things which are essential to the general welfare—I need not say, comfort your mother and your dear sisters, or watch over those rising blossoms who are even now giving promise of such goodly fruit—your own heart will in these things be a better teacher, a better counsellor, than even a father.

At the next full moon, Alfred, I commence my voyage ; with no vain confidence in my own fortune, no presumptuous dependence upon the resources of intellect or the aids of science ; but with a humble reliance upon that Power into whose hands I reverently commit the issue of my enterprize. If it be his will, I shall succeed. Without his aid, I know my search will be in vain. But my hopes are full of strength, and in my soul there is a feeling which urges me to my undertaking with a solemn intensity of impulse that will not be controuled. See, my son, night has descended upon our discourse, soft and shadowy, and weaving amidst her dark dewy tresses the balm of this delicious climate Myriads of fires, sapphire, and amethyst and pale emerald, glitter with everlasting splendour in that glorious canopy ; but mark, Alfred, yonder magnificent constellation, rising with a burning lustre, in the south-east—it forms a perfect

cross, not to the fanciful mind of the astronomer; but as distinct and defined in its surpassing brilliancy, even to the careless eye's first glance, as that which of old illumined, in the holy week, the vast aisles of the Roman Basilica. Alfred, trust me when I tell you that it had no place in our system, before the day of the world's calamity. You have sought it in vain amidst your most elaborate maps of the stars. It existed not to human eyes when those were constructed; but on the third night after that dark and fearful dream—for so even now it sometimes appears to me—it rose majestically above the horizon, dimming the surrounding constellations with the intensity of its yet mild lustre, and casting a long glory over the sleeping ocean, seemingly to the very spot on which I stood. Oft since at midnight have I seen it glowing high in heaven, flashing with undimmed glory through the full flood of light which poured in silver radiance from the bright urn of the clear summer moon. Often have I watched it setting in the far west when night had been as now glorious in her starry darkness, and when, faint as the hope just springing in my heart, the earliest tint of the approaching dawn trembled in the opposite horizon. Yet ever as that mighty constellation has moved upon its solemn path through the mysterious fields of heaven, there has hovered above it, to my eye as palpable as the more brilliant of its clustered stars, and in characters of lambent flame, that inspiring legend which cheered the Roman soldier in a mightier enterprize than mine. Even now, Alfred, those words of fire are there. They speak to my soul with a mighty promise. Thine eyes behold them not, but to me they address the solemn command

“IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.”

And shall I not obey this holy inspiration? Shall I again

scorn in my presumption those mysterious influences which from beyond nature speak to the spirit of man, because they baffle speculation, and defy philosophy?—no! I will go forth to accomplish my destiny, in the humility of one conscious of his own weakness—with the confidence of one relying on supreme wisdom and goodness for safety and success. Alfred, here beneath this glorious canopy of stars, by the light of that magnificent constellation, which is the banner of my hope, kneel with me—pray with me—that if I am worthy of so high a destiny, to me it may be given to discover, to console, to reanimate with hope those fragments of the human race which survived; that to me it may be permitted to point out for future generations the track to those vast realms which reflection assures me must have been created by—THE JUNCTION OF THE OCEANS.

HISSAR.

(In the manner of the Oxford Newdigates.)

BY W. F. THOMPSON, ESQ.

LONE tenant of a rude and rugged scene,
 Hissar! the desert's solitary queen!
 No stately avenues around thee bow,
 No glittering splendor crowns thy modest brow,
 No science lingers in thy still retreats,
 No jarring commerce thunders thro' thy streets,
 No streaming banner o'er thy silence flings,
 The pomp of armies or the pride of kings;
 But graver, deeper charms are here to win,
 The secret awe that sweetens all within,
 While echo still, midst mouldering ruin weeps,
 While silence soothes or vanished greatness sleeps.

Thou stand'st alone with desolation by,
Where the still desert sleeps beneath the sky,
And a dim world of silence and decay
Spreads o'er thy wildered paths its own dismay.
A mystic horror o'er thee seems to wail,
And airy tongues come whispering in the gale,
The voice of ruin from his secret throne,
The voice of ruin claims thee for his own.
'Tis past—'tis still—and o'er thy sadness reigns,
The echoed silence of untrodden plains.

Thou stand'st alone, while sadly scattered round
The wrecks of ancient greatness load the ground.
The monstrous piles, beleaguering every way,
Throw dark dejection on the face of day,
While scarce a city struggles through their gloom,
Like the wild flowret springing from the tomb.
Child of destruction ! round thy paths are spread
The nameless, voiceless warnings of the dead ;
Each beam of brightness, o'er thy precincts cast,
Shines with the mournful splendor of the past,
And every day that lifts its light on thee
Shows what has been, and points to what shall be.

Roll on, stern orb ! beneath whose steadfast ray
A thousand nations ripen and decay ;
Bring when thou wilt the darkness of thy doom,
And shift the scenes of splendor and of gloom :
What though the artless fabrics sink again,
And fresher ruins cumber all the plain,
Where thronged the busy, and where glowed the brave,
The wild winds whistle and the jungles wave,

The joy—the pain—the pride—the love—the hate—
Sunk in the sad and silent blank of fate.
All cannot die, if, saddened and sublime,
Celestial wisdom haunts the wrecks of time,
And, through the silence of unnumbered years,
The voice of ages strikes upon our ears,
Big with the thoughts that melt, the hopes that heal,
The peace of worlds we know not of, but feel.

•

ALEXANDER.

BY LIEUT. R. SCOTT.

I.

SILENT I stood upon the banks
Of that far-famed Indian stream,
Where Macedonia's warlike ranks
Half realized their monarch's dream,
That his unwearied flag should fly
O'er every realm beneath the sky.

II.

Alone, and in deep thought I stood,
Musing upon the days of old,
And as beneath that ancient flood,
Its dark and rapid waters roll'd,
Before my mental vision shone,
The scenes of twice ten centuries gone.

III. •

I hear the iron din of arms,
The whistling dart, the clanging steel,
The music of the fight, whose charms
A warrior's soul alone can feel,
And human blood is pour'd like wine
Before the God of Battles' shrine.

IV.

Where, bright with many a flashing blade,
Like thick clouds with the lightning's glare,
The war-storm casts its deepest shade,
The warrior king of Greece is there,
With glance that calmly scans the whole,
The leader's eye, the hero's soul!

V.

The strife is o'er—the battle's won,
Not that the dusky warriors quail'd,
But strove they not with Ammon's son,
And fought with one who never fail'd?
And as it e'er had done before
His flag in victory waves once more.

VI.

'Tis past, that bright and stirring dream,
No more I view the battling ranks,
All darkly rolls that erst red stream,
And I alone upon its banks,
Whose crumbling forms the only sound,
That breaks the peaceful stillness round.

VII.

'Tis past, that high wrought vision frail,
And thus too shall the conqueror's name
Fade into subject for a tale,
Or only earn that doubtful fame,
Which bids the route he travelled, still
Be theme for learned book-worms' skill?

VIII.

Oh! quell the base thought in its birth!
For though the days have long gone by
Since Alexander shook the earth,

The historic page forbids to die,
And the rapt soul of him who reads,
Shall glow and tremble at his deeds.

IX.

And liv'd he but the God of War,
Whose fame all but himself must rue,
Like to a pestilential star,
As brilliant, and as baneful too?
Go, ask of Egypt's seven mouth'd flood,
If all his deeds were deeds of blood.

X.

She saw of old those lofty towers
Arise upon a barren plain,
Where learning built her thousand bowers,
And commerce first commenc'd her reign;
Where distant nations met in peace,
And Asia held her hand to Greece.

XI.

Half form'd he left his mighty plan,
For as like him no warrior fought,
The genius of no other man
Could soar to such a height of thought :—
The bird of Jove pursues its flight,
Unfollowed, to the fount of light.

XII.

And thou, old river, fare thee well!
But not to thy proud stream confin'd,
The Macedonian's fame shall dwell—
It lives in every human mind,
And the extended earth shall be
The temple of his memory !
Bombay.

POSTHUMOUS REMEMBRANCES.

BY CAPTAIN McNAGHTEN.

To —————
—————

“ Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.”—*Shakespeare.*

—————

WHEN I am dead—when I am dead!—let not the words
appal,

Since death to me *will* surely come, as come he must to all;—
Mourn not for me with bitter grief, but let a tranquil joy
Pervade thee, as thou think’st of me, and happy hours gone
by.

Unquiet would my spirit prove, if it could know thee griev’d,
If it could think thy first sad hours for ever unreliev’d ;
Then, as the floweret’s honey, yet unrifled from its cell,
(Refreshing to the heart) let me within thy memory dwell.

No matter what my mode of death ; no matter when its
time ;

In battle-field, in peaceful bed ; in age, or manly prime :
By sudden stroke, or lingering pain ; come how it will my
hour,

(Should I have days on days to think, or but a moment’s
power,)

Oh ! trust me, that on *thee* my last, fond, earthward thoughts
shall be,

And my keenest pang be breathing forth a last farewell to
thee.

So when they tell thee I have died, be this sweet surety
thine,

“ He bless’d me with his latest words,—his latest sigh was
mine.”

It may be that long, happy, years are yet for me in store,
With thee, so much beloved, to dwell, as I have dwelt before:
But should my sever’d time from thee to life’s last hour
extend,

I still would have a beam of peace with grief’s dark shadow
blend.

With visions of the blissful past, let thoughts of me be twin’d,
That pensive joy may banish sharp affliction from the mind.
In a heart of calmful fondness, and from keen emotions free,
Still let my memory be enshrined,—oh ! thus remember me !

Be I cherish’d in thy bosom, if we never meet again ;
My faults alone forgotten, lest they visit thee with pain.
And heed not slander’s pesterous voice, nor hatred’s word
of blame,

Though both should, harpy-like, pollute my then defence-
less name.

Nor by e’en censure’s just rebuke, for all in which I’ve
err’d,

Be thou from thinking of me—*dead*—with lovingness de-
terr’d.

Despite of all misdeeds to me, with truth or falseness laid,
Do *thou* still keep me in thy heart, whoever may upbraid.

Wise fools there be, who deem they can each inmost trait
descry ;

As though *mine* were the babbling cheek, the soul-disclos-
ing eye !

No, no!—not thus may be discern'd one secret of my breast,
Be joy, love, doubt, or anguish there,—save at mine own
behest.

Hæd not such surface-judgments, then, in obloquy or praise,
But hold by what thou'st found me, in our dear, commin-
gling days ;

When words and acts alike to thy undoubting heart have
prov'd,

How fondly—erringly or not—how fondly I have loved.

I care not, and I never cared, for all the world might say,
Nor ever from the path I chose my footsteps turn'd away,
To win *its* commendation, or elude *its* fiercest wrath,
But still held on, for good or ill, that freely chosen path.
Detraction never brake my peace ; and rarely I denied
Th' imputed fault,—for our pure world ne'er owns it hath
belied !

Nor did I even scorn the pack who oft my name have torn,
Indifference was enough to feel—they were not worth my
scorn.

Then, when I'm dead, still think of me, but not in lasting
grief,

As one of whom more ill was told than quite deserv'd belief :
As one of whom much ill was told, and yet not all untrue ;
By most, with cause or not, reviled ; but cherish'd by the
few :

As one who never fawn'd on power, to compass any end,
And befriended, where adversity had left no other friend :
But, above all, as one (howe'er the rest my name discuss)
Who lov'd thee, dearest, to the last :—oh ! think upon me
thus !

DISTRACTION.

BY DUNCAN STEWART, ESQ.

ON ! ON ! to the plain,
 Where the war-horse is bounding
 Over dying and slain—
 Where trumpets are sounding.
 No more shall Love's token
 Lure me to his bower,
 The enchantment is broken—
 The spell has no power.

ON ! ON ! to the rocks
 Which the tempest has riven,
 Where shepherdless flocks
 To the wolves have been given—
 Where the deafening dash
 Of the wild torrent's fall
 Drowns the scream, and the plash,
 And the death-struggling call.

ON ! ON ! to the deep,
 Where the hurricane raves,
 And bold tars sink to sleep
 Down in watery graves.
 ON ! ON ! to the shore
 Where the widow's wild yell
 Tells, her home ever more,
 Is a maniac's cell.

ON ! ON ! thither, after,
 Where clanking of chains,
 Where peals of loud laughter,
 And shrieks of fierce pains ;

Where the low muttered curse
 And the deeply drawn sigh
 Speak of anguish far worse
 Than twice-dying, to die.

On ! On ! never tarry,
 Where tumult and strife,
 Grief, madness, rage, fury
 Embitter man's life :
 By renewing " The sight
 Of what is to be borne,"
 Oh ! my woes will seem light,
 Mortal sorrows my scorn.

SONNET.

[*Written on the Banks of the Burrampooter, near the Gar-
 row Mountains, 1830.*]

BY J. DUNBAR, ESQ.

'Tis midnight, and I wander forth alone
 In silent contemplation, to adore,
 The great and glorious Being, who reigns o'er
 A thousand worlds ; whose boundless power is shown,
 Thus in the countless orbs, to us unknown,
 Which tell his glory, in the firmament !
 Deep silence dwells around ! Soft sleep hath lent
 Its rest, and o'er the world, its spell hath thrown !
 How beautiful the scene ! The moon's pale light
 Gleams fitfully upon the passing stream,
 And seen, thus, in the shadows of the night,
 The mountains, in their towering grandeur, seem
 Like those famed giants, in their fearless might,
 Who tried, of old, to gain Olympus' height !

THE DESERTED MANSION.

BY R. H. RATTRAY, ESQ.

THIS gloom hath made thee pensive, Septimus !
 What then, if memory lent the added pang
 Of contrast with the past ?—Yes, I have seen
 These silent halls, now open to the wind,
 That sighs in passing through, as if to tell
 It had been here before, and grieved to breathe
 Upon a scene so changed,—these dreary walls,
 Glistening in damp, and mouldering to decay,
 Oh ! I have seen within them, what to view,
 E'en as a by-gone vision, checks belief
 That this is real ! It seems a hideous dream,
 The mind beset with some strange mockery
 Of fever'd thought !—Again I see, I hear
 Those forms of beauty and those magic sounds,
 The joyous animation and delight
 Of young and careless hearts ; again behold,
 Amid the happy, her, on whom alone
 To gaze was happiness. 'Twas here she stood :
 Methinks I see her now, as then—her eye
 Beaming in heaven's own lucid blue—the heaven
 Of that bless'd land where spring for ever reigns,
 And space sinks lost in azure purity,
 Diffusing temper'd radiance which the earth
 Pours forth its sweets to welcome.* O'er her brow,
 As if to veil its lustre, and relieve
 The enraptured sight of those who round her bent
 In willing fascination, loosely hung,
 Waving in living gold, of auburn shade,
 Her silken tresses. On her conscious cheek
 The rose still mark'd the spell, breathed when the morn

Stole on her sleep, and fancy's paradise
 Chased from her pillow. Twas her natal day.
 The sun rose bright, as if in pride to deck
 The flower he woke to life—and from that hour
 When ' Let light be ! ' first call'd him into being,
 Never had lovelier met his ray. She came
 Forth like some messenger of bliss, in smiles,
 Fresh from the soul within—pure sunny smiles—
 And, in a voice that angels might have prized,
 Besought a father's blessing. As she knelt,
 It seem'd as Mercy, to some end untold,
 Had lent to earth the type of those fair forms
 Which there inhabit, where eternal strains
 Of love and praise resound—Spirits whose being
 Is all celestial—perfect works of Him,
 Omnipotent perfection ! — — — — —
 — — — — — Years have pass'd :
 And where is she, the lovely and beloved ;
 And he who bless'd her, and in very joy,
 Wept what he could not utter ? Where are they ?
 And where the cheerful hearts assembled round
 In hospitable welcome, to partake
 And aid the festive scene ? Where is that scene ?
 And all its flow of free and guileless mirth,
 That made it what it was ? Alas ! alas !
 It is no dream ! Would that it were a dream !
 But now I will not ask thy sympathy,
 Nor blanch the flush upon thy moisten'd cheek
 That speaks it mine, by any tale so sad.
 Let us depart ! The death-like stillness here
 Unmans me quite. Some future day, perhaps,
 When memory sits more lightly on the spirit,
 I'll tell thee all.

HISTORY OF MIRZA SELIEM, OR THE ADVENTURES OF A BARBER'S SON.

BY C. J. MIDDLETON, ESQ.

It was the sort of morning, which, as the Cockneys say in their vernacular, "you might have cut with a knife." Wreaths of a lurid dun-colored, suffocating mixture of fog, smoke, sleet, swept along Piccadilly; just affording to the public that sort of darkness visible, in which coach-makers and surgeons are charitably said to rejoice. It was bitter cold into the bargain, as I stepped upon earth from that most inhuman of all terrestrial conveniences, a London hackney coach; and the worthy driver having made me suffer, (as was but reasonable, 'seeing that "the gemmun came from the Injees,"') to the extent of three shillings and six-pence, for a fare of eighteen pence, I ensconced myself in one of the *cribs* of the Gloucester coffee-room; rather credulously believing that I might find it a refuge for the destitute, *risum teneatis*, at six o'clock in the morning! I need scarcely say I was disappointed, though it was some comfort to me to find that the evils of the day, however sufficient, were not to be shared alone. In the opposite den to mine, there sat a fellow sufferer in the misfortune of being protruded thus, prematurely, into this coffee-house life; and though a glance sufficed to ascertain his Eastern parentage, I could hazard no conjecture as to anything more than the whereabouts of his birth. He was dressed in a well-made suit of English clothes, and when the usual interrogatories from divers functionaries commenced, such as "Sah! are you booked for the Regulator or the Balloon? If you please, Sah, is your name Winter-bottom?"

Sah ! did you sleep in the Blue Dragon or the Angel ? Did you ask for the chambermaid, Sah ?" and so forth ; a decidedly foreign accent was discernible in the replies. I could not help remarking too, that they were those of a person of gentlemanly manners and education, though alas ! I had my own little sorrows to attend to at the time. I remember that a slip-shod siren had actually caused a mop to open a series of evolutions of an Ixionic character, apparently to as little purpose, too close to the nether portion of my outward gear, and I had before me the pleasant alternative of the fog without, or the deluge within ; when up came the Brighton Herald with its four spanking bays. " Now, Sir, if you please," and the signal is one to which (" penes me") I very urgently recommend the undivided and personal attention of all Indians, if you wish to avoid a simultaneous deposit of your person upon the Steyne, your night things in Piccadilly, and a trunk or so at Edinburgh. But, however, on *this* occasion, if I did not lose sight of my trunk, I did of my friend of the Angel, and so entirely had I been absorbed in my own little concerns, that it was not till we reached the bottom of St. James' Street, that I found he was the occupant of a corner of the coach, which we were destined to share uninterruptedly for some six hours of the day. As self praise is no recommendation, (I can't see why, by the bye, seeing " q'on ne vaut que ce q'on veut valoir,") I suppose I may not say how well, I think, I succeeded in extracting from my chance acquaintance the following narrative.

" I was born in a large village about a coss or so from the city of Fereebpore, which is, as you know, one of the principal cities of the north-west of India. My father, who

was the village barber, drove on a pretty brisk business in his own line, which, with my mother's earnings in spinning cotton thread, and (as the charitable part of the world said) some other less creditable branches of revenue, which I may be compelled to notice elsewhere, enabled us to bid life laugh, and go pass as well or better than most of our neighbours. My own occupations were of rather a non-descript character, and it is not necessary for me to enter into many particulars regarding them. My father wished me to learn his trade; for as he said reasonably enough, "As long as the world's a world, mankind must have their hairs cut, and their throats too, so there's no security in business at all equal to mine, and Jack sepoy's." The argument, to be sure, was irrefragable; but some how or other, I had always an invincible antipathy to cold steel, and I never could handle a razor without a slight tremulous motion of the extremities, which, to say the honest truth, made me the most unpromising shaver within the Company's dominions. In other respects, I was a very fair specimen of a village barber's son—that is to say, that by the time I had attained to somewhere about my 12th or 14th year, I had a tolerably good figure, with which I was at least as well pleased as other people—could write my name pretty legibly, if allowed to put the letters together, my own fashion—played a good game at *puchesse**—and once, when the collector came on a shooting party to our *pergunnah*, I had the good luck to knock down a hare sitting; which I vowed by the 12 Imaums, I had shot on purpose for him. I always said in the village that it was a tyger, and as he gave me two rupees, I sometimes think it was, or ought to have been. But there was a *per contra* to all

* A game something like draughts, much used by bearers and syces.

this accomplishment. Public report made me out the most idle, graceless, impudent, little 'never-do-well of a fellow between the Ganges and the Indus. 'Tis true, that wise men attach little faith to the general rumour—but nineteenth of mankind, as far as I can judge, should be excluded for a delicate reason from any judgment in the case, and what dreadful odds remain against the reputation of a village barber's only son.

To return, however, to our domestic history, I will not say how far the company I kept in my father's house contributed to the extraordinary precocity of my genius in evil-doing, because its an ill-mannered bird that throws up dirt into its own nest: but thus much I am bound in reverence to the truth of this veracious history to declare, that my father never missed the five prayers, genuflexions, and purgations, which every body knows is the only test of a right sense of the Mahommedan faith; while at the annual feast of the Mohurram, such was the energy with which he cried "Hooosseyne," "Hooosseyne," and the violence with which he beat, or appeared to beat, his own bosom, making me to thump mine as an additional evidence of his excellent dispositions, that no householders in all the country round could be in higher reputation as regarded the external symbols of a right way of thinking. And until every man wears a window, just at the place where we annually beat ourselves black and blue, I have arrived at the conclusion, that it is as well to take men's religion upon trust, as the village did ours; but let that pass.

We were, as I have already said, in a thriving way of life. My mother had not always been a spinner of thread. In early life she had been so distinguished as a nautch girl, that she was celebrated all over Upper India; and went by

the name of the *Taoos*, (or pea-hen.) It was currently said of her, that if she chose to sing "*sareh teen pysa mutch-leea*," (at the top of her voice,) you might hear her distinctly from the Candaharee gate quite up to the residency at Delhi. This, of course, was years before I saw the light; but she had lost little or nothing of the power of her voice at the time of which I am speaking, though I can't say much for the music that remained, nor do I recollect that it attracted much admiration among the neighbours; with whom, I must in candour confess, that she passed for a most overflowing vessel of bitterness and determined scold. I dare say rumour was as far wrong in her case as in mine; but there certainly was an Oriental exuberance of metaphor in her speech and spirit when she was really excited, (and this was generally twice or thrice a day upon an average of hot and cold weather,) which threw to an incalculable distance all other lungs and all other imaginations. She was never beaten in open bazar, but once; and that was by an old Chittagong fish-woman, (poetically said to have been the daughter of a Midnapore jackal,) who fairly drove your Mr. H. M. the commissioner out of his cutcherry at D. followed by nazir, peons, prisoners, and witnesses, stopping their ears, and holding their turbans, lest the very hair should lift them off their heads.

My mother had once been very handsome, but she was rather overmuch addicted to indulgence in certain condiments, supposed to be more profitable to the public revenue, than conducive to female morality and personal attractions; so that what with *bang*, *cherrus*, *toddy**, *arrack*, now and then an opium pill on high days and ho-

* Intoxicating drugs, the shops for the sale of which are licenced by the collector.

ladays ; and lastly, the progress of years, the pea-hen, it must be owned, had begun to feel something of the unfavorable influences, of which time and the collector must be content to divide the reproach. I never ascertained to which party she was indebted for the enormous masses of fat meat, which at the period of her retirement from public life, and her marriage with my father, were beginning to hang a little ungracefully about her person. Nor is it any part of my business, as a dutiful son, to inquire how far his selection of my revered parent, as the head of his domicile, had anything in common with divers gold bangles, toe chains, and nose rings, which formed part of her outward lendings at this particular season. As to any chronicle of the absurd and impossible stories which were in circulation of her influence with the *hawkims* of Hindoostan Proper, as you call it, or Improper, it would be a waste of your time and an insult to men's understandings to agitate such a question,—for when was the world disposed to credit calumnies such as these ?

But I must cut short my recollections of our domestic happiness, and the means by which it was cultivated and secured, and I must approach the melancholy catastrophe which drove me from the paternal roof, with no visible means of support, save those advantages, natural and acquired, to which I have briefly adverted. It came to pass in this wise : One fine day, my father, having occasion to procure some little supplies of soap, antimony, henna, and other etceteras, left me in the responsible office of acting barber, while he went away to Fereebpore, taking my mother with him. Now the best of us are apt to be led away by vacillations of judgment ; and though I thought that the best way of keeping our household stuff together,

was to shut the house door, and indeed *is* sufficiently true, it was probably less judicious to go away for three or four hours, and play at *puchesse* with half a dozen of youths of equal promise and accomplishment with myself. But then who would have thought that such mischief could ensue from a game at *puchesse*? Well! I was returning home in high glee; for I had won from the *pulwarce's* son a parrot, two pukah pice, and a muslin scull cap; when, behold in turning the corner of the street in which our house stood, I heard the sound of a *serindah*, and the accents of that voice which once heard, it was impossible ever after to forget. My mother had returned from the city, that was clear enough, but who was playing the *serindah*?—my father had no more taste in music than a *dhoby's* donkey—the door too, why should he have barred it so close? In short, here was a mystery, and what was the natural course to be taken by the progeny of a barber and a nautch girl? Why, of course to peep in and see what was passing, the best way I could; so I mounted upon a bamboo framework for drying our cooking pots, which stood opportunely enough close to the window, just as the devil lays the implements of mischief ready at hand, in case they should be wanted; and, oh horror! how shall I describe the spectacle? In the *dalaun*, (the hall, or sitting room,) stretched at ease upon my father's mat, and leaning against his own especial white cotton pillow, there I beheld the *moonsiff*, who was also Cauzy of Deriagunge, with my incomparable parent, one arm extended, the other, half unveiling, half concealing her roguish eyes, as she sailed up and down, sometimes rapidly advancing, then languidly retiring, every finger and toe in motion, while the holy man played "*Deli mun sozud*" (my heart is burning), as the accompaniment

to this unbecoming exhibition. Now, if it be true, that there are two kinds of misfortunes, for which a man should care as little as last year's wind, those which he cannot prevent, and those which he can, it behoved me to keep my own counsel, and wait till my father's arrival enabled me to take his opinion on the classification of the evil, which I could not but think had befallen us. But we must all fulfil our destiny, and mine was, to burst into the apartment with the violence of a north-west^{er}, and seize the Company's dispenser of justice by the throat. His, on the other hand, appeared to be to inflict on me such a beating as should teach me a due respect of persons for the future—my mother piously aiding him in the lesson, and they very nearly succeeded ; but very near does not count at this game, any more than at *puchesse*. Just as I was on the point of giving up the ghost, my father entered the *dalaun*, and learning I rather think intuitively (for he was a person of acute apprehensions) the cause of the tumult, he lost not a moment in ranging himself on my side. The contest was of brief duration. My father had been something of a *pehelwaun* (wrestler) in his youth, and after a short struggle, he straightway threw the judge violently down on the floor, where he lay as shapeless and insensible, as six bales of Jalown cotton screwed by particular desire into one. Now my respected progenitor was not only a man of quick conceptions, but he reasoned closely from established principles, and I have often heard him say, that here was the little chain of reasoning, which forcibly and rapidly passed through his thinking apparatus. " If the holy man, now measuring six square feet every way of my poor house, whom we have also beaten into a mummy, should return to the seat of justice at Deria-

'gunge in that gelatinous condition, our lives will not be worth an hour's purchase. 'Do unto others as you would have them do to you, is an excellent precept ; but in this case it can only mean that, as the Cauzy does not wish to go out of the world, neither do I. We must smite or be smitten, that's a clear case ; and be the fault with this devout person, who had no right to leave us only a choice of inconveniences." Seeing that there was no denying the cogency of any one of these positions, my father caught up the *serinduh* (or guitar), which lay there as if it had been made on purpose ; and with one blow he crushed in the whole of the man of law's occiput, as if it had been a Chinese paper balloon. But this was our first sup of horrors. My father's hand was in, as your saying goes, and the pea-hen now beginning to scream after the wont of animals of her kind, a single emphatic slice with the razor he always carried at his girdle, silenced her for the first time probably since her birth, and for the last. He then said the evenings Bismilla, laid himself down, and in a minute or two, was as fast asleep by the side of the departed pea-hen, and the defunct Cauzy, as if the two corpses had never been more to him than a pair of *puckaulee*, (water bags,) which he had emptied of their contents.

Let any man who is guiltless of having helped to kill his own mother, and one of the Company's judges into the bargain, on the very same day, imagine what were my feelings when I saw the bodies deprived of life, and weltering before me in their blood. My father too ! his sound and preternatural slumber by the side of the departed, struck me with mingled awe and astonishment, and I began to think I really was in *Jehenum* (or hell), a place of which I had heard the *mollah* of the village relate some disquieting

particulars, and for which I seemed to be rapidly acquiring the requisite qualifications. However, I had little time for such reflections. The tragedy performed in a house so well frequented as ours, could not fail instantly to attract the attention of all men, at all given to shaving and gossip ; and though I had a qualm of conscience in leaving my parent to what I considered certain death, self-preservation bade me fly with all speed from the scene of blood. First, however, I took from a little pot which was concealed in a recess of the wall, five rupees in money belonging to my father ; and I hastily snatched from the *kemurbund* (girdle-cloth for the waist) of the Cauzy a small bag, the strings of which lay invitingly courting my grasp, and which from its weight I assured myself was as well filled as the purses of such functionaries generally are. It did indeed occur to me that this was not the most moral act in the world ; but then what could a dead *moonsiff* (native judge) do with rupees ?—as little as a living barber just about to be hanged, which ceremony would make me his legitimate heir ; so some how or other the silver remained in *my kemurbund* instead of the *moonsiff's*, and opening the door, and ascertaining by first peeping cautiously out, that no one watched me, I began by walking slowly down the street with a manner as unconcerned as I could possibly assume. Increasing my speed, however, as I advanced towards the open plain, I soon began to step along at a pace which it would not have been easy to overtake. At length I ran as fast as my legs could carry me, until I had left the village some three coss behind me : and continuing my exertions for five or six hours, it was evening by the time I reached the out-skirts of a town on the banks of the Ganges, where I thought I might be secure at least for the night. Al-

though I had no fear of having been pursued, I carried with me those uneasy sensations which brought to my elbow the grim visage of the defunct moonsiff, attended by a fearful array of police peons, jailors, with the *jullad* (executioner), and the gallows at the end of the picture. I started at my own shadow in the sun, and I ardently longed for the night, which would enable me to enter the village with somewhat less of apprehension—a course to which I was driven by a fast of many hours, and a thirst so intolerable that a mouthful of ditch-water might have seemed a draught from the river which flows through paradise. At length it was sun-set, and I walked into the town, assuming the air and manner of a poor traveller who had lost his way. I wandered about the principal street for some time, and at last stood before the shop of a vender of *koftahs**, the savour of which, as they fried in the iron *daigchee* near the door, acted so powerfully on my nerves, that I felt it impossible to pass by. As I stood wistfully eyeing the savory morsels, the master of the shop good-naturedly asked me to come in, and taste of his wares. I answered that I was a poor lad, who had neither means to pay for such dainties, nor at the moment a shelter from the coming night. “Is it so,” said the hospitable Asghur Ally, for that was his name,” then by the prophet you have come at the *neik saat* (or happy hour). Last night a violent *hyzah* (Cholera)—(may the curse of Alla light on the Feringees, who have given this new *buckshish* (present) to our country)—carried off my shop *cooly*, and if it please you to work in his stead, I will give you no wages; but you shall eat your belly full of *koftahs* daily, drink as much cold

* A Hindoostani rissolle. We should know something about this. When good, “Il y a de quoi résusciter un mort.”

water as you like, and sleep when you are not wanted at the *daigchee* (or flat iron pan), or to carry out the tray. I should have thought any conditions advantageous which secured me a house ; so thanking Asghur Ally, I entered the shop, and began to fulfil one clause of the contract by devouring half his stock-in-trade at the very least. He was mightily taken with my youthful voracity, encouraging me to eat, not indeed by example, but by such expressions as “ *khao, khao, mere butcha*” (eat, eat, my child). “ *Bismilla*, there is but one God ; what a gullet the *nulcu* has,—What alligator’s teeth hast thou borrowed ?” and the like. At length, when I could scarcely breathe for repletion, he pointed out a place for me to sleep on the mat, and having laid down, a sound and refreshing slumber very soon closed my eyes. In the morning early my liberal patron delivered to me a tray of *koftahs*, which he bade me carry out to the bazar, and sell at the rate of two for a pice. I instantly and cheerfully complied, and being now really anxious to earn my master’s favor, I bestirred myself so actively in my new vocation, that before the evening, I returned home with the tray empty, and a bag full of copper money ; my master was enchanted. The following day I renewed my exertions, and such was my zeal and success in this line of business, that we were universally considered as the most thriving shop-keepers, and deserving citizens of the place. At last the gratitude of Asghur Ally warmed even as his *daigchee*. One evening that I had more particularly succeeded in recommending our commodities to the palates of the faithful, my master, after closing the shop for the day, and permitting me to gorge myself with *koftahs* to my heart’s content, invited me to sit by him, and addressed me nearly thus, “ *Seliem*,” he said, “ I am pleased

with your diligence and taste for the noble art we profess. You have now served me without reward for a long period, and with the blessing of the prophet, I will make you a fitting recompense. You shall share with me equally in the profits of this shop, my son ; and I will be unto you as a father." It is not necessary for me to repeat my acknowledgments for this magnificent proposal, which I made in becoming terms, when my master continued, " But this is not all, Seliem ;" all trades have their secrets, and I know of none but the Company's, which can exist without capital. It is not enough that I have taught you to make koftahs, which are perfect morsels of beatitude. I must shew you whence I derive the raw material with which I concoct such dainties for the public advantage. Know then, oh prop of my declining years, that the koftahs of our shop are all made of a pounded mixture of jackal's liver, to which I have been accustomed to add about a third part of a roasted cat, as recommended in the receipt which came to my mother even from the *dar ooss sooltanut** of Calcutta. I am quite persuaded it is this which gives that peculiar game flavor which you have so often admired, and for which, with the blessing of the prophet, our cookery is so justly celebrated."

No sooner did I become possessed of this awful history of the ragouts upon which I had feasted for so many weeks past, then I was seized with a nausea which appeared like the final separation of my soul from my body. I ran from the shop in an extacy of horror and disgust ; and in the throes and pangs of the death-like sickness which came over me, I wished far off both my master Asghur Ally, and his abominable stock of butcher's meat-roasting.

* Capital of a Kingdom.

When however my ill-fated abdominal viscera recovered a little from the indignity to which they had been exposed, and I began to reflect on the advantages and distinction of being a partner in so respectable and thriving a concern as Asghur Ally's, the filthy lucre of gain overcame the determination I had formed to impeach his manufactory of abomination, and I returned to the house, sick and depressed 'tis true, but a little encouraged by the belief that it was my destiny to carry pounded cat about upon a tray at an enormous profit. This impression being further confirmed by a good half *seer* of arrack with which Asghur Ally proposed to me to fill the cavity vacated by his horrible wares, I went to rest; and rising refreshed the following morning, I proceeded as usual to the bazar, and exerting myself with redoubled energy as a member of the firm, our success in poisoning the Company's subjects exceeded our most sanguine expectations.

One day the *zemiindar* of the village came to our shop, and informing us that the *tannahdar* of the police division had just arrived on a tour of inspection, he desired us to wait upon them with a tray of our best-seasoned *koftahs* without a moment's delay, the potentate desiring just to eat a morsel, and then retire to rest. I did not at all admire this summons, for in the first place, I knew that we should furnish the entertainment gratis, and moreover, though our cookery was so much admired by the poor people of the vicinage, there was no knowing if it would be equally acceptable to an accomplished judge of those ingredients which it was fit and becoming to assemble together in a Hindoostanee dish. However no excuse could avail us any thing, for a *bergandaz* had accompanied the *zemindar*, and declaring that he was as hungry as his master, bade me

take up the tray of delicacies in a tone of voice which admitted of no evasion or delay. Putting a good face therefore upon the matter, and contriving so as to smooth the koftahs with all the red pepper, asafoetida, and garlic, we could possibly gather together, I proceeded, not without sundry misgivings, to the zemindar's cutcherry, where, seated upon a chabootra, I found the great man solacing himself with a few whiffs of Bhilsah, just to stay his appetite while dinner was bringing. Seeing me enter with the tray, he disdainfully cast aside a whole *dully* of eggs, plantain, sugar-cane, and *chebainee* (parched grain), which the zemindar had hastily presented; and bidding me stoop down, he tucked up his sleeves, put aside his mustachios, and prepared for action. Opening a mouth as dark and as deep as a village well, he threw into it a specimen of our handy work; and though his eyes filled with tears, so highly had we seasoned the refection, yet I felt as if the Himalayas had been removed from my bosom when he exclaimed, "Oh fortunate young man, whence came these pearls of the kitchen of paradise? Give me another. Blessed be the Prophet. By the head of Ali here are morsels fit for the Lord Sahib!" And I crammed in mouthful after mouthful, so as to spare him all trouble save that of mere deglutition. But alas! the crisis designed by fate was at hand. While I was pouring in koftahs, beseeching Providence all the while, to vouchsafe such a dispensation as the choking of the dignitary under my hands, I observed his countenance all of a sudden assume a portentous colour partaking of orange and dirty white-wash, rather tinged with a bluish black. So violent a fit of coughing ensued also, that I really began to hope my prayers had been heard; but it was otherwise decreed. One

violent convulsive effort of the magisterial epiglottis forced to the light, the damning "evidence of our guilt, in the digital extremity or foreclaw of a large Tom-cat, which by some dreadful carelessness on our part had been permitted to find its way to the midst of the koftah, and from thence to the throat of the officer of government. There it lay however on the floor before us, looking so unnatural and unearthly that my bowels at this moment yearn rebelliously at the very recollection. "Dog," exclaimed the potentate, "what claw of fiend unknown is that which I see before me? Speak, or by the beard of my father, I'll tear the liver from thy dunghill of a body, and give it to the vultures of the air to fatten their young." I could make no answer. Young as I was, I knew how hopeless it was to attempt to allay so painful a suspicion as that of having swallowed a cat, so I stood as if transfixed, waiting my fate. I did not wait long. I was seized, thrown on the floor by a couple of *bergandazes*, and my back being laid bare, so well did they revenge the grievances of the magnate that I was soon in a state of insensibility which lasted many hours. When I recovered from my trance, I was in the cutwallee of the city of Furruckabad.

I could not at all account to myself for the appearances which surrounded me, on waking from the sort of trance in which I had lain for many hours after the discipline I had undergone. I found myself lying on a handsome *charpoy* (bed), covered with a silk *rezai*, (coverlid.) A bearer stood by assiduously fanning me with a silver-handled punkah, while another was bathing my unhappy person with *neem* fomentations. Upon shewing some disposition to move and ask questions, I was informed that the Cotwal of the city had desired that I should be kept quite quiet and remain where

I was, an order which in fact it would have been difficult for me to disobey, for I felt as if an iron roller had crushed every bone in my skin. Recomposing myself, therefore, to rest, I imagine I must have passed many hours on the charpoy; for when I awoke, I was devoured by the most intolerable hunger. Some food however, being presented, of which I partook, a stir in the apartment proclaimed the approach of the deceased officer: and all the horrors I had passed through now rushing to my recollection, I scarcely dared so much as to lift up my eyes when he walked up to my couch. My fears, however, were quickly dispelled. So far from any allusion being made to the cat and liver company, which I feared might still be considered an open account between us, the Cotwal, to my astonishment and relief, inquired kindly after my wounds, putting several questions to the attendants, indicating a feeling so changed from that which I felt conscious was not altogether undeserved, considering what had happened, that it was quite inexplicable. It was clear that from some unknown influences I had suddenly gained no inconsiderable share of the Cotwal's favor, and I was far from suspecting that the apprehension of having put out of life so valueless an insect as a poor barber's son, or any other motive, could be at the bottom of the delicate attentions of which I was the object. However, to cut short unnecessary detail, I resolved to enjoy the good, from whatever source derived, and my recovery after a time being complete, I so gained on the great man's favor, that he appointed me to be one of his *khass burdars*, (attendants on the person,) presenting me at the same time a handsome suit of cloth clothes, a shawl for a *kemurbund*, and a turban. But this was not all; this excellent and forgiving man (may heaven send others of his calibre

into the world), most kindly placed me in the principal *madrissa* (college) of the city: in order that I might acquire an education, and be fitted for that public career in the Adawlut of Fereebpore to which he promised to introduce me in very brief season. You shall hear how he kept his word.

One evening my patron having called me into his *khilwaet khaneh*, (private apartment,) and dismissed all his attendants, he first looked carefully round to see that no one listened; and then closing the door, he invited me to sit by his side, on the same soft Mirzapore carpet, and putting his own hookah into my hand, insisted on my sharing his chillum. I defended myself as much as possible from what I considered such unbecoming familiarity on my part, but he really would take no excuse: so I was compelled to profit by his condescension, and we puffed away for a long time together, as if fortune had suddenly removed the inequality of our conditions. I need not say, that in return for such extraordinary marks of favor, I exerted myself to please this excellent man, of course to my utmost; but although I told him some of the best stories, handed down to me by my ancestors of gossip-loving memory, yet I observed that there was something on his mind which appeared to neutralize all my efforts to divert him. At last his disquietude could no longer be contained within his bosom. He made a long drawn inspiration, and addressed me nearly thus:

“ Mirza Seliem, you must necessarily have remarked that, notwithstanding the shocking insult which you offered to my stomach on the first day of our acquaintance, an offence which death could barely expiate, yet have I not treated thee with a degree of kindness which might justify the

assumption that thou hadst rather administered to me, honey from the lips of a sugar-eating Houree of paradise than that poisoned carrion at which my very soul revolts even at this moment. Speak, my son, is it so, or is it not?"

I answered that my life was in his hands; that it was justly his, and that if I had any thing more valuable, I should place it at his disposal.

"Thou hast well spoken, oh Seliem. I believe thee, my own *chokra*, and I accept thy proposal. Yes, Mirza Seliem, I accept the life thou hast so generously offered, and I bless thee for thy liberality."

I considered that I had made an every-day sort of offer, which people estimate as so many words of course. Still there was an earnestness in the Cotwal's manner, and an expression in his eyes which made me feel very uncomfortable.

"Yes, Seliem," he continued, "I thank thee again and again; and I repeat, that I take the life thou hast proffered, with pleasure, and with gratitude. But listen to me, my *butcha*, while I unfold to thee the mode in which I shall avail myself of thy affecting proposal."

I need scarcely say that my attention was now very fairly and widely awakened. An ominous pause ensued, when he resumed,

"Ah Seliem, thou little morsel of my heart! thou hast indeed drawn me up from the bottom of the well of despair. But for thee I had died, cockle of my kidneys! Who indeed shall speak a father's feelings, now that thou hast consented to die for his child?"

"Die!" I exclaimed with rather more of genuine astonishment than was quite acceptable. "What words are these, my lord? Do you say 'die' in earnest?"

"Yes, light of my eyes, death in right good earnest, and no mistake, my *butchah*."

"Its impossible,"—I exclaimed. "For the love of the Prophet, explain."

"Nothing is impossible with Alla, my *butcha*. Tell me, Seliem," and here he cautiously looked round the apartment, while his voice fell to a low whisper, "hast thou not heard, oh Seliem, that my sister's only child, my own adopted son, has been taken up on a charge of murder?"

"Istafir Oolla," I exclaimed with well feigned astonishment, "what dirt has fallen on our beards?"—though in very deed I had heard the fact whispered among my patron's servants.

The father groaned, "*Wahi wahi*, alas! Seliem, it's too true, nay, the trial has actually taken place, and though we bought the souls of all the principal evidence, and *gubrowed* (confused) the judge, so that he was in our hands as a sucking babe in its nurse's arms, yet that abominable *Sudder* in Calcutta (may we live to defile their tombs) have convicted him contrary to all reason and justice. They had the folly and wickedness to credit such testimony as the jewels of the murdered girl, found in my nephew's house; a broken dagger in his girdle, which fitted the wound; his clothes all bloody: and this in preference to an alibi, which we proved by three most respectable witnesses, Hoossyne, the *abcar*, Peerbux, our sweeper, and a vender of goat skins."

"What idiots!" I exclaimed, "may their father's livers be made roast-meat! But alas! sir, what can I do? I am not a judge of the *Sudder*, and think you that you can get the Lord Sahib to make one out of a barber's boy and a vender of carrion to boot?"

" Nothing is impossible with Alla, my *butcha*; stranger things are passing every day. But, oh Seliem, Seliem, hast thou then so little natural intelligence, or hast thou purposely barred the gate of thine understanding? These dogs of Feringees propose to give my poor child's bowels to the vultures of the air, upon one of their accursed cross trees, by to-morrow's dawn."

A horrible misgiving came over me, my breath came thick to my bosom, I could not utter a syllable—the Cotwal continued—

" But, no Seliem, this may not be. Do thou give praise to the Prophet, who has singularly exalted thy destiny. Render thanks unto Alla, who lifteth an insect such as thou to be the *Kohee Noor** of the Mogul's diadem. By the beard of the sainted Hoosseyne, if life be granted, to-morrow, in place of my child, thou shalt certainly be hanged, my *butcha*."

To describe the dreadful sinking of the heart which I experienced upon this awful announcement of nearly instant execution, is as impossible as it is unnecessary. All I had undergone heretofore appeared, and with reason, a mere joke compared with the horrors of dangling like a dog suspended between heaven and earth, the scum and the scorn of mankind, in requital for a cruel and dastardly murder. When my senses were a little restored, I wept, prayed, entreated, reasoned, urged the impossibility of getting one

* " Mountain of Light." The history of this diamond would be an admirable subject for romance. It is now stated to be in Cabul, but it was pointed out to me as, I think, in one of the armlets which the King of Persia wears. It was taken by Nadir from the house of Timour, and may fairly therefore be used in illustration of a Mogul's ideas of the *ne plus ultra* of splendour in the East.

man hanged instead of another under so perfect a judicial system as that of the Company, but my patron was inflexible. "My life," he said, "was forfeited any how; for by Regulation I. of 1799, the sale of jackal's liver to the faithful was death by *seasut*; and as to the impossibility of hanging a man by mistake, leave that (he said) to me." "Blessed be the holy sepulchre, and the usages of this Feringee nation, their ignorance, of our language, their contempt of our talents, and their admiration of their own,—there is not one judge out of fifty who might not be made to sign the death-warrant of his own father."

At this juncture the Cotwal introduced one means of persuasion to which wise men always resort in delicate and difficult cases; thereby saving much time and argument. He brought out a large purse from which he counted out four hundred rupees, promising that a like sum should be delivered to me after a ceremony which he vowed should be a mere child's play: for he solemnly declared that he had engaged upwards of a hundred stout Rohillahs, who were sworn to rescue me at the very foot of the gallows. Having brought out a *Koran*, and swearing upon the holy volume, that this was true and certain, I felt a little reassured: and, in short, he so worked upon my feelings, and my desire of being possessed of more money than I had ever seen in my life, that I gave at last a reluctant assent. Dreading lest I should withdraw it, he rose up; and lighting a lanthorn, desired his attendants to remain at the Cotwalee while he visited the chokeys, accompanied by myself alone.

We stepped into the street, and proceeded in silence on the road to the great jail of Fereebpore. When we approached within sight of its high black walls, the arched gateway,

and iron-bound door, the barbican filled with seapoys, the sound of clanking fetters—all these dreadful evidences of the false position into which I was betraying myself, crowded on my mind ; and I should certainly have tried a fair start over the plain with the Cotwal, and some effort towards leaving his worthy son to his destiny ; but somehow or other, my limbs seemed to refuse their office. Whether this sudden infirmity had anything in common with a bottle of cherry brandy, with which my patron had latterly reinforced his arguments in the Cotwalee, or whether I was at all influenced by the attention which he seemed to give to a brace of horse pistols, one of which he cocked and carried in his hand, as he said, for fear of the Thugs, I shall not stop to inquire. Suffice it that we entered the prison, to which the Cotwal appeared to have free access, for we passed the sentries, merely giving the functionary's title in reply to the challenge. The inner gate of the court yard was opened by a Bergandauze who appeared to expect us, and who led the way to a small cell which stood apart from the principal building in an angle of the wall. In a few minutes, the gaoler appeared, and after a short parley with my patron, I was manacled, and heavily fettered ; the lamp which had dimly guided this operation, was extinguished ; and I found myself sole tenant of the loathsome dungeon.

I will not trust myself with any sketch of my feelings during the dark and livelong night. Sleep, if it did not absolutely fly my eyelids, brought with it no oblivion of my sorrow—no mitigation of my sufferings. The most horrible dreams tormented me. Sometimes the pea-hen and the moonsiff were dancing before me, borne on a sea of blood. Then came a demoniacal figure of a tom-cat, which Satan and my father were trying to shave, suspended on a

gallows, whose place in the picture I involuntarily seemed to assume ; the Cotwal changing places with the spirit of evil, and dragging me screaming to the fatal tree. I awoke, however, with the first dawn of light ; and when the prisoners went out, according to custom, and the jail was comparatively free from observation, an excellent breakfast was brought me, of which I contrived to swallow a few mouthfuls. At length, the jail *ghurree* tolled out ten o'clock, and a *Bergandauze* entering the cell, and commanding me to follow him, we moved from the prison on the road to the cutcherry, accompanied by the gaoler, several peons, and eight or ten seapoys.

We entered the cutcherry. Several persons appeared, like myself, to be waiting their sentences in the principal court room, to which I was conducted ; but I was not permitted, nor, indeed, did I desire to communicate with them. A corner was pointed out to me where I was directed to sit, while a sentry walked up and down, and kept off the crowd. At last, as noon approached, there was a loud vociferation from without of "*Dohai*" "*dohai !*" "*Judge sahib, dohai ! dohai Kumpanee**," and nearer and nearer the voices advanced along the hall, until the motion of the crowd, and the hasty steps of several peons exclaiming, "*Jao, jao, rasta chor ; choop, choop, sahib aya†*," proclaimed the advent of the master of my fate. He was a little languid, delicate-looking man, with a face as white as your handkerchief, and as thin as a skeleton. I thought I saw Death in green spectacles. He advanced slowly through the crowd, who *salam'd* as he passed ; mounted the elevated platform prepared for him, upon which he took his seat ; lifted his legs, which he laid across the table, when a *hookah-burdar* ap-

* Literally medicine, always used as an appeal for justice in India.

† Go, go, clear the way ; silence, the master is coming.

proached, passed the snake under his arm, and poked the mouth-piece into the proper opening. A mountain of papers was then laid before him for signature ; and the business of the day commenced.

"My lord," said the *serishtadar*, culling from the mass before his master a printed document, "the orders of the *Sudder* for the execution of *Sufdar Ally* have arrived. and as you are going to-morrow for *shikar* (hunting) to *Jemal-pore*, it might be as well to hang him out of the way at once."

"*Aur kya*?*" said the judge, "bring in the prisoner."

I advanced mechanically, for my will had nothing to do with the motion of my legs.

The judge looked at the warrant, and then turned his spectacles (I will not say his eyes) towards me : but the *Cotwal* who stood on the platform contrived to intercept the view ; stooping forward on pretence of driving away the flies.

"*Serishtadar*, read the sentence," said the great man.

A jargon followed, which nobody even pretended to hear, and which nobody could have understood if they had heard.

† "*Oh kydee, soono toom,*" said the *nazir*, "*Judge Sahib phanse ka hookum deea.*"

The cutcherry turned round and round, and the judge, the *nazir*, the peons and the crowd danced before me like so many demons.

"Why does not the *pagul* (fool) answer?" said the judge.

"Take away the *kydee*," said the *serishtadar* ; "*kydee le jao*," cried the *nazir* ; "*Le jao*," echoed the deputy.

"*Roho roho*," (stay,) exclaimed the judge. *Sufdar Ally*,

* Used, where we place "of course," "certainly;" it means literally, "what more?"

† "O prisoner, do you hear? the judge has ordered you to be hanged."

will you have any rupees to buy sweatmeats at the *tuma-sha** (sport) to-morrow?

I made some sort of answer in a low voice.

“What does the *pagul* say?” inquired the judge.

“Nothing, my lord, said the *serishtadar*,” “he wants for nothing.”—“*Kooch ne*,” said the *nazir*.—“Nothing,” said the deputy.

“*Taa jooh*,” (astonishing,) said the great man; “do let me see a man who wishes for nothing.”

Here his eye could not be prevented falling on my person.

“But stay,” “*Roho, Koda ke waste*,” (stop for God’s sake,) “what in the world can this mean—Sufdar Ally, I don’t think was a *chokra* (boy) like this, *eh serishtadar*?”

“Take away the *kydee*,” said the *serishtadar*. “*Kydee le jao*,” cried the *nazir*. “*Le jao*,” echoed the deputy.

“Stop, I tell you,” exclaimed the judge,—“we are all wrong, I think. I vow, I thought Sufdar Ally was a fat, middle-aged man—this fellow is a mere *butcha*, and as lean as our whipping post.”

“My lord, said the *serishtadar*, the fear of your *insauf*, (justice,) and the displeasure of the *sircar*† has made the *kydee* the heap of bones you see before you.”

“*Albuteh*,” (certainly,) responded the judge, “we frown, and men’s bowels become water; but I tell you, Sufdar Ally had mustachios, and a beard like a bear-skin—this boy is as bare as my hand.” •

“My lord, he has shaven his beard, in token of grief at your displeasure.”

* Sport, the offer of a few rupees is kindly made by some judges at the moment of sentence, though, of course not in these words. The request, however, for sweetmeats was made to and granted by myself.

† Here means the Company or Government.

“ But I tell you, that Sufdar Ally is as black as that ink bottle, this man is as fair as Jam.”—“ Grief, my lord, said the gaoler, all the effect of grief ! it happens every day in our jail.”

Here the serishtadar made a little sign to the deputy *na-zir*, who silently planted himself close to the grandee's hookah.

“ But I tell you, Sufdar Ally was marked with the small-pox.”

“ My lord,” said the serishtadar, “ he is a horrible villain, (*barrah haramzada*.) He puts on pock-marks with prickly pear juice, so as to disguise himself fifty times a day.”

“ Yes, yes,” they all exclaimed, “ with prickly pear juice, fifty times, (*puchas defeh*) !” “ Well,” said the judge, “ this is most surprising *jadoo* (witchcraft). You must all know better than I, and yet I could have sworn that——”

He was not permitted to finish the sentence, down came the judge's hookah all of a sudden, with a most violent crash, distributing streams of water and balls of fire all round the platform. “ You *soor*,” exclaimed the great man, jumping up with an energy, of which I thought him incapable ; “ what business had you so close to my hookah, oh my new hookah bottom ! and the carpet too which my wife worked ! *soors*, pick up the fire, I tell you,”—and forthwith there ensued a scene of confusion so perfect and inextricable, that I was hurried away without further question as to my identity from the presence, and was speedily removed from the *cutcherry*. In a few minutes I was again the solitary occupant of the condemned cell of the jail of Fereebpore.

The night passed, (for the longest night will wear itself away,) and the morning dawned as that of the day before, bringing with it little to remove the feeling of utter discouragement, not to say despair, with which I regarded

my extraordinary and dangerous position. That the Cotwal should break his engagement so solemnly made, I tried to persuade myself, was an impossibility, and yet I could not shut my eyes to the fact that we had a *nerrick* (average rate) for oaths as well as every other commodity at the Cotwalce; and then even supposing him staunch, that rescue at the foot of the gallows was liable to be affected by so many unforeseen contingences that it was, to say the best of it, a fearful venture upon which to set existence. In the midst of these melancholy reflections, the gaoler and his officers entered the cell, a *mistree* unscrewed the fetters from my hands; and I was conducted to the court-yard, where a hackery stood in readiness, upon which I was directed to place myself. Four bergandauzes stationed themselves on each side of the machine, and the executioner took his place by my side. It was my own father!

To whisper a few syllables of encouragement in my ear, and to bid me let events take their course unnoticed, and unresisted, was the work of an instant, and though this additional shock for a moment upset all my self-possession, yet I felt comparatively reassured: for I could not suppose that my father would, after bringing his first-born into the world, so cheerfully proceed to send him out of it. So I said nothing while the procession was forming, and I consoled myself with the thought, that if it was my *neseeb* (destiny) to be strangled by my own parent, nothing that I could do would prevent such a catastrophe.

Those who have witnessed and shared in the delight with which a spectacle so attractive as the suspension upon two cross sticks of some neighbour or friend is witnessed in this most polished country, will find great fault with India and Indians (particularly of the better classes)

for their disregard of so elegant and harmless a diversion. Whether the cause may be traced to the fact, that as life in India is generally little more than a struggle with misery, starvation and death, its commencement or its termination are alike indifferent, no man on his way to the gallows has any business to stop to inquire. Suffice it that on the present occasion, with the exception of a dozen or so of *tumashabeens* (spectators of fun) from the very dregs of the populace, and a few little boys led by the hope of *meethye* (sweetmeats) sometimes distributed on these joyful occasions by the Sircar, the attendance on my own critical occasion was limited to about a dozen seapoys, commanded by a native officer, the gaoler, and his peons, the nazir, his deputy, and a few amateur satellites or *omeidwars**.

We drove under the fatal tree, and the hackery was stopped at a right angle to the cross-piece ; which was of no elevation compared with the exemplary height of such public conveniences in Great Britain. A couple of old *mollahs* mumbled a few sentences from the *koran* ; while my father adjusted a noose round my throat as accurately as could well be expected from evidently a mere beginner in this useful and praise-worthy profession. My hands were then tied behind me, and all things being reported to the jailor, “ *Khoob tiyar*,” (well prepared.) “ *Chalo*,” (go on,) he exclaimed ; when the hackery driver giving a violent twitch to the tails of the bullocks, away went the hackery from under my feet, and I swung loose into the air, with certainly very uncomfortable sensations about the region of my throat. But it was only for a moment—I fell to the ground with some violence, slightly bruised and stunned, but suf-

* We all know what this means in India. Is the animal unknown in England ?

ficiently awake and alive to remain quite still, and apparently defunct, when I heard the Cotwal, jailor, and nazir, exclaiming, “ *Wah ! wah ! apna suza ko puhoncha*, (he has received his punishment,) *mur gya. mur gya, bism Oolla !*” (he’s dead, he’s dead, praise be to God.) Some disquietude indeed I did undergo, when I heard the havildar of the guard suggest the propriety of stringing me up again, declaring, at the same time, by all the *shastras*, that I was no more dead than himself; but his opinion was over-ruled—I had been hanged, that much was undeniable : and whether I was dead or alive, it was a novel case, and as the judge was gone for *shikar* to Jemalpoore, nothing could be settled as to trying the experiment of a more masterly executioner and a better rope until his return. So I heard with joy the order given “ *Lash ootha*,” (take up the corpse,) and stiffening my limbs so as to be cast upon the hackery with a very fair appearance of complete dissolution, a sheet was thrown over me, and the corpse being duly conveyed to the jail, was laid out with becoming ceremony in the verandah of the hospital.

I am compelled by want of space to take leave in the same page, of the Bengal Annual and this most incomparable history ; and I shall do so with a little quotation from the prince and father of all shavers and story-tellers. “ Here then I made a pause in my narrative, and said (while I extended a small tin cup which I held in my hand), now my noble audience, if you will give me something I will tell you what the Caliph said to the wood-cutter, “ Go then, buy this volume, my noble audience.” Let not Theodore Hook and the Edinburgh Review laugh at our beards, and what is rather worse, at our brains, for any desertion of this child of Indian genius, and next year, “ I will tell you what the Caliph said to the wood-cutter.”

ELEGIAC LINES.

[Written in 1824.]

BY J. GRANT, ESQ.

THERE is a sacred claim of kindred earth,
 A palm-like feeling green amidst decay—
 A holy spell of country and of birth,
 (A magnet of the soul though swath'd in clay !)
 That draws us to the cherish'd spots where mined
 In the dark mould, rest forms beloved, whose day
 Hath pass'd like wild flowers' fragrance on the wind,
 Where things of yore have murmur'd all away !
 Ah me ! how westward far the heath-clad scene
 Where sleeps a lonely churchyard of the wild
 That verdant slopes towards the bay serene.
 No more I gambol there a happy child,
 (When decent sabbath crowds have met to pray)
 Skipping along the vivid sward as gay
 As if those mounds of earth on which I trod
 Had never glow'd with life, but been alway
 Soulless and silent as the valley's clod,
 That roots the weeping willow's bending spray !
 And **THOU** art there—my father and my friend !
 My childhood's hope, my youth's mild judge and stay,
 Low lies thine honour'd head ; and twilight gray
 Now draws thee homeward to our hearth no more !
 Forgotten is Affection's claim, and play
 Of thought and feeling ;—and the smiles of yore
 Are changed for death's cold dreamless sleep ! Oh they
 Who his dread power have felt, alone can say
 How throbs the heart to bursting, when it knows

That those it held most dear, beneath his sway
Have fallen into the grave's most drear repose !
Friend of all friends ! if righteous spirits may
Round beings whom they dearly cherish'd here
Hold watch of love ;—when aught would lead astray,
Be thou, rever'd, beloved spirit, near
To guide and watch me still, through weal or wo,
Until like Thee releas'd, to heaven and thee I go !

THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

I.

COULD beauty's early bloom return, and boyhood's voice
of mirth,
Like floral hues and songs of birds when spring revives the
earth,
Though forms should fade—and hearts grow cold—and
life's fair flowers decay,
How sweet to know that wintry spell ere long might pass
away !

II.

But when life's fleeting seasons fail, they leave the soul
forlorn,
E'en Hope is silent at their close, of all her magic shorn ;
Her brief successive lights but lead the pilgrim to his
doom—
The dark undreaming sleep of death—the dungeon of the
tomb.

III.

The green earth glitters in the sun—the skylark bathes in
light—

Rich odours float upon the breeze from vernal blossoms
bright—

A busy hum of insect joy the cheerful valley fills,
And wandering Echo's shout is heard, like laughter, in the
hills !

• IV.

Such sights and sounds and charms we leave, and, dearer
far than all,

The faces that we loved in youth—the tones that yet in-
thral ;—

Oh ! when the thought, like sudden blight, o'ershades
each bliss below,

How quails the horror-stricken heart—how voiceless is
the woe !

V.

Yet when the solemn mandate comes that bids the doomed
prepare

To change for death's dark stifling cell the free and pleasant
air,

Can no sweet sound the prisoner cheer—no hope-re-
kindling ray ?

Ah, yes !—the voice that frees the soul—the light of endless
day !

LINES,

Written on seeing a very beautiful picture of the Coliseum by moonlight, drawn by Major Hutchinson, of the Engineers.

BY D. I. MONEY, ESQ.

SPIRIT of Time, that lovest alone
 To muse on shrines in fragments laid,
 And hear the night-wind wildly moan
 O'er wrecks thy wasting hand hath made !
 Tell me, what hoary building lies
 So desolate in moonlight gloom,
 While all around it ruins rise,
 Prophetic of its final doom ?
 Was this Italia's proudest dome,
 Thy far-fam'd Colisæum, Rome ?
 Its pillars rent, and crumbling wall
 Portend thy quickly coming woe,
 For seers have told that thou shalt fall,
 When Time shall lay this building low !
 And now its tide is rushing o'er
 The wreck—and many a storm must beat.
 Where fallen roof, and corridor,
 And broken arch and stair-case meet ;
 And walls in shapeless masses thrown,
 With grass and wild shrub overgrown,
 Which with the breezes making play,
 Look fresh and smiling 'mid decay.
 What thoughts upon the mind intrude
 Amid its gloom and solitude !
 Each stone you chance to tread upon
 Of glory tells and grandeur gone—

Of ages that have long since fled—
The deadly fight—the martyr'd dead—
When woman saw with tearless eye
The wounded gladiator die—
Unlike her sex shrunk not to see
His life-blood oozing rapidly—
And when the captive, tottering fell,
Heard undismay'd the piercing yell
Of savage joy, as on the ground,
With shame and groans suppress'd he lay,
And cast his last long look around
The amphitheatre's proud array !
How chang'd the scene ! a cross of wood
Stands where the gladiator stood ;
And when the shades of even steal,
And zephyrs breathe a balmy air,
Full many a group is seen to kneel
Upon its steps in fervent prayer !
And now the moon-light coldly creeps,
And pauses on each arch awhile,
And silence like a guardian keeps
Her watch around the reverend pile !
Where'er the fitful moonbeam gleams,
How beautiful the ruin seems !
And yet alas ! the time shall be
When not a vestige shall be left,
And after-worlds shall mourn to see
Rome of her pride and glory rest !

“ALL’S WELL.”

BY GEORGE FREDERICK HARVEY, ESQ.

‘The night was dry but clouded ; the air thick with watery exhalations from the rivers; the ramparts and the trenches unusually still : yet a low murmur pervaded the latter, and in the former, lights were seen to flit here and there, while the deep voices of the sentinels at times proclaimed that *all was well* in Badajos.”
Napier’s History of the War in the Peninsula, vol. IV.

YES, *all is well* in the peaceful plain
That margins Ætna’s steep,
Yet the mountain thunders may again
In their headlong wrath leap loudly forth,
For they are not dead, but sleep.

Yes, *all is well* in the evening sky
With its blue and placid purity,
Apt type of human life,
For anon the night comes sweeping by,
In storm and terror furiously,
To mar it into strife.

Yes, *all is well* with the human heart,
When the brow shows smooth and fair ;
Yet the lightest word or thought impart
The power to fiends within to start
And stamp their wrinkles there.

Yes, *all is well* on the green hill side,
With the oak in its forest strength and pride,
When the worm knows not its core ;
But the sudden storm,—the leven flash—
The up-wrenched roots,—the headlong crash,
And ruin ever more.

Yes, *all is well* with the gallant crew,
 As the bark glides on through its world of blue,
 And the night-watch walks the deck,
 When hearts and timbers both be stout,
 And a seaman's glance is peering out,
 Yet—day may dawn on a *wreck*.

And thus in the ramparted citadel
 The watchman's cry is still "*All's Well*."

* * * *

Brief shriving time,—the conflict's din
 Succeeds—blood—uproar—death:

The mortal strife—the parting breath,
 The shriek of anguish, hope to win
 A fleeting fame, red carnage, sin,
 The falchion flash and the sulph'rous glare,
 The yell of horror, rage, despair*.

* * * *

Is all still well, when the God of day

Illumes again the scene ?

Arc the fearful traces wiped away,

Where the march of blood has been ?

Ask the mother who so lately smiled

On the sunny face of an only child,

Her looks will speak no lie ;—

Ask the maid as lately blithe and gay,

To whom life was a summer holyday ?

Let her maniac shrieks reply.—

Is all still well with the victors now,

The fearless and the brave ?

* The reader is referred to Napier's powerful and graphic description of the night assault of Badajos and its after-horrors. 'Twere folly to attempt in verse what has been so perfectly achieved in prose.

With the dead who in sad procession go,
 To their rest in the rampart grave?
 Ask their friends who follow with pallid brow,
 Ask their kinsmen when the tale of wo
 Shall cross the western wave.

But *all is well* with the carrion bird,
 Who the din of war from far has heard,
 And it sounds like a festa' bell.
 What sees he through the shades of night?
 What has checked the speed of his onward flight?
 'Tis the corpse of the deep voiced sentinel!
 Stilled is his cry *ALL'S WELL*!

WOMAN.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

THE day-god sitting on his western throne
 With all his 'gorgeous company of clouds'—
 The gentle moon that meekly disenshrouds
 Her beauty when the solar glare is gone—
 The myriad eyes of night—the pleasant tone
 Of truant rills when o'er the pebbled ground
 Their silver voices tremble—the calm sound
 Of rustling leaves in noon-tide forests lone—
 The cheerful song of birds—the hum of bees—
 The zephyrs' dance that like the footing fine
 Of moonlight fays scarce prints the glassy seas,—
 Are *all* enchantments! But Oh, what are these
 When music, poetry, and love combine
 In *WOMAN's* voice and lineaments divine!



STANZAS.

BY J. H. BATTEN, ESQ.

I SAW a youth on English ground
 Grasping another's hand,
 And thus his grief expression found
 As quitted he the land :
 That other friend—his feet still tread
 My Gianta's well-loved groves,
 But blessings be upon his head
 Where'er he dwells or roves !

“ My friend ! when God shall raise his rod
 To turn thy joy to fear,
 And Peace awhile shall cease to smile
 Upon thy young career—
 When o'er thy soul the thunders roll,
 And judgments fierce expel
 From out thy breast each worldly guest,
 Too forward to rebel—
 When Heaven thus warns thee by its rage,
 And deals her awful blow,
 Think of my weary pilgrimage,
 My pilgrimage of woe.

When thou hast felt thy sorrows melt
 Within thee, at the thought
 That, as the rain doth glad the plain
 And quench the sultry drought,
 So Heaven is kind, when man too blind
 Leaves life a fruitless mass,

Bids its dark cloud a moment shroud
The desert scene, and pass ;
When Mercy thus hath made thee sage,
And Peace once more appears,
Think of my weary pilgrimage,
My pilgrimage of tears.

If e'er 'tis thine to pour the wine
Of comfort o'er a soul
Wounded within by doubt and sin,
And panting to be whole ;
If from its cup thou hast dried up
Of bitter but a drop,
Or proved thy arm, 'mid Death's alarm
The Widow's, Orphan's prop :
When thus thy charities assuage
A fellow-mortal's doom,
Think of my weary pilgrimage,
My pilgrimage of gloom.

Whether thy lot be blest or not
By manhood's summer ray ;
Whether the sun, thy goal just won,
Gilds but thy setting day ;
Whether thy age fond friends engage
From hoary grief to win,
Or thou dost last, till autumn's past,
Alone of all thy kin ;
In summer's calm, in winter's rage,
If aught of love remain,
Pity my weary pilgrimage,
My pilgrimage of pain."

We met once more—it came to pass
'Mongst India's fertile realms ;
Methought, I now shall see, alas !
How grief the spirit whelms.
I stole upon the youth, his pen
Was tracing cheerful rhymes,
And seemed scarce to remember then
Its plaints of former times.
Our common friend in England dear,
For him the muse had woke ;
Ye men of misery ! draw near
And hearken how she spoke :

“ And did I string my harp to sing
Of woes befalling thee,
And beg thy eyes, thy tearful eyes
To weep afresh for me ?
And did I ask, if thou shouldst bask
In fortune's sunny smile,
Thy blissful heart from bliss to part,
And mourn with me awhile ?
My friend ! forget that by-gone page,
Oh ! list my newer lay,
Envy my pleasant pilgrimage,
My pilgrimage to-day !

To-day in Ind (alas ! I sinned
When I decried the land)
In grateful tone my heart shall own
A store of good at hand.
Home I love well, yet could I tell,
Were mine a poet's powers,

How gaily drest this land ! how blest
With beauty its rich bowers !

Then, if a thought of me engage
Thy bosom, think but this,
Oh ! what a pleasant pilgrimage
A pilgrimage of bliss !

River and hill my vision fill,
And sunrise, sunset here,
Are passing bright with golden light ;
The moon her silver sphere,
Aiming in pride the stars to hide,
Nor dim nor misty shews,
For eastern moon to northern noon
Not far from rival glows.
Temples and towers superb in age,
Though ruins, charm my sight ;
Then, hail my pleasant pilgrimage,
My pilgrimage of light !

'Tis true I weep, can sorrow sleep
When friends are snatched away ?
Death one dear head hath visited,
And given the grave a prey.
The grave and death o'er human breath
Are potent e'en at home,
And exile knows no special woes
From th' universal doom.
Hath God forgotten mine to assuage ?
Ah ! give His comforts scope.
Lo ! still a pleasant pilgrimage,
A pilgrimage of hope.

Many there are whose thoughts are far
From others' ill or weal,
While like the sun their race some run,
And men their mercies feel ;
Oh ! did each life, with blessings rife
'Mongst India's children spent,
Proclaim at last Her darkness past,
Her dawn from Britain sent ;
Sure from thy study's narrow cage
Thy wish would be to rove,
And share my pleasant pilgrimage,
My pilgrimage of love.

Faith's piercing ray reveals the day
When men of every tongue
To Heaven shall raise one voice of praise,
One pure thanksgiving song ;
Faith to thy friend is wont to lend
A soul that murmurs not,
She bids him choose all sun-shine views
Of man and earthly lot ;
So, pilgrim to God's heritage,
He still to friendship saith,
Behold my pleasant pilgrimage,
My pilgrimage of faith !

THE TREASURE CHEST.

BY W. C. HURRY, ESQ.

DURING my last visit to my native country, I spent a part of the summer on the east coast of England, a district neither remarkable for beautiful scenery nor attractive climate, but dear to me from early recollections, and still more so, as the residence of some kind friends. Led by a desire to ascertain the difference between my own impressions and the actual appearance of many objects which were strongly imprinted upon my memory, I wandered about the country, sometimes alone, but oftener in the company of a friend, who had made a particular study of the local antiquities, and who took great pleasure in pointing them out to me. I could not help fancying that some story was attached to every mouldering tombstone, and to every house, the fashion of which was not of the present day. My friend, finding me a good listener, amused me with all the family histories, and odd stories, which great local knowledge and a very retentive memory could supply.

In one of our excursions, descending between two low green cliffs, we came suddenly upon the ruins of an ancient chapel, which appeared to be only a part of some much more extensive buildings, erected long before the sea had made such formidable ravages upon the coast, and probably abandoned at the time when the sand flood, which there almost reminds one of the desert, had rendered the neighbourhood uninhabitable. Of these buildings, half buried in the sand, there remained only enough to enable the imagination to trace out an extensive outline. The four walls of the chapel were entire: on the east side, the sand reached up

to a large, and what had once evidently been a very elegant, gothic window ; opposite it, a huge and very massive doorway was so nearly filled with sand that it could not be entered without stooping. There was something in the loneliness of the ruin that strongly excited the imagination ; the general appearance of England is so much that of life, industry, and improvement, that decay and desolation strike us as out of place. Such a ruin in such a country reminds one of Holbein's Dance of Death, in which fanciful production, the grim spectre is seen alternately interrupting serious business, and gay festivities. Full of such thoughts we waded through the sand ; for I was curious to see the interior of the ruin. I found it so utterly decayed, that it did not repay the trouble of the walk. A few fragments of sculpture alone remained to attest that it had once been a consecrated receptacle for the dead. As I remarked this, my friend observed, that there was a singular story connected with these tombs, and that the solitary position and desolate appearance of the chapel rendered it a peculiarly fit abode for the last lingerings of superstitious terrors, which, said he, are still sufficiently powerful to prevent the neighbouring villagers visiting these ruins after dark. Let us hear your story, said I. I will tell it to you as we walk home, replied he ; but first observe, how much the sea has encroached on this coast ; even within the memory of man fields and farm-houses have disappeared, and the village through which we just now passed, is threatened with a similar fate. You may have remarked, as we passed, a neat public-house rejoicing in the singular sign of the Blue Boar, and renowned equally for the excellence of its ale, and the smoothness of its bowling green. One summer's afternoon, some thirty years ago, in a snug arbour of this rural retreat, sat

a man well known in the neighbourhood as an eccentric character, a person very busy at parish meetings and elections, courted on those occasions by his superiors for his influence amongst voters, though disliked because he was supposed to hold opinions, which in those days were considered incompatible with the safety of Church and State. This person kept a school in the village, and having dismissed his dunces for the day, was poring over the county paper, whose weekly intervals were not then thought too long by our village politicians. As he was well known as an inspector of parish registers, and collector of 'all such reading as was never read,' as well as a busy canvasser, it excited no surprise amongst the bowlers to see an unknown gentleman in close conference with him. The stranger was writing in a thick memorandum book; and whilst thus employed, a stout weather-beaten seaman approaching, nodded familiarly to the school-master, and then quietly seated himself at the opposite side of the table, over a huge glass of brandy and water. At the same moment, a young man, in a sailor's dress, stepped up to him, and said in a dissatisfied tone—I have seen Captain M—, and he won't take me. Not take you, exclaimed the other, with an oath; then the world is turned upside down; I have always heard that the man of war and the gallows refuse none; the other day they were hunting us like rats from hole to hole, and here is Captain M—, who knows what a seaman is like, refusing as good a man as ever hauled out a weather earing. This comes of the cursed peace. Mr. Johnson, said the school-master, laying down the newspaper, I am surprised that you should speak so of the only act of our Government that a rational man can approve. I do not know what you approve of, replied the other; but I know that our ships are

lying by the walls, and our men starving; while foreigners who did not dare to shew their faces at sea when we were fighting for them, are suffered to take the bread out of our mouths in our own ports, and I see nothing for us all but the parish; we shall double the poor's-rates, and how will you approve of that, Mr. Birch? Why, said the school-master calmly, we may as well pay our money in poor's-rates as in war-taxes, and as for the interference of foreigners, if they bring us their goods cheaper than we can supply ourselves, I think, it is wise to encourage them. There, exclaimed the seaman, vehemently; I thought you'd say so—you would see your own countrymen starve for the sake of these foreign scoundrels, who the other day were all leagued with Bonaparte to destroy us. That is the reason our rector always says you are a Jacobin. The Rev. Mr. Mumble is welcome, replied the school-master, to say of me just what he pleases. It is a part of his duty to find out and denounce the backslidings of his parishioners, and doubtless he will be rewarded for it, either here or hereafter. The stranger looked up and smiled, but the insinuation was lost upon Johnson, who did not know that the worthy clergyman was one of those zealous supporters of the Government, who in those days of alarm were in the habit of reporting the conduct of their neighbours, and whose terrors frequently caused them, as Coleridge has related, to mistake antiquaries and metaphysicians for engineer officers, and conspirators. But, continued the teacher, why should you complain, foreigners do not interfere with the free-trade—do they? The seaman at these words looked cautiously at the stranger, then at the school-master, and receiving a nod of encouragement from the latter, he replied, No—but Government does—there is

your neighbour Bob Rullock worked a crop last week without wetting a rope yarn, and would you believe it, he has lost money by the trip—they have taken off the duties without notice. What will become of us, said the school-master, laughing; I should never have suspected our Government of such an act. I thought, said the stranger, gravely, that ministers always respected vested interests, and I do not see why those of the smuggler are less entitled to protection than other people's. Surely, (looking at the school-master,) some of these Jacobins have got into the cabinet. I think it is likely, said Johnson—I do not understand politics, but I know that bookmen are not good at business. You teach navigation in your school, Mr. Birch; but you could not take a ship across the North Sea for all that. That, said the stranger, is the difference between theory and practice; but false principles can never lead us right—our friend here, might not know how to apply his own rules on board of your vessel, but he would not wilfully steer contrary to them, which I am afraid is not always the case with politicians. But surely, Mr. Johnson, asked Birch, there must be some way for such a fine young man as that (pointing to the rejected sailor, who was busily engaged at a game of bowls) to earn his bread without breaking the laws, or selling himself for a slave on board a ship of war. Why, for the matter of that, replied Johnson, Tom has had a little dispute with the solicitor of the excise, and it would be convenient for him to take a trip to the East Indies, or round the Horn, just now; and, as for the slavery, he has run too many goods, not to know how to run himself, if he is not well used. But he is not the only one of us out of employment, and unless you with your learning can tell

a man how he may get a good lump of money, we may all starve before next winter, for what I see. There are no wrecks this time of year—can you not tell me how to get a prize in the lottery. I cannot help you there, said the school-master; I am an enemy to all gambling. I think, said the stranger, in a grave manner, but with eyes that sparkled with the inward satisfaction of one who enjoys a good joke—I think I might put you in the way of obtaining a lump of money, as you call it, and honestly too, if you have sufficient courage for the attempt. Courage! cried the seaman, starting up and stretching himself out to his full dimensions—what should I be afraid of! I do not know, said the school-master, laughing; but there is your neighbour Grommett, who was rewarded by the Humane Society for saving the people from a wreck, would not stay here after sunset the other evening, because his way home lay through the church-yard. That, replied Johnson, shows no courage—Grommett is a boatman, the sea is his natural place; if he had refused to shove off to a ship in distress, he ought to have been tried and made incapable of ever going afloat again. But, lowering his voice, Grommett knows nothing of night work, and might have a better reason than you knew of to be afraid of church-yards. I can tell you as a friend, they are not safe places at night for curious folks. Then, I suppose, there are good spirits as well as evil ones to be found there, said the stranger. Aye, replied Johnson, laughing; but in a very low voice—and in the church too; but it is not there you are sending us for the money bags, is it? Not exactly, said the stranger; but to a similar place—you cannot undertake the business without companions, and from what you say yourself, it may be difficult to find men who would like to go. Not find men,

cried the seaman—give us an order for the goods, and we would take them out of the church in spite of the bishop and all his clerks. It is difficult to deal with an ecclesiastical corporation, observed the school-master; but that is the proper spirit for it.

“ Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver beckon to come on.”

But said the stranger, something more than mere daring is required—prudence and self-restraint are indispensable. Well, let's hear what's to be done, and leave the rest to me. You know very well, said the stranger, with the solemn air of a professional story-teller, that this coast was formerly infested with pirates. To be sure, interrupted the other, there was Kett, I have heard my grand-father say, that he was taken by him once—He that was hanged on the beach near Ormsby? The same—and at his own request, I make no doubt, said Johnson; for his gibbet on with the old church is the thwart mark for the Gat. and where could a seaman be better berthed. But, it is not of such pirates as Kett that I was speaking, said the stranger, but of those of a much older time—the Vikingar, the formidable Norsemen, who carried fire and sword all over Europe. It is well known, that they were heathens who practised magical arts, the traditions of some of which have reached us, though the arts themselves have fortunately perished. You have heard of buying a wind in Lapland. To be sure I have, cried Johnson; who began to be interested in the subject. There was Captain Boulter, of the Betsy, homeward-bound from Archangel; he put in near the North Cape in distress, and was wind-bound so long, that his family went into mourning for him; he got tired at last, and was overpersuaded to buy a wind of a con-

juror, who gave him a piece of small line, with seven knots in it, and told him only to cast one out at a time as he valued his life. The next morning he got ready for sea, and loosed one knot, and sure enough the wind, which had never shifted a point for three months, came round all of a sudden, and he got a good offing that night; the next day it fell calm, and he tried to cast out another knot, but they were so strangely fastened, that he could not untie them; he tried a long time, and at last he found out the trick, so he loosened one, and being afraid he should forget the way, he cast out two more at the same time, not heeding what the conjurer had told him. The same night there came on a fair wind sure enough, but such a gale as none of the ship's company had ever seen; the brig was totally dismasted, and would have been lost, if the mate had not persuaded Boulter to let him heave the line overboard, which he did with a sinker, to make sure of it; and the mate told me himself, said Johnson, in a very solemn manner, that no sooner did it touch the water, than he heard through the roaring of the gale, a noise like five hundred people laughing. The stranger's eyes sparkled with a suppressed smile, for he saw that whatever might be his companion's contempt for the terrors of church-yards, he had his full share of superstitious credulity; and he continued; If these things are done in our days, we may surely credit the narrations of former times. Historians inform us that some of the Norsemen, who called themselves Bersæker, went naked into battle, and came unharmed from the thickest of the fight; they were cruel, as they were daring, and as they incurred the hatred of the inhabitants of the countries they devastated, they were frequently obliged to retreat as suddenly as they landed. Now, on these occasions they

buried their plunder, and they usually did this in chapels or monasteries, where they knew the veneration of the country people would contribute to its safety; they first killed all the monks, against whom they had a particular spite; but not contented with thus getting rid of the witnesses of their hoard, they generally secured it with spells and charms, to prevent it from being removed by any but themselves, or those to whom they entrusted the secret.

They naturally preferred places near the sea, as offering the greatest facilities in their future expeditions; and as this coast was particularly exposed to their depredations, many of their spoils are supposed still to remain untouched near the most venerable of our ecclesiastical edifices, and the ruined chapel at Fritton, then in its splendour, was a favourite place of deposit. A convenient sort of savings bank, interrupted Birch. Well, continued the stranger, a tradition has been handed down that a celebrated pirate named Olaf, whose mother was supposed to have rendered him invulnerable by magical charms, and who ravaged this country as far as Ely, having been at last defeated and compelled to retreat, buried the greater part of his plunder under Fritton Chapel; and amongst other things, a coffer, of which these sacrilegious pirates had plundered the celebrated monastery of Repton in Derbyshire. The burying place of the Mercian monarchs, interrupted the school-master. The same, said the stranger; they filled this chest with gold, and being the most valuable part of their plunder, they secured it with incantations, which Olaf had no doubt learnt from his witch-mother; now this treasure chest is still there. How is that known? eagerly asked the seaman. Because it is on record, that several attempts have been made to remove it, the last was not very

many years ago ; but it failed from the impatience of those who undertook it. As it is ascertained, that the chest is as much as four men can easily raise, there must be enough gold in it to make the fortunes of any persons who have courage to undertake its recovery. I wonder, said the school-master, why fresh trials have not been made. Because, said the stranger, the secret is known to few, and without it the attempt would be vain. That's just what I was thinking, said Johnson ; without the sailing directions, one might dig in those ruins till Doomsday without finding any thing. What, not even *spirits* ? said Birch. No, replied the other, there's not a man on the coast would bury any thing there, it is an unlucky place. Then you will not adventure, I suppose, said the stranger, in a disappointed tone. As for me, said Johnson, I am like the Dutchman, who said that if there was any thing to be got by a voyage to hell, he would run the risk of setting his sails on fire : but who can tell us how to come at the money. That can I, said the stranger ; but it must be under certain conditions in case of success. That will be halves, I suppose. No—you shall have all the treasure, gold, silver, or jewels ; but whatever you may find besides, shall be mine—Agreed ; and now let's hear. Not quite so fast—you must find three companions, upon whose courage and secrecy you can depend, and then meet me here again ; it will be several days before the attempt can be made—so there is time enough. The party then broke up, and Johnson retired with Tom, to whom he communicated what had passed, and sent him to look for two of their comrades, whom he thought he could best rely on. The next night they all went to the bowling green, where the stranger was sitting, as on the former evening. Having accosted him, he asked Johnson, if he had explained to his compani-

ons the nature of the enterprise, and whether he felt confident that he could rely on them. Johnson replied in the affirmative. Then, said he, my instructions will be brief ; but they must be punctually performed. The chest can only be obtained on the ninth day of the moon, at the ninth hour of the night. The moon will then cast a shadow from the cross of the large eastern window, exactly on the spot where you are to dig. From the time you enter the chapel, not a word may be spoken ; you must therefore concert signs, by which you can assist each other. The utterance of a single word will spoil every thing. You must take four new ropes, and as many shovels, and dig till you come to the chest. You can relieve each other, but be careful not to speak ; for I warn you that if a word is spoken, you will lose your labour, and the consequences may be dangerous to all of you. You must heave the chest quite out of the ground, and carry it beyond the farthest wall of the chapel, before you speak a word. You must take care that you are not watched ; for if there are more than four persons present, you cannot succeed. Every thing being thus arranged, they met on the night appointed. Having concerted signs, they agreed to meet on the beach at sun-set, and proceed to the spot a few minutes before the time. It was a sultry summer's evening, not a breath of wind moved the waves, which only sighed amongst the pebbles ; but the sky, though clear in that quarter, was overcast to the westward, and heavy slow-moving black clouds announced an approaching thunder-storm. By these the moon was occasionally obscured, and again emerging, shone out with uncommon brightness. Three of the party had met, and were walking to and fro on the beach, turning every ten steps, as if still confined to the limits of the deck. Where

can Williams be, said one ; if he does not come soon, we shall have to give it up. I have been thinking of that, said Johnson ; the gentleman said we must not take more than four, but he did not say we must not be fewer—we three can heave up as much as four landsmen—we will make all the ropes fast, and if it don't come up fair, it is only shifting our hold ; and if we are fewer, there is the less chance of some one singing out, and not so many to share the prize money, so let us be off. So saying, he turned his steps towards the chapel, and was followed, though with evident reluctance, by his companions. As they entered, a dense black cloud covered the moon, and a cold breeze passed along the walls. They groped their way through the darkness, beginning to doubt of success, when the moon suddenly shone out, and threw the wished-for shadow on the spot indicated. The effect was startling to men who met on such a business ; but they began to dig with spirit, and relieving each other by signal, in less than an hour the shovels, which at first met with but little resistance from the sand, grated harshly against something of a more unyielding nature ; a little clearing discovered a huge chest, in the corners of which were fixed four ponderous iron rings ; the ropes were quickly let down and fastened, and the operator being hoisted up by his companions, they prepared to secure their prize. At this moment the sky became wholly obscured, and the darkness was so intense, that they could not discern the agreed signals. This caused a little delay, but excited by their success they began to hoist with vigor, and the lid of the chest was already almost level with the ground, when broad flashes of lightning illuminated the whole building, and discovered to their astonished eyes a tall man in a black dress, pulling at the

fourth rope ; his face was stern and motionless, and struck the seamen with such awe, that one of them could not help crying out, Lord, deliver us ! At the instant of the exclamation, the ropes broke as if they had been cut, and the fated chest fell with a sound that almost equalled the thunder. The storm now descended in its fury ; the wind blowing the sand about with violence, almost choked the unlucky adventurers, who with difficulty escaped from the ruin, and were glad to get home with no other injury than the fright. In the morning, the story of their adventures spread, and many persons went to examine the spot, but not a vestige of the labours of the preceding night could be discovered. The sand had levelled the place as before, and the villagers were more than ever convinced that the chapel well deserved its evil reputation. As for Johnson, bold as he was, he felt awed, but though he could not make up his mind, as to whether any thing supernatural had happened or not, he could not forgive the person, who he conceived had either played him a trick, or exposed him to an interview with the wicked one. The stranger, however, came no more to the bowling green, and the school-master, when questioned, only gave evasive answers, which added to the mystery. Johnson and his companions too, who at first, under the influence of their disappointment, told the tale openly, suddenly became reserved, and the story died away ; but from that day to this, no one has attempted to recover THE TREASURE CHEST.



INDIAN REVELRY.

BY W. F. THOMPSON, ESQ.

WE meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare,
As they shout to our peals of laughter,
It seems that the dead are there ;
So stand to your glasses ! steady !
We drink in our comrades' eyes ;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah ! for the next that dies.

Not here are the goblets glowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet ;
'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,
And dark, as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses ! steady !
And soon shall our pulses rise ;
Here's a cup to the dead already—
Hurrah ! for the next that dies.

There's many a hand that's shaking,
And many a cheek that's sunk ;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
So stand to your glasses ! steady !
'Tis here the revival lies ;
A cup to the dead already !
And hurrah ! for the next that dies.

Time was when we frowned at others,
We thought we were wiser then ;
Ha ! ha ! let THEM think of their mothers
Who hope to see them again :
Ho ! stand to your glasses ! steady !
The thoughtless is here the wise ;
Here's a cup to the dead already—
Hurrah ! for the next that dies.

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink ;
We'll fall, mid the wine cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink :
Come stand to your glasses steady !
'Tis this that the respite buys ;
Quaff a cup to the dead already—
Hurrah ! for the next that dies.

There's a mist on the glass congealing—
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath ;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of death :
But stand to your glasses ! steady !
For a moment the vapor flies ;
Here's a cup to the dead already—
Hurrah ! for the next that dies.

Who dreads to the dust returning ?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more ?

No ! stand to your glasses ! steady !
The world is a world of lies :
A cup to the dead already,
And hurrah ! for the next that dies.

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
When the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind,
Stand ! stand ! to your glasses, steady !
'Tis all we have left to prize ;
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah ! for the next that dies.

SONNET TO THE LAOCOON.

BY E. S. IRVINE, ESQ.

BEHOLD ! and shudder—human agony—
Taxed to it's direst throes—is chiselled there,
The force-dilated muscles heaving bare—
The writhing hiss—the growing mastery
Of the dread serpent's crushing volumery—
The eye-balls starting in their frenzied glare,
Horribly instinct with a Sire's despair,
Who wildly strives his innocents to free
From the death-clasp of those relentless coils,
Who sees with prophet-glance the contest vain,
Yet with the lavish might of madness toils—
Behold and worship—the sublime of pain,
The marbled Tartarus—the ideal fell,
Where "Eblis" might forget his milder hell.

LINES.

BY J. DU PRE' FERGUSSON, ESQ.

I LAY once by a babbling brook,
 Whose glancing bubbles in the light
 Of a soft summer sunset, took
 A purple tinge, so warmly bright
 That as they glided o'er the crests
 Of waves that shone in the sun's ray,
 They seemed like peaceful halcyons' nests
 O'erturned and floating far away.
 The breeze was dying with the day,
 No sound, but the low murmuring
 Of waves, that seemed to sport and play
 With the bright May-flies hovering
 And fluttering amidst their spray,
 Fell upon my enchanted ear
 Till while I listened as I lay
 I could a low soft prelude hear,
 And soon my senses were so charm'd
 It seem'd that words came from the brook,
 Till to my fancy, as it warm'd,
 The sound of a low voice it took—
 A voice that tunes its melodies
 To the light thoughts from which they spring,
 And thus with murm'ring symphonies
 The brooklet's spirit seemed to sing.

On a summer eye,
On a summer eve,
How sweet it is to listen
To the music gay
Of our ripples' play
In the last sunbeam's that glisten.
Oh lovelier far,
Oh lovelier far
Is the brooklets murm'ring song,
Than the surges roar
On the rocky shore
Which the wild waves dash along—
And oh how bright
In the cool starlight
Shine the pebbles which we lave,
And the drops of dew
How they sparkle too
On the reeds that o'er us wave.
But the breeze is dying,
And softly sighing
So merrily roll we along,
And by the light
Of the moon all night
We'll dance to our own wild song.

THE DYING EXILE.

A Fragment.

BY A. N. M. MACGREGOR, ESQ.

AND must I die in a foreign land,
 Nor ever hope to view again
 Souls linked with mine by a kindred band,
 My highland home, my native glen ?
 'Tis hard, 'tis hard, it wrings my heart,
 E'en now my life-blood oozes fast,
 Yet blessings, blessings on the dart,
 The wanderer will find peace at last.
 Hark ! 'twas the trump ! 'twas the battle call !
 The clamour loudly swells on high,
 It is a glorious death, to fall
 Rejoicing in the victory.
 Oh but for strength to back a steed,
 Or e'en to launch the winged reed,
 Or that I might with nervous grasp
 My wearied foeman's sinews clasp ;
 That I might die as well became
 A clansman of my warlike name.
 But I am on my lowly bed
 Soon, soon to mingle with the dead,
 For steel cuirass and glittering brand,
 A gory vest, a nerveless hand.
 No more I'll shout our proud war-cry,
 The film of death is o'er mine eye ;
 My spirit seeks that peaceful shore
 Where tyrant's hand can reach no more.

SCRAPS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO INDIA, IN THE YEAR 1819.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

[*Tristan d'Acunha.*]

A DREADFUL gale of three days in the Bay of Biscay, and a fortnight's continuance of boisterous weather, made us heartily tired of our voyage. The subsequent gentle breezes and sunny skies, however, revived our spirits, and we were prepared to enjoy any agreeable novelty with a double zest. We were accordingly highly delighted when the Captain promised us a day's pleasure on the island of Tristan d'Acunha, as he wished to procure an additional supply of fresh water. As we were almost in sight of the island, and the wind was favorable, we were not kept long in suspense.

Tristan d'Acunha is the largest and most fertile of a group of three islands which are situated between the Cape of Good Hope and the coast of Brazil*. It is about twenty miles in circumference. The shores of the other islands are so wild and dangerous, that it is impossible to approach them, except in the very calmest weather. The one is called Nightingale Island, the other, Inaccessible.

The north-east aspect of Tristan d'Acunha (the only navigable side of the island) is very striking. At the foot of an almost perpendicular mountain, about 9000 feet high, and the sides of which are covered with brush-wood, is a

* In 37° 6' 9" south latitude, and in the longitude of 11° 52" east of Greenwich, and of 14° 12' 15" east of Paris.

fertile plain of considerable extent that stretches along the shore. Fine fresh water from a beautiful cascade falls upon the beach. The summit of the mountain is generally covered with snow, and, in clear weather, is visible at a distance of thirty leagues.

The history of Tristan d'Acunha, as far as it is yet known, is extremely interesting. The period of its first discovery is involved in obscurity. It is certain, however, that it was explored by the crew of a Dutch Ship in 1767, but it was known to and named by the Portuguese some time before. I have met with no account of its intervening history between the year above mentioned and 1811. At the beginning of the latter year it was uninhabited, until an American sailor of the name of Jonathan Lambert took possession of the island, and issued a manifesto on the occasion, signed by another American sailor of the name of Andrew Millet, who acted as his minister. How many companions, or subjects, the self-elected king possessed, I have not been able to discover. Probably they did not amount to half a dozen. But if they had exceeded half a million, His Majesty could hardly have been more lofty in his notions of regal dignity and power. In his Royal Manifesto, dated 4th of February, 1811, he formally took possession of the island of Tristan d'Acunha, and the two neighbouring islands. It is said, that the ambassador of the United States of North America recognized this new power, and became in some degree King Lambert's agent, and supplied him with all descriptions of plants and seeds.

In 1813, the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope sent His Majesty, the king of Tristan d'Acunha, a small vessel, containing five respectable families, who voluntarily offered

to become his subjects. The sailor-king, through his agent at the Cape, applied for the alliance and assistance of the Governor of that colony, of the British Government, and of the East India Company. The former supplied his wants, and recognized his rights ; but what answer he received from the two latter is no where distinctly recorded. It is said, however, that the British Government sent him a liberal supply of horned cattle, sheep, goats, and other things necessary to the prosperity and advancement of the young colony ; but it is very doubtful whether or not it took any formal notice of His Majesty's claim to the property of the island. In his manifesto he talks amusingly of "*chicanery*" and of "*the Laws of Nations*." In a Hydrographical work, published in London, in 1816, the author wishes success to this new dynasty—"May an enterprize," says he, "so honorable to its author, and so beneficial to humanity, have the success it merits! Every honest mariner must cordially join in this wish." I have not seen the work here alluded to, and only repeat the quotation as it is given in a passage from the *Correspondance Astronomique* of Baron de Zach, which found its way into the newspapers in 1821.

We had scarcely cast anchor off the Island before two men in a small boat were seen hastening towards us. When arrived on board, they expressed the liveliest pleasure at our visit, as no ship had touched there for a long period. They informed us that they were the only men residing on the island, and that the wife of one of them was their only female companion. The husband was an Englishman, and had once been a respectable and wealthy farmer in Yorkshire ; but being utterly ruined by a long train of misfortunes, he and his wife were persuaded by an old acquaint-

ance, the captain of a merchant-ship, to accompany him, passage free, to New Holland, and try their fortunes in that distant colony. The ship having occasion to touch at Tristan d'Acunha, the farmer and his wife were so charmed with its appearance, that they determined to remain on the island, instead of proceeding on their voyage. After vainly urging them to the contrary, the captain liberally supplied them with a quantity of European seeds, two cows, a few sheep and poultry, and such other provisions as his ship could afford. Being pressed for time, he soon bade them a rather melancholy farewell, and left them to their fate. There was not a human being on the island except themselves; but it was evident that persons had resided there some months before, as they found a decent hut ready for their reception, and several acres of land bore traces of recent cultivation.

“ Our adventurers had been nearly a year on the island, when a Dutch trader was compelled to touch there for a supply of fresh water, and one of the crew, being persecuted by the captain, concealed himself on the island until the departure of the vessel. He was kindly received by the Yorkshire farmer, and had remained with him to the period of our arrival. The Dutchman, however, was now weary of the life he led at Tristan d'Acunha, and entreated our captain to let him work out his passage to Calcutta as a common sailor. No objection being made to his request, the man seemed as pleased as if he had escaped from a prison. He expressed, nevertheless, considerable regret at parting with his companions, to whom he was evidently much attached.

“ After presenting the farmer with a few books, some woollen clothes, a barrel or two of gunpowder, and a

supply of flour, rice, and biscuit, we accompanied him on shore, and were delighted with the air of comfort and prosperity around his little dwelling. His wife, a good-looking woman, very neatly dressed, met us at the doorway. In reply to our questions, they assured us, that as they had no children, and few relatives, they had not the slightest desire to return to England for some years; but when the infirmities of age came heavily upon them, they should gladly quit their solitary abode, and spend the evening of existence in their native country. They were now, however, in the prime of life, and perfectly contented with their lot. They listened, I thought, with an honest pride, to our expressions of surprise at the flourishing condition of the land they had cultivated. The climate being remarkably temperate, and the soil light, they had brought to perfection a variety of fruits and vegetables, both tropical and European, which, perhaps, were never before seen mingled together on the same spot of earth. In their farm-yard they had the two cows, before mentioned, a considerable number of English pigs, sheep, and goats, with poultry enough, if necessary, to supply their table daily. They seldom, however, killed any of these, as wild boars, wild goats, and a species of black cock, abound on the island; while in the deep waters among the rocks, there are fish of almost every description. The mountain is literally covered with sea-hens, petrels, albatrosses, and the various other feathered tribes which haunt the Southern Atlantic. As seals and sea-elephants are very plentiful, our islanders had preserved a quantity of skins and oil to barter for other goods, with any ship that might happen to touch at Tristan d'Acunha. Having supplied ourselves with as much water as we required, and

a few fresh vegetables, we bade farewell to this romantic little island, and its two interesting inhabitants*.

[*A Mutiny.*]

About a week or ten days after this adventure, we not only encountered a furious gale, but met with something far more appalling than even the strife of the elements. The whole crew, instead of exerting themselves, as usual, in the hour of danger, refused at first, in the most insulting manner, to obey the directions of the captain, until he threatened to put the first man in irons who should again hesitate to perform his duty. The storm commenced about six o'clock on a Tuesday evening, and continued until eight or nine in the morning. After the confusion, occasioned by the tempest, had somewhat subsided, the boatswain stole, unobserved, into the captain's cabin, and informed him that there was a mutiny among the crew, who, being aware that the ship was partly laden with dollars, had resolved, after murdering the captain, the second mate, and

* I have not seen Mr. Augustus Earle's account of a Residence at Tristan d'Acunha, but I gather from the notice of, and the extracts from it, in the *Quarterly Review*, that in July, 1824, when he landed for the purpose of taking a few sketches of the rude but magnificent scenery of the island, a gale sprung up, which rendered it impossible for the ship to remain off the dangerous reefs that surround it, and the artist was left on the beach with nothing but his sketch-book and his pencils. At this time, however, the island was colonized by a small body of his countrymen, consisting chiefly of sailors, and all of them very illiterate, and of humble origin. They received him kindly, and though it was ten months before a ship touched at the place, and enabled him to escape from his imprisonment, he seems to have become somewhat reconciled to his fate, and less unhappy and impatient than he was on the first week or two after the departure of his ship. A Scotchman of the name of Glass was then at the head of the little colony. What became of King Lambert, I have never heard. At the commencement of Napoleon's imprisonment at St. Helena, Tristan d'Acunha was garrisoned with British troops, but the place was soon abandoned. A gentleman, who neared the island in 1832, informs me that there were only *two men* there at that time, and that they came off to the ship in a small boat. The weather prevented the ship from coming to an anchor, and none of the passengers were permitted to land.

all the passengers, male and female, to take the ship to America. The first mate, they had decided, should not be killed until within sight of port, as there was no person amongst the mutineers who could undertake to navigate the ship.

It is customary on board a merchant-ship to have one-half of the crew always on deck. These are relieved at regular intervals by the other half, so that at the time of changing duties, all hands are on deck. On the Wednesday morning, we received information of the mutiny; and Saturday, at midnight, (the hour when those on duty are relieved,) was fixed on for the attack and assassination. If the crew had discovered, or had even suspected our informer, a certain and perhaps horrible death would have been his fate. It was, therefore, necessary to keep our knowledge of the mutiny as long as possible a profound secret, while the boatswain mingled among the seamen as usual, and entered apparently into all their views. He was thus enabled to communicate from time to time every important particular of their plans and proceedings. The ringleader of the mutineers was a tall athletic fellow, with a most ferocious countenance. This ruffian stirred up the worst passions of the crew by the most diabolical suggestions respecting the treatment of the female passengers. The captain had his own wife on board, and it would be impossible to describe his horror and indignation at this intelligence. The crew consisted of thirty men; while, exclusive of six females, our whole party were only a third of that number. Of those on our side attached to the ship were the captain, the first and second mates, the boatswain, and the two cabin servants. Among the passengers were a Lieutenant in the Bengal army, two cadets, and myself. We were all secretly armed, and there were

always four or five of us on guard during the whole of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights. On the Saturday, none of our party felt any inclination for sleep, and we all sat up in the large cabin, with our loaded pistols on the table before us. As there was a great quantity of fire-arms and ammunition in this cabin, it was the design of the mutineers to rush in suddenly, and seize them before we were aware of their intention. Had they succeeded in this manœuvre, their victory would have been secure. As the two servants were stowing away, and concealing the superabundance of swords and pistols that were hung on the sides and ceiling of the cabin, an accidental noise awoke the captain's wife, who slept in the adjoining apartment, and overhearing a few ominous words, she guessed at the whole affair. Without any extravagant alarm, she earnestly requested an explanation from her husband; and, after a slight hesitation, he thought proper to comply. She immediately fell on his neck, and with a few tears, assured him, that she was quite prepared to meet her fate, whatever it might be; but added that she well knew that if skill or courage could protect our lives, there would be no deficiency of either in any of our party.

A few minutes before twelve o'clock, concealing their weapons beneath their cloaks, the captain and second mate, the first mate being already on duty, went on deck; the rest of our party remained in the cabin, with the exception of the boatswain, who was stationed as usual at the mainmast, to be ready, as the gong in the fore-castle tolled the last stroke of twelve, to pipe all hands on deck. At the first sound of the gong, the men whose turn it was to be relieved went speedily forward, as if anxious to get to their berths as soon as the word was given; but in reality, to join those who were just starting up to their

work of murder. It was arranged amongst us that the party remaining in the great cabin should not appear on deck until the first note from the boatswain. Immediately the shrill whistle reached our ears, up we sprung, and ranged ourselves in a line along the front of the quarter-deck. Almost at the same instant the boatswain joined our party, when the whole crew, armed with short knives, rushed desperately towards us, but thunder-struck at observing us prepared to meet them with a row of pistols ready cocked and levelled, they made a sudden stop, and then sullenly slunk away. The captain, in a stern voice, commanded them to return to the foot of the quarter-deck, and informed them of his full knowledge of their intentions; but ended with a promise, that if they behaved well during the rest of the voyage, he would take no further notice of the events of that night. The ringleader, however, was excepted from this general understanding, and was immediately put in irons, as an example to the rest. As one of the passengers was to be landed at Trincomalee, it was settled, that this heartless ruffian should be delivered over to the king's ships in that port, with a full statement of his crime. This was accordingly done; but as we remained only a few hours at Ceylon, we did not learn the nature of his punishment. After ridding ourselves of this dangerous personage, our crew became extremely tractable, and appeared to be stung with remorse and shame for their former conduct.

[*Ingenious Rogues at Madras.*]

From Trincomalee, we had a pleasant and speedy voyage to Madras. The appearance of this presidency from the roadstead is remarkably imposing, on account of the range of noble buildings that are visible from a considerable dis-

tance. The shore is strongly marked by a line of tremendous breakers, which, even in calm weather, are not to be passed without some danger. The boats used for landing passengers here are called Masoolah boats, and are of a peculiar construction : though clumsy in appearance, they are really very light and buoyant. As soon as we had cast anchor, we were much struck with the appearance of a native, who came off from the shore on a mere log of wood, which he paddled along with great speed and dexterity. This man was nearly naked, having nothing but a small piece of cloth around his loins. Attached to his neck he had a little oiled silk bag, from which, when he arrived on board, he presented the captain with a letter from his agent on shore. The log of wood is called a *Catamaran*, and the man who paddles it, a *Catamaran Jack*. He is generally as much in as out of the water : and, at a little distance, being concealed or discovered by the alternate rise and fall of the surrounding waves, he seems more like a marine animal than a human being.

We had scarcely gratified our curiosity with the *Catamaran Jack*, when an immense number of Masoolah boats, crowded with well-dressed natives, was observed making towards us, and we soon heard, what seemed to our unpractised ears, a barbarous confusion of tongues. As soon as the boats reached us, they were attached to the ship's sides, and our dark-coloured visitors jumped eagerly on board. They were chiefly Dubashes, a tribe of agents, clerks, or secretaries, who both speak and write the English language with tolerable facility. These people have generally well-proportioned limbs, and pleasant features, with remarkably plausible and insinuating manners. They are such consummate rogues, however, that the most eminent London swindlers are comparatively awkward and unsuc-

cessful in their vocation. They are always on the watch for the young cadets and civilians, whom they seem to consider their most easy and legitimate prey. With an air of profound respect, they solicit the honour of transacting 'master's business.' If it were possible, by any human caution, to guard against their treachery, the services of these shrewd and indefatigable people would be extremely valuable. They act as interpreters and guides, and manage all your affairs with extraordinary acuteness and expedition. After a few prudent hints from the captain, I engaged one of these clever gentry to accompany me on shore. As I had very little clean linen remaining after my long voyage, I thought it advisable to get as much washed as could be made ready in two days, the proposed duration of our stay at Madras. On consulting the Dubash, he assured me that I might have as much linen cleaned in that time as would last me a twelve-month. I accordingly made him place in his boat an immense bag full of clothes, which had been previously counted, and then followed him myself. Though the boat rolled so heavily, that he was scarcely able to stand, my most humble and devoted servant refused to be seated in my presence. When we came to the breakers along the beach, we were buffeted about in such a furious manner, that one of the boatmen, by a sudden jerk, was thrown into the sea. He soon, however, scrambled to the shore, and assisted us to land. The first proceeding of my native friend was to hand over the bag of linen to two persons who seemed to have been waiting his return. They were hurrying off with their prize forthwith, when I took the liberty of assuring the Dubash that I had a slight disinclination to part with my property with so little ceremony. He affected to be extremely hurt at my suspicions, and agreed that the bag should accompany me wherever I pleased. He

then hired a palanquin, which I succeeded in entering in the usual mode after a little explanation, and attended by himself and the *bag-carriers*, I soon arrived at a splendid hotel. As the Dubash seemed to be pretty well known at this house, after a little hesitation, I parted with my linen. In the course of the day I strolled a good deal about the town without a palanquin or chatta, and observed that the inhabitants seemed to recognize me as a stranger, and smiled at my thus walking the streets; a practice never followed by respectable Europeans who have been any time in India. I did not find the heat so oppressive as I expected; and, indeed, for some time, strangers are seldom seriously inconvenienced by the climate. The town of Madras is full of noble houses, except that part of it which is devoted to the natives, and called the Black town, which is nothing but a cluster of mud huts. I shall not attempt a particular description of this presidency, chiefly because my stay was too brief to leave any strong impression on my mind.

On the evening of the day after our arrival, it was necessary to return to the ship; and on inquiring of the Dubash, if the clothes were ready, he assured me that the two washermen were waiting with them on the shore. When I arrived there, I found them in the act of placing the bag in the boat, which had been engaged for me. They gave the bill to the Dubash, who paid it, as he had paid all my other expenses; and after informing me of the amount, he put the paper into the fold of his turban. When we reached the ship, she was just under weigh, and all was hurry and confusion. The Dubash then presented me with his bill. It was a bare enumeration of the various sums paid on my account, without any demand for his own personal attendance. When I desired him to say what was due to him, he repeated his assertion, that he served me from feelings

of respect, and that he should be quite satisfied if I acknowledged that he had ^{been} of any use to me. As there was no time to lose, I gave him immediately what I considered a fair remuneration, and after a profound *sa-laam*, and a thousand thanks, he wished me a pleasant voyage, and proceeded to his boat.

About half an hour after the Dubash had left me, it struck me as a rather suspicious circumstance, that he should have detained me on shore until the very last moment, by a piece of false information relative to the time of the captain's embarkation ; and that the clothes should also have been delayed until there was no opportunity of examining them. Though, of course, it was then too late to remedy any mischief, I went below and counted the contents of the bag. To my great satisfaction, I found them right, as far as mere arithmetic was concerned ; but as to their appearance, I had no means of judging, as it was just in the dusk of the evening, and the cabins were very dark. My feet being wet from the spray on the beach, I determined to change my stockings, and what was my anger and mortification, when pair after pair split into shreds at every pull ! On a light being brought, I discovered that every thing had been very carefully changed ; and that for a most expensive assortment of new linen, I had now a collection of old rags that fell to pieces at a mere shake ! This was indeed a *change of linen* that I had little wished for ! On inquiry, I found that most of the passengers had been tricked in a similar way. Some received no clothes at all, as the Dubash and washermen disappeared together ; others found, that after supplying the Dubashes with money, to settle their bills at the hotel, the rascals decamped, and left their employers to the pleasing necessity of a second disbursement on the same accounts.

A MAIDEN'S VALEDICTION TO HER TEENS.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

" Therefore my everlasting farewell take :
For ever and for ever, fare ye well "—*Shakespeare*.

ADIEU to my teens !—they are ended :
I weep as I bid them good bye,
For to lose all the pleasures they blended,
Might really dim any girl's eye.
They are gone !—but they've left an impression,
Which no after-time can efface :—
Bright years of excused indiscretion,
Short and sweet hath, indeed, been your race !
Graver seasons are now fast approaching,
To usher in life's graver scenes ;
And I feel as if age were approaching,
Since I have got out of my teens.

Adieu to my teens !—though my mirror
Still shows me a blooming young cheek,
I am almost afraid it's an error,
For I'm going on twenty this week !
My brow that *was* fair seems all wrinkling,
(Or was it a frown at the thought ?)
And my once laughing eyes, in a twinkling,
A sort of demureness have caught.
Why, where is my sweet little dimple ?
In the list of the odious ' has been ?'
And, goodness !—that can't be a pimple,
The day I am out of my teens ?

Adieu to my teens :—oh, how horrid,
To think I am now growing old ;
And that soon the dear curls on my forehead
A sample of grey will unfold.
No more will the shopping and calling,
Delight my fond heart as before ;
And the dressing, and dining, and balling,
Will fill me with rapture no more.
Then lovers will grow less romantic,
And every one knows what *that* means :
It would really drive any one irantic,
To have to go out of one's teens !

Adieu to my teens !—so provoking,
To think I can't have them again ;
With their loving, and laughing, and joking,
And handsome and worshipping men.
It is *so* disagreeable—very—
To have to be steady at last,
Before we've forgotten how merry
We *had* been, in days that are past.
My follies no more will be pardon'd ;
Mamma, though to kindness she leans,
Will think that she *ought* to grow harden'd,
To a daughter that's out of her teens.

Adieu to my teens !—it's heart breaking,
To find how the best friends must part !
And more so to know myself taking
For *thirty* my regular start.
The world will now think me *so* sensible,
That if I commit any faults,

It will deem them much more reprehensible—

I declare I shall almost not waltz.

But then the world is so inhuman,

It never one's least foible screens ;

And its sure to call one a " young woman,"

The moment one's out of one's teens.

Adieu to my teens !—I was joyous

In them, as the wild bird in spring ;

For the griefs that in those days annoy us,

Are light as the butterfly's wing.

There *might* have been those who conjectured

I flirted too much, I dare say ;

And I sometimes (how tiresome !) was lectured,—

But, la ! I forgot it next day.

'Twas like the light cloud which in summer,

Betwixt us and heaven intervenes ;

And could never make duller nor dumber,

For a moment, a Miss in her Teens.

Adieu to my teens !—retrospection

Will oft bring their vision again ;

And at sixty, perhaps, recollection

May sigh " what a love I was then !"

At sixty !—all furrow'd and fretted,

Shall I—heigh—ho !—be widow or wife,

Or only an old maid, brevetted

As Mrs. at that time of life ?

There's *one* very good thing,—my picture

Will bloom like Papa's evergreens ;

And will prove, spite of all crabbed stricture,

That I *was* a sweet girl in my teens.

Adieu to my teens!—did I ever!—
 How soon I shall reach twenty-five!
 Time won't, the old wretch, wait,—no, never,—
 For any young beauty alive.
 My spirits, though high I once thought 'em,
 Will droop, as I droop into years;
 And I'll water, in life's dreary autumn,
 The tomb of its spring with my tears.
 Then adieu to all care-free enjoyment,
 (What a pang e'er the heart from it weans!)
 But my thoughts *must* have other employment,
 So farewell—once for all—to my teens!

SONG TO ALETHE.

(Air—Slowly wears the day.)

BY W. F. THOMPSON, ESQ.

WHY is time so still, lady—
 Swift to all but us—
 Why do flood and hill, lady,
 Fade between us thus?
 Flowers that bloom in joy, lady,
 Bloom to fall again,
 If the blight destroy, lady,
 Nothing alters them.

See yon lake that dreams, lady,
 In the sunny air,
 Heaven with all its beams, lady,
 Softly sleeping there:

Yet its billows rage, lady,
Ever fast and free;
Thus the thoughts may change, lady,
Yet be all of thee.

Sunny thoughts be thine, lady,
Like thy locks of gold ;
Bright the beauty shine, lady,
I may ne'er behold ;
Every star of night, lady,
Smile upon thy sleep ;
Eyes so soft and bright, lady,
Were not made to weep.

Then if other days, lady,
Tinge thy dreams with love,
Hie thee forth and gaze, lady,
On the star above ;
Like that burning spark, lady,
'Midst the dreamy blue,
My spirit wanders dark, lady,
Looking down on you.

All around us shifts, lady,
We are still the same ;
Fortune's frowns or gifts, lady,
Fall with blunted aim.
Blessed be the tears, lady,
Shed for such a tie,
The grave of early years, lady,
If thou weepest bye.

— 1980 —

BY H. GOODEVE, ESQ.

It was a warm evening in May, somewhere in the year of Grace 1980, when the wheels of the Himalaya steam mail, were rolling swiftly along the polished trams of the great high rail road to Calcutta. The vehicle was one of the most elegant of modern improvements, fitted up with air-cooling machines, fountains of iced soda-water, and every other convenience for those who in spite of the usual heat of the season were obliged to travel at that time. The passengers consisted of only 50 people; for carrying the dawk, and being timed to 80 miles an hour, it was necessary to load the machine lightly. Some of the heavy coaches on the road, at the time we speak of, took nearly a 100, others even 150; but they dragged their slow length along through only 50 miles "i' the hour."

Tiffin was over, and the servants having retreated to the baggage waggon, the passengers were amusing themselves in different ways, some sleeping, some yawning, some playing the new Sunderbund game of chess, and others reading, while the coach band played merry tunes, enough to have set the whole party dancing, had their digestions permitted it. The party was of both sexes, and of all colors and ranks, for the republican spirit of the time allowed of no distinction: he that paid his fare was as good as his neighbour, so that generals, and buneahs, dowagers, and market women, sat together cheek by jowl, in amicable confusion. Amongst the rest, was a gentleman-like man of color, in plain clothes, apparently about five-and-twenty; he was tall and handsome, and his manners singularly agreeable; he did not

speaking much, but when he did, it was with such a sweet smile, and indeed his whole demeanour was so interesting that long before they had reached Cawnpore, all the young women in the Vaporo (for so, gentle reader, were these vehicles denominated) were over head and ears in love with him; he was dressed in the modern fashion, and doubtless those renowned Dirzies, Messrs. Mirza Beg and Chuckerbutty, had the honor of fashioning his garments; his boots were clearly of the first stamp, and the tie of his cloth *superbe*.

When do you suppose we shall reach Calcutta, sir? said an elderly Brahmin, somewhat round and sleek, but withal of rather pleasing exterior, and dressed in black, having a shovel hat on his head. We are now passing the 80th milestone, said the former, to whom the question was addressed; and I dare say, we shall do it within the hour; shall we not, Mr. Engineer?

Yes, sir, my time to the post office is six o'clock ~~exactly~~ and it is two minutes past five at this moment. ~~By the way~~, gentlemen, if you are not elsewhere engaged, allow me to recommend you to put up at the Rhinoceros, decidedly the best house in town, and kept by my brother-in-law, Old William Tewarree; he will give you the best beef-steak, and iced claret in all India, and the house is famous for its refrigerating beds.

Very well, Mr. Engineer, we will see about it, said the parson; and talking of beef, commend me to that glorious sirloin we had at Benares,—egad! it was a dish that's worth the coming all this way to eat; upon my word, our worthy Hindoo fathers, peace to their souls! knew not what they lost, when they in their blindness denied their stomachs such luxuries. How they would have stared, poor fellows, were some of the old faith to have risen from

their graves, and seen me taking off the edge of my appetite, with those delicate mouthfuls of the sacred beast, which have enabled me to support so well the fatigues of this journey. I fancy old Ram Dhun Day, the officiating Brahmin of the temple of Seeb, would hardly recognize his lineal descendant as a prebend of the cathedral at Agra, and rector of Futteypore, *cum* Allipore. I suspect not, answered the other, and still more would our Musselman progenitors have been astonished to find the Taj at Agra converted into a protestant cathedral. By the way, have you heard of the new bill to be introduced by Sir Luchmun Sing, next session, to enable the bishop of Juggernaut to make better arrangements for the payment of his clergy, in the different parishes of the Singboom district, and thus to endeavour to check the disturbances which have been sed there by the collection of tithes?

A good measure enough, said the parson, I daresay; but my part, I think the old system ought to have been supported; and those who did not choose to pay the just dues, should have been punished as they deserved to the fullest extent of the law.

But the state of the country, sir, was so dreadful, interrupted one of the passengers, evidently a Singboom absentee: something must be done to improve it—gentlemen could not live on their estates without risk of having their houses burnt about their ears, and themselves murdered, perhaps, into the bargain.

All that would stop, said he of the shovel hat, if vigorous measures were adopted.

I doubt it, said our *hero*; for be it known unto you, fair ladies, lest at any time you should be taken by surprise, that the tall gentleman-like young man, with the sweet smile

and white teeth, is the hero of our story, and we beg you will treat him with due consideration. But look ! we are nearing Calcutta fast, and we can see the masts of the vessels in the river. What splendid villas those are to the left !

By this time the vehicle was rapidly passing through the crowded streets of Howrah, and emerged from them upon one of the magnificent bridges which crossed the river.

It was indeed a glorious sight they saw there. Before them, lay stretching for miles along the opposite bank of the river, the London of the East, with its countless spires, its golden palaces, rich ware-houses, and massive stone quays ; while, at the end of the street, they were approaching, the Parliament House, with its silver dome glittering in the evening sun, overtopping all the rest, stood forth in unrivalled grandeur. The river rolled rapidly beneath them, and was crossed in several places by noble bridges ; crowds of shipping were moored on all sides, while pleasure boats, and steam dinghies innumerable, were skimming about in all directions ; and on looking back, the bank which they had just left presented an almost equally magnificent appearance : but they had scarcely time to notice these things, for the Vaporo, rushing onwards in its course, and gliding with scarcely diminished velocity amongst the numerous vehicles of every description that were flying about on all sides ; having delivered the mails, at the post-office, stopped in the yard of a splendid hotel, into which the passengers were welcomed by a jolly-looking Boniface and a crowd of waiters. The greater part of the company, however dispersed, a very few only remaining to do honor to the pressing invitation of Mr. Tewarree ; for mine host was no less a personage than that great charac-

ter himself. Amongst others, was our hero, who having performed his ablutions, and made his toilette, quietly seated himself to a dinner of the Rhinoceros' best cooking, to the full enjoyment of which we shall for a time leave him, that we may let our readers into the secret of his former history.

Charles Holkar was a descendant of the ancient Mahratta chief of that name; but his forefathers had since those days been reduced to the rank of mere private gentlemen, and not very rich ones either. He was an only son, and the last remaining hope of his race. His father, while he lived, resided on his estate in the upper provinces, where Charles's earlier years had been passed; but when sufficiently advanced, he had been sent to the Calcutta University, and afterwards had made the grand tour of *the world*, then considered perfectly indispensable for young men of any pretensions. Whilst passing a short time in London, he had become acquainted with the family of Sir Thomas Nursing, the Bengal Ambassador, who was himself of pure European extraction, and of very high reputation as a soldier, and a politician. His daughter, a very lovely girl, had not beheld the manly beauty and gentleman-like address of Charles Holkar, unmoved, and received his attentions with evident satisfaction. Chance threw them much together, but though over head and ears in love with each other, no formal declaration had taken place, till an accident occurred, which, at the same time that it served to disclose their reciprocal feelings, had very nearly put a fatal termination to their love and themselves together.

A party of pleasure had been arranged to make an excursion during the midsummer holidays, to the Snow King's palace, as it was called; and amongst others Sir Tho-

mas Nursing, his daughter, and Charles Holkar joined it. This extraordinary place, then regarded as the eighth wonder of the world, was an enormous grotto of ice, which had been discovered about the end of the 19th century by some English sailors whilst in search of the north-west passage. It was situated in a very high northern latitude, and had been found by mere accident. The crew of one of the discovery ships having lighted a fire on what they thought solid ice, were surprised to find themselves on a sudden sinking rapidly down, and before they could call for assistance, were precipitated into a huge cavity, on the roof of which they had been sitting, and which having been melted by the fire had given way. It was at that time a very common summer excursion to visit this grotto, and steam ships fitted for the purpose ran backwards and forwards constantly in the season, making the passage in about 24 hours. Balloons too sometimes went; but Sir Thomas and his party preferred the former conveyances, in one of which they accordingly started. The voyage was rough and stormy, and most of the party would questionless have been profoundly sea-sick; but for the patent anti-emetico-stomatic, with which they were provided. On the evening of the second day they arrived at Rossberg, the ice island on which the grotto was situated. Night, at that time of the year of course there was none, and after dinner, it was proposed to visit the palace. Being well wrapped up with anti-frigorific cloaks, they landed upon what looked like a large island covered with snow; and having traversed in sledges this cold bleak desert, for about five miles, they came to an opening like the mouth of a mine, into which having alighted from their sledges they descended.

When they reached the bottom, and looked around them, they stood transfixed with wonder. The rough sea, the freezing air, and the dreary wilderness, all were forgotten in amazement, at the mighty grandeur of the place in which they stood. The fabled doings of enchantment were as nothing before it. They were in the midst of an enormous cavern, the bounds of which the eye could not fathom. Its height was immense, and from the arched roof to the ground extended gigantic pillars of every form, and shape, and order, some carved, some fluted, some with capitols and bases, others without; and as the eye wandered round, and endeavoured to penetrate the deeper recesses of the place, countless structures of every description appeared to the wonder-struck beholder. Here a magnificent gothic cathedral, with its thickly clustered columns, supporting lofty pointed arches, and the length of whose aisles were lost in the distance. There an antique chapel, with its fretted roof, and highly enriched shrines, its carved niches, and its sculptured altar; on one side a massive Ionic peristyle, on the other a gorgeous Corinthian temple; afar off the semblance of a luxurious garden, with loaded fruit trees, and springing plants, and in the utmost distance, imagination could picture forth the appearance of an ancient forest, through which the figures of men and the forms of animals were profusely scattered; and yet the hand of man had not been here—nature alone, as if in mockery of our skill, had moulded all this piece of fairy work from a block of ice. A gentle effulgence like the softest moon-light was diffused through the whole, caused by the transparency of the roof, which while it admitted the sun's rays to shine through it, softened them to extreme mildness; but here and there a thinner portion gave entrance

to more powerful beams : they were reflected from the thousand angles and niches in every possible variety of color, looking as if the walls were studded with jewels of the rarest price : whilst the most profound stillness reigned around, broken only by the steps and voices of the visitors, the sound of which were reverberated as though a thousand echoes dwelt in that vast solitude.

Here then was a place to make love in, and so too thought Holkar and Miss Nursing; and the better to enjoy the luxury of their feelings, the happy couple separated from the rest, wandered off, admiring first one beautiful thing, and then another ; but most of all doubtless admiring and being delighted with each other. The whole party strolled about till they were tired, and they had nearly all come out of the grotto, ere they perceived that Charles and Emmeline were not amongst them. They called, but receiving no answer to their repeated shouts they became alarmed, and began to search the grotto in every direction, but to no purpose, though with the help of a body of sailors ; they continued hunting through every nook and corner for some hours, and until there was no longer any hope of extricating them alive, if they could be found ; for it was not possible for any human being to survive for such a length of time the intense cold of that awful place. It was indeed horrible to think that two young persons in the bloom of health should be cut off so suddenly ; but of the fact that such a thing had before occurred, in that very place, they had a convincing proof ; for one of the sailors during the search found the body of a young man in one of the deepest recesses of the cavern, who must have met the same fate by which they had but too good reason to believe this unfortunate couple had ere this time

perished ; indeed, one of the party said, that he had read of some person having been lost there a long while since, whose corpse it most probably was. The fashion of the dress shewed that it must have been there many years, but such was the preserving property of the ice, that though somewhat shrivelled, the features and form were perfect as in life. By this time they had searched as they thought every recess of the place, in which it was possible for the foot of man to have penetrated, and were about to give up in despair, when a party of Esquimaux arrived, who said they had seen a figure at the distance of some miles, but whether it was man or woman, or both, they could not tell : they said moreover, that there was every prospect of a severe snow-storm coming on, and advised the party to return to their ship, lest they should be buried in it. This advice of course no one could listen to, and it was determined instantly to set off in hopes of rescuing the lost pair, and though the chance was still but a feeble one, under such circumstances, no one could hesitate to make the attempt. One of the Esquimaux having been induced by the promise of a handsome reward to accompany them and point out the spot, they set off in the sledges ; they had not proceeded far, however, before the storm, which had been threatening, commenced : strong gusts of wind blowing at intervals drove a few scattered snow flakes with violence into their faces ; and again, for a few moments all was lulled and calm as the grave, while the deep black sky, which stretched around them on all sides, contrasted horribly with the white snow which covered the ground ; and told of the mischief which was brooding. It did not keep them long in suspense, and they had not proceeded much farther, when it burst on them with all its violence. The

wind raged furiously, and the thick heavy snow drove before the tempest with inconceivable force; they were nearly blinded, and though they urged on the dogs by every means in their power, the poor creatures could scarce keep their ground; they struggled manfully, however, to breast the storm, and for some time were successful, though their progress was slow; but at length it became impossible to advance any further; the exhausted animals lay down in the snow, and refused to stir; and to make their situation more distressing, the guide declared that he did not know where he was, and had lost all trace of the direction in which they ought to go. Nothing therefore remained but to wait where they were till the storm had passed by, which the guide, judging from its violence, said it might possibly do in a short time; but that if it did not, their own fate was sealed, and they too would find their graves in this frozen desert. As a sort of shelter, they piled up the sledges to windward, and to make them more secure, they began to rake up the snow, so as to form a bank behind them; in doing so, one of the party found to his astonishment a glove, which with mingled feelings of hope and wretchedness, Sir Thomas declared to have belonged to his daughter. This discovery, though it confirmed the supposition of the unfortunate couple's escape from the unfathomable depths of the ice-cavern, told too of their being exposed to the fury of the merciless storm, or of their being even now buried, like the glove they had just found, beneath a heap of snow, yet there was a *possibility* of their being rescued in time; they might now be within a few feet of them, and the distracted father urged on the people to rake up and dig the snow in every direction, but it was useless; no further trace of the lost ones could be discovered, and

the exhausted party were forced to give up their labor in despair, and betake themselves once more to the shelter of the sledges. There they remained for some time, their situation becoming every moment more and more alarming. Many of the party, in spite of the antifrigorific garments, and calorific mixtures, with which they were provided, were beginning to feel the effects of such continued exposure to the severity of that dreadful climate, and had already become insensible; while the image of despair was stamped upon the countenances of those who still remained conscious of the horrors of their situation, hope had been abandoned by all, when suddenly the storm lulled for a space, and the horizon clearing a little in the direction of the wind, they saw, though indistinctly, at the distance of about a mile, a large black object, which at first looked like a house, but they knew no such thing could exist in those wilds of ice: there seemed, however, smoke issuing from it, and they thought they could distinguish people near it. For some minutes they could not make out what it could possibly be, but one of the party having gone on a little towards it, exclaimed with delight, 'Tis a steam balloon! Joyful indeed as the reprieve to a condemned man was this sound; and with beating hearts, they dragged themselves towards it as fast as their weak and exhausted state would permit, making signals of distress, which were soon perceived by the people in the balloon, and assistance being sent, they were carried on board; but what was their wonder and delight when the first objects which met their view were Emmeline and Charles Holkar. Poor Sir Thomas! it was as though his child had been raised to him from the dead; he clasped her to his bosom with frantic joy; but the effect of his emotion,

combined with the hardships which he had undergone, bereft him of his senses; he sank on the floor, and for many hours was delirious.

In answer to the eager inquiries of how did you come here? how did you get out of the grotto? and how long have you been here? Charles replied, that having wandered from the rest of the party, they had penetrated into several long alleys, and being occupied with the singular objects which surrounded them, had forgotten the direction in which they came; and on endeavouring to join their companions, they had only become more and more entangled in the labyrinth; they pushed forward, however, in the greatest anxiety, following sometimes one path, sometimes another, till at length, when Emmeline had become completely exhausted, they saw the light gleaming through an opening in the distance, and were just able to reach this before she sunk down unable to move. He had carried her out into the air, and wrapping her up as well as he could, he had placed her beside him on a bank of snow, scarcely hoping again to rise from it; for nothing could be seen, but the interminable wilds of ice, and the gathering of the black clouds shewed the coming of the storm, which they knew would render all attempts to reach the ship fruitless; indeed, they knew not in which direction to seek it, and they might perhaps be wandering further from it in the very efforts they made to find it. In a few minutes, Emmeline had become insensible, and after some fruitless efforts on his part to recover her, he had himself lost all consciousness, till he found himself on board the balloon, and saw Emmeline lying near him on a couch, with the people endeavouring to restore her to animation, which after some time they succeeded in doing. They

then learnt, that the balloon, instead of descending at the usual spot, by a fortunate accident, had come some miles out of its way, and while skimming over the surface of the ground, the people had perceived them lying in the snow, as they thought, dead ; but on taking them up, and finding them yet warm, they had used every effort to restore them to life, and were about to proceed to their destination, when the coming of the storm induced them to remain for some hours where they were. Charles, however, had omitted in his story to tell of the gentle passages of love, and tender declarations of eternal fidelity and attachment, which had beguiled the first part of their perilous adventure. These were not for ears of the profane vulgar. The young lady, however, unfortunately was not the only person to be consulted on the occasion, and the course of their true loves, like that of many others, was not destined to run smooth ; for on opening the matter to Sir Thomas, while gliding quietly homeward, on the summer sea, that gentleman, thinking that the blood of all the Holkars was not compensation enough for the want of that more gross element, which was usually considered an indispensable condition for the young men of those days, refused his consent. Sir Thomas was too old a soldier to care much for romance ; and the interesting adventure of the young couple, and the perils they had encountered together, had no power to counterbalance the fact of Holkar's abundant lack of acres. He would not hear of it for an instant, and forbade him his house. After having in vain endeavoured to mollify the old general, and having sworn unshaken love and constancy to each other, they were obliged to part, and Charles proceeded on his sojourn with nought but the remembrance of past joy to cheer him on his way. After

having been absent for a couple of years, he returned to India, and his father having died in his absence, he had been up to settle his estate, the magnitude of which certainly did not trouble him much. He made of course many inquiries about Emmeline, and hearing she was in Calcutta, he set off with the hope of seeing her at least, if he could not indulge more sanguine expectations.

But to return to where we left him at the Rhinoceros. After dinner, having nothing better to do, he determined to stroll to the senate and hear the debates ; and a steam jarvie having been called, he puffed away to the parliament house. Passing underneath a lofty gateway in front of the building, he was set down under a splendid portico of the purest Doric, and having crossed a spacious entrance hall, was shewn through a vaulted passage on one side to the strangers' gallery of the Chamber of Debates. This room, considered to be one of the finest in the world, was in shape an oblong amphitheatre, having at one end an elevation, on which was placed the gorgeous chair of the president ; and at the opposite end, the large folding doors of entrance, the members' seats rising one above another, occupied the area of the amphitheatre, and the broad strangers' gallery, supported by magnificent Corinthian pillars, ran round the room, except on the side of the president's chair. The walls of the room were adorned with pictures of celebrated speakers, while statues of the finest marble, and most exquisite sculpture, stood in niches at regular intervals. The floor was marble, and from the richly-fretted dome shone down streams of light produced by invisible lamps, while a deliciously cool air circulated through the whole building, rendering the use of punkahs unnecessary ; indeed the patent refrigerators had entirely superseded these old-fashioned machines throughout India.

It was a very full house, and the strangers' gallery was perfectly crammed; for in addition to the interest excited by the debate, it was the first session of the reformed parliament, and the novel sight of female members, then for the first time enjoying the privilege of sitting in the senate, attracted crowds of spectators. The subject of discussion was the propriety of using compulsory measures with the government of Van Dieman's Land, to enforce the treaty of Singapore, which the said Government was said to have broken, by hunting Kangaroos on the Indian possession of King George's Sound; and from the jealousy felt in India of the daily increasing importance of Van Dieman's Land, as a rival maritime power, the question of peace or war with that country became highly interesting. When Holkar entered, one of the newly-admitted was on her legs, Mrs. Seebchunder, the member for Hazarebagh. She was a dark shrivelled old lady, dressed with great negligence; but her voice was sweet in the extreme, and her action uncommonly graceful; her words were well chosen, and her sentences pointed and elegant. She was upholding the importance of defending the outraged honor of Hindustan, by instantly compelling "these insolent sons of transported fathers," as she eloquently called them, "not only to yield to the articles of the treaty, but to make abject submission and apology to the offended power." She concluded with "Let me tell your honorable house, that your constituents are watching your actions, and upon your votes to-day will depend their favor; and unless you give way to the unanimous voice of the country, we shall never again have the honor of sitting together in this house." Loud cheers followed her speech, and the last argument seemed to make an uncommon impression upon the members; for though one or

two feeble attempts were made, in which the speakers endeavoured to shew the inexpediency of war at this period, on account of the low state of the public purse, and the propriety of keeping upon a good understanding with such a formidable power, for the sake of trade and commerce ; they were scarcely allowed a patient hearing, and on putting the question of war to the vote, the ayes had it by an overwhelming majority.

But all this had fallen heedless upon Holkar's ear, who from the moment of entering the place had sat with his eyes fixed upon one group in the crowd who were sitting near him. This party consisted of an old gentleman and a young lady, the latter appeared about eighteen years of age ; her figure was light and graceful, and her face beautiful in the extreme, full of animation, and mirth ; she appeared much interested in the debate, and leant with great eagerness, to listen to the lady whose speech had made such an impression on the audience. When the debate was over, and they rose to depart, her eyes suddenly encountered those of Holkar ; she blushed deeply, but the old gentleman at that instant drew her quickly away, and hurried her out of the house, followed closely by Charles : the crowd, however, was so thick that she was lost from his sight, and he only succeeded in catching a glimpse of her again, as she was getting into the carriage, which she had scarcely entered, when the oratress made her appearance, and amidst the cheers of the multitude, stepped in after her. The doors were closed, and away they whirled, leaving Holkar to his reflections : these were not of long duration however, for calling a steam coach, he ordered the coachmen to drive him to General Nursing's house. The man accordingly set off to Cossipore, and putting him down at a large gate, told him that was

Vishnoolodge, where the general resided with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Seebchunder; Charles desiring him to wait, walked quietly round to the back of the house, and inquired of one of the servants for Nooran, telling him to say that he would remain outside for her.

Nooran, like most abigails in similar circumstances, had long known the state of her mistress's heart, and being a discreet damsel, had been entrusted with the deliverance of sundry messages and love tokens, which had passed between the lovers; and by help of Charles' handsome face, and a few judicious applications of the key to all waiting-maids' hearts, she had become vastly prepossessed in his favor: she was not long in obeying the summons, as from a certain conversation with her mistress that evening on her return, she guessed pretty accurately who her visitor was—La! Mr. Holkar, to think of your being here! but what *could* have brought you at this time of night, when you know the General is just going to bed?

Why, a steam coach *brought* me, Nooran; and you know, I fancy, pretty well, that I did not come to see the General.

Well, if you came to see Miss Emmeline, you need not expect she is going to come out and speak to you; for she is shut up with her aunt, and helping her to make her next big speech, not that she would come if she could; and I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself to think of such a thing.

You are an impudent wretch, Nooran, said Holkar, laughing; but come tell me what has been going on since I left you all in London. Is your mistress going to be married?

Why I don't avow as to that, replied the maiden; it is not for want of offers, or because the General wishes to

keep her single, any how;—and who knows how it may turn out yet with the old judge, she added, looking maliciously at Charles.

What old judge? and what do you mean, Nooran? said Holkar, becoming anxious; tell me, I beseech you, and stay,—here is a little ring which I bought on purpose for *you* at Cape Horn.

Stuff, with your rings, answered Nooran, taking it however, and smiling; but I suppose you will tease me to death, till I tell you all about it, so I may as well out with it at once. She then proceeded to relate, that after they had returned to India, the General was appointed governor of Thibet, and that whilst there, Sir Chytun Sing, the district judge, a very rich penurious old curmudgeon, but of high family, and great interest, fell in love with Emmeline, and with the General's consent paid his addresses to her; but the young lady would have nothing to do with him, though her father insisted on her marrying him. When the old gentleman found his daughter persist in her refusal, he became angry, and determined she should have him at all hazards, and even fixed the wedding-day; but the night before it was to take place, Miss Nursing got out of the window, and started off to Calcutta in a steam-coach to her aunt's, the great speaker's, who warmly espoused her side of the question. There had been a tremendous disturbance when her flight was discovered, and the General and the bridegroom had instantly set off in pursuit; but when they arrived at Cossipore, the old lady refused to admit them, and would have nothing to say to Sir Thomas himself, till he had promised to allow Emmeline to follow her own inclination. To this condition, as he never did any thing which his sister-in-law disapproved of, from the high

respect in which he held her talents, he unwillingly submitted. Sir Chytun Sing was in consequence greatly exasperated, and swore vengeance against Sir Thomas and all his family. I hope, added Nooran, that nothing bad may come of it; but he is a great fiend, that old judge: though he was always very civil to me; I met him this very day, and he gave me such a beautiful little brooch for old acquaintance, as he said, and told me, he had taken away a packet of letters of Mrs. Seebchunder's by mistake; but that as he did not like to return them publicly to her, he asked me to put them back again quietly into her desk, when she was at the senate this evening, and not say any thing to her about it; and so I did.

Charles was going to reply, when a window on the ground-floor opened, and two females issued from it, who passing close to where they stood under the shelter of a large Banian tree, which effectually hid them, bent their steps towards a level walk which ran along the banks of the Hoogly. Charles' heart beat high; for by the moonlight he saw that one of these was Emmeline, and the other her aunt. They appeared in earnest conversation, the purport of which however he could not catch. After they had taken several turns on the terrace, a servant came out and gave a letter to Mrs. Seebchunder, who immediately returned into the house, leaving her companion alone. Holkar did not hesitate long in availing himself of the opportunity thus afforded him, but ran eagerly up to Emmeline, who startled by the suddenness of his approach, screamed loudly, as all ladies in such situations should do, and then, as in duty bound, when she discovered who it was, nearly fainted; but recovering from her fright, and surprise, she entreated him to be gone; for, said she, "if my father knew of

this madness, and thought I listened to it, he would never forgive me—leave me, I beseech you, this instant—I am sure you would not willingly expose me to unhappiness.”

Not for the world, Emmeline ; but hear only one word, for your haste to get rid of me may imply also that my presence is disagreeable to you. Have you forgotten our promise ?

No ! think not so unkindly of me : but I have not forgotten either what I owe to my own character or to my father’s commands. You know that I have often told you, I never will marry against my father’s wishes, however strongly my inclinations might induce me to disobey, added she, in a gentle tone ; for though he is stern, and haughty, my happiness has ever been to him the first consideration, though at times he may have been mistaken in the measures he has taken to insure it. I am now his only comfort in this world, and indeed with the exception of my aunt, his only relation ; and if in disobedience I left him, it would break his heart.

But Emmeline, said Holkar, is there no hope of inducing him to look more favorably upon me than he used to do ?

None in the world, replied she ; he thinks too highly of wealth.

Then indeed, have I no hope, answered Holkar ; but in your constancy, Emmeline—Of that, Charles, you must long ere this have ceased to doubt ; but once more I pray you, if you love me, be gone ! and do not again make any attempt to see me ; for by doing so, it will only distress me, and give me reason to think you love me not, as you should do. Go ! and let us hope for better days.

Holkar was about to protest his utter disregard of aught but her happiness, and had knelt down in the true heroic

style, and taking her hand was calling the moon and stars to witness the truth of his assertion, when a gruff voice behind him called out, Holloh ! young man, who are you, and what's this pretty business ? and turning round, they beheld the General in his dressing gown, with a pistol in one hand and a big stick in the other. The fact was, that being troubled with *the liver*, he had been passing up and down his room in the happy restlessness of a fit of that disorder, when coming to his window, which looked out upon the river, he had been astonished to perceive by the moonlight, his daughter talking to a man upon the terrace : he lost no time in deliberation, but stealing softly down stairs, he had come on them by a back path, just at this auspicious moment. Oh ! Mr. Holkar, I perceive, continued he, as the moon discovered Charles' features, when he turned to answer him. Well, sir ! and so you thought to take my daughter by a coup de main—did you, when the garrison slept ? Forsooth, sir, you forgot that you had an old soldier to deal with ; and with this tormenting liver of mine for a sentinel, I think you had not much chance of surprising us.

Really, sir, I must confess—Confess, you rascal ! indeed ! I'll tell you what it is, if *Emmeline* does not know better how to behave herself than to admit the enemy in this way, into the fortress, I should have thought that you would have had more delicacy than to obtrude yourself here, after the positive manner in which I refused your alliance in England ; but if neither of you have a better idea of honor, why I'll teach you, that's all. Now sir, look at this pistol. I'll give you two minutes to be clear of the garden ; and if you are not, we'll see whether I am still the best shot in India, or not ; and harkee ! one word more before you go ! If ever I catch you again within

my territory, I'll not give you so much as one instant's parley, but blow you at once to the moon you seem so fond of. All this was said in a most furious rage, which increased as the climax of the speech drew on, and ere it was finished, the pistol was cocked and levelled ; and though Charles attempted to explain and exonerate Emmeline from any participation in the meeting, the chances of the threat being put into immediate execution, were every second increasing, when at that moment a noise as of people in altercation was heard in the house, and at the same instant, Emmeline's voice (for she had been ordered to her room by her father) was heard sobbing and apparently in earnest supplication. Ere they had time to look round, Sir Thomas was loudly called by his name, and a servant in breathless haste came running to him, saying that Mrs. Seebchunder entreated him, for goodness sake, to come instantly to her : on hearing this, he appeared altogether to have forgotten his wrath against Charles, or indeed that such a person existed ; for without another word, he ran off into the house, leaving Charles in astonishment, and some little alarm at the cause of this sudden uproar. He remained anxiously listening, to discover if possible the cause of the disturbance, but in vain ; even his friend Nooran had fled. At length he heard a carriage drive off, and all was quiet ; he was puzzled considerably what to make of all this ; but seeing that day was by this time beginning to break, he thought it would be better to return to his hotel, where he went to bed, and where in spite of the scenes of love, and for all he knew to the contrary, of murder, he slept soundly for some hours. On going down stairs in the morning, he called for the newspaper, and the first paragraph which met his view was the following :

“ Our readers will be astonished to hear, that Mrs. Seebchunder, after making the magnificent speech in the senate, which will be found in another column of our paper, had scarcely returned to her residence at Cossipore, when she was arrested by order of the president on a charge of high-treason. The particulars we cannot at present give, but we understand that appearances are very much against her, and that strong proofs of guilt were found among her private papers. Her brother, General Nursing, was arrested at the same time, as he is said to be implicated in the affair. The prisoners are now in the state cells attached to the parliament house, and it is supposed, that the trial will take place very early in the ensuing week.”

Here then was a solution of the mysteries of last night, and no very agreeable one either. What a blow for poor Emmeline, said Holkar to himself; but I will go instantly to her, for affairs are altered since our interview, and surely she will not refuse to see me now. When he arrived at Vishnooloo house, he learnt that Miss Nursing had gone away last night with her father, declaring she would share his fate, whatever it might be; and that strange enough, Nooran had never been seen from the moment of the arrest, and no tidings could be heard of her. Holkar was obliged therefore to return, and await with patience the event of the trial. Days passed on, and as the important time drew near, public attention was completely engrossed by it; but the general opinion was favorable to the prisoners; the newspapers of course were full of it; and amongst other paragraphs, Charles read the following in the Hurkaru:—“ We are informed, that Sir Chytun Singh, the late judge of Thibet, has been the principal instigator of this trial; for it was upon information laid before Government by that gentle-

man that the accused were arrested; and he continues to take a very active part in the proceedings. We have heard, moreover, rumors of some private quarrel between the General and Sir Chytun, which the scandalous say is the reason of his great zeal in this matter.’’

The truth at once flashed upon Holkar; he recalled to mind Nooran’s story of the replacing of the packet, and he had no doubt but that it was a piece of consummate villany on the part of the disappointed judge, and that the treasonable papers said to be found in Mrs. Seebchunder’s desk, were placed there, unconscious of the mischief she was doing, by poor Nooran, whose mysterious disappearance confirmed the suspicion. But of what avail would his conviction of the prisoners’ innocence be in disproving their guilt in a court of justice? for, after all, there was nothing like evidence to substantiate his assertion of the girl’s tale. He nevertheless found means to communicate what he knew on the subject to Mrs. Seebchunder, that she might make what use of it she pleased upon the trial, and he thereby considerably advanced himself in that lady’s good graces.

The important day at length arrived, and Mrs. Seebchunder and the General were brought to the bar of the senate, who were assembled at an early hour, to receive them. Emmeline was permitted to accompany her father, and sat beside him at a table, acting the part which Lady Russel in olden time played for her husband on a similar occasion. Her appearance in such a situation much increased the interest which was felt by all parties during the trial, but there was an eye in the crowd which met her as she ventured to look round her, which though it raised a blush in her cheek, and caused her heart to throb

almost to bursting, told her that whatever might be the determination of that anxious day's proceeding, that there was one on whom she could lean for support, and to whom her sorrows would only make her more dear. Great indeed was her need of consolation ; for she knew too well, poor girl, that an unfavorable decision of the assembly would plunge her in a few short hours into the desolation of unprotected orphanhood, and that ere the sun rose on the morrow, she might not have even a name or a resting place ; for the poison cup to the offender, and civil death to all connected with them, was the certain punishment of high treason in the Indian Republic.

The trial commenced, and Sir Chytun Singh, who had just been appointed attorney-general, conducted the proceedings. At first he had the hypocrisy to speak of the disagreeable situation in which his public duty placed him, as the prosecutor of his friend ; but the malignity which he displayed as the trial proceeded, and the evident satisfaction with which he beheld the effect upon the senate of the strong proofs of guilt he adduced, and the bitterness with which he replied to the defence, proved to the spectators, that report had not belied him in speaking of his personal interest in the trial.

The evidence consisted principally of certain documents, which were proved to have been found at the time of the arrest amongst the private papers of Mrs. Seebchunder, and embracing a correspondence with the State of New Holland, the object of which was to keep Mrs. Seebchunder in the interest of that country in all transactions connected with its Indian rival, and, by help of Sir Thomas's great military influence, to effect a defection in the army in their favor, should war be the result of the pending negotiations, and promising high rewards to Mrs. S. and her

brother. The prisoners had nothing but their bare denial to produce against these apparently damning proofs of guilt; for the fact of these papers being found, it was impossible to refute, and the signatures were sworn to by the most respectable witnesses. The story of Nooran, as might be expected, was scarcely listened to, and without even a debate the prisoners were found guilty, and condemned to drink the poison cup on that day week, their properties confiscated, and their names, and that of their families, erased for ever from the national register.

The prisoners heard their sentence pronounced by the president, with firmness and composure; but poor Emmeline was carried out insensible from the senate-house amidst the sympathy of the whole assembly, amongst whom many, though forced by their public duty to vote in the affirmative, did so with tearful eyes and aching hearts.

Every exertion was made to produce a mitigation of the sentence, but in vain, and the prisoners resigned themselves calmly to their fate; more especially the General, whose only remaining care was for his child. His sorrows would shortly end, but his poor Emmeline would be left to buffet the world homeless, nameless, and unprotected. True, that at times Charles Holkar's affection for her recurred to him; but he was too proud and too worldly-minded himself to believe that love was strong enough to overcome the disgrace which in his estimation must necessarily attach to such a connection as his daughter would now be. He judged of others by himself; but Charles Holkar's heart was stamped in a more generous mould. After having vainly attempted to gain access to Sir Thomas, he found with much difficulty an opportunity of seeing Emmeline; and having assured her of his unalterable love, he communicated to her a

plan which he had formed for the escape of the prisoners, and which only wanted their sanction to be carried into immediate execution. Emmeline's heart beat high at the mention of this project, but again, it misgave her, that it might fail, and Charles himself be involved in the common ruin. She instantly set off, however, to the prison, and with mingled feelings of joy and fear, laid the affair before her father and aunt. Sir Thomas's military notions of honor at first revolted at such an idea, and he declared his determination to die, rather than do that which he considered a disgraceful and unworthy act : and perhaps nothing could have induced him to consent had he been alone ; but Mrs. Scobchunder, whose influence with him was still all-powerful, declared her instant acquiescence in the plan, and her determination to carry it into effect as far as she was concerned, and insisted on his accompanying her with all the eloquence she was mistress of. Emmeline too threw herself at his feet, and joining her tears and intreaties to her aunt's, the old General at length, though apparently with the greatest reluctance, consented. He was however on the point of refusing again, when he learnt by whose agency the affair was to be accomplished ; for his pride even then revolted at the thought of receiving a favor from a man whom he had treated with so much indignity : but the near approach of a disgraceful death had somewhat softened his heart, and ere long, his scruples on that head were overcome. Indeed Charles's generosity had made a considerable impression on him, and he could not help regarding him with very altered feelings from those which had occupied his heart at their last meeting ; and it was arranged, that the attempt should be made the following night, the last but one before the intended execution was to take place ; and all parties diligent-

ly set about the needful preparations, for much required to be done in the short interval which was to elapse. Steam balloons, though not yet in common use in India, had lately been employed in effecting the escape of more than one prisoner from the different jails in Calcutta ; for the ready access which these aërial machines gave to the interior of all buildings, rendered it a very easy matter to carry prisoners out beyond the walls, in which they were confined, when once clear of their cells ; but to prevent this occurring in future, the Government had enclosed each of the prisons in a large net-work cage of platinum wire, something like the wire covers with which dishes are sometimes protected from the attacks of insects ; and to get through this was a matter of great difficulty. The whole space covered by these cages was very strongly lighted up with gas, and open to the observation of the guards, who paraded every ten minutes through the courts ; and it was morally impossible to file through the bars in the interval.

It happened, however, that although known only to a few scientific men, there had been lately discovered in South America, a powerful solvent for platinum. With this fluid, Holkar, who was very fond of chemistry, had made himself acquainted during a short residence at Valpairaso, little thinking he should so soon find such an important use, for his knowledge. Having provided himself with this compound, procured a steam balloon fitted with the necessaries for a long voyage, and a coil of rope-ladder, he anxiously awaited the appointed hour.

The night was dark and stormy, and consequently the more favorable for their project, and just as the deep-toned clock sounded midnight from the senate-house, Holkar, stepping into his balloon, was rapidly wafted to the state-prison,

over which like a huge bird it lay hovering in the darkness, waiting the appointed signal. He had not been there above a minute, when the challenge of the guard was heard, as they went their rounds, and almost instantly afterwards, a light appeared in one of the cell windows, and a gentle voice sang the first stanza of a popular air.

“ Look, look, lovely maid, where thy lover comes winging ;
His fiery flight through the tempest’s rack—
His meteor horse from his brazen hoofs flinging
The storm clouds, which gather around his track.”

This was the signal, and Charles instantly lowered down from the car a bottle of the solvent, which by a peculiar apparatus he contrived to pour over a portion of the grating, just sufficient to allow a man to pass easily through—in less than five minutes, the faithful fluid had done its work. The piece of metal fell crumbling in dust into the yard beneath. The opening had been made so that the rope-ladder might be dropped immediately in front of the window in which the light was, and where the prisoners were anxiously waiting, having previously with great labor worked out the bars, which being of a compound metal, were not so easily acted on by the solvent. Mrs. Seebchunder was the first to ascend into the car, followed by Emmeline, and Sir Thomas, declaring his determination to be the last to leave the place. As he was getting out of the window, a loose brick, on which he put his foot, fell into the yard with a loud echo. He very nearly followed it, but fortunately catching the rope-ladder with his hands, he swung himself from the window, just as one of the turnkeys, alarmed by the noise, rushed into the cell, and endeavoured to seize him. Sir Thomas being an active old man, climbed up the ladder as it swayed from side to side, and had nearly

reached the car ere his pursuer, who had had some difficulty in laying hold of the rope, could follow him—the man caught him, however, by the foot, as he was in the act of stepping into the balloon, and holding firmly on, bellowed loudly for assistance—in one instant, the whole place was in an uproar, and in another, they would inevitably have been taken ; but Charles, leaning over the side of the car, struck the man's hand so severely with a hatchet, that with the loss of three fingers, he let go his hold, and in another moment, was rolling headlong downward, and bounding over the arched net-work, his body fell with a heavy splash into the surrounding moat ; for as soon as he found his foot released, the General had scrambled into the car, and Charles immediately cut away the ladder, the unfortunate man had fallen with it, while the balloon soared away through the storm, and the darkness. They were beginning to congratulate each other in their escape, and forming plans for the future, when behind them a rushing sound was heard, and looking back in the direction of the city, they saw a bright light like a star advancing rapidly through the air towards them.

Charles's heart beat quickly : he knew too well the nature of this apparition. It was a steam-balloon, and doubtless in pursuit of them ; they were some miles in advance truly, but the Government steamers, one of which it probably was, were very powerful, and it would be vain to expect to beat it in a long race, though for a short distance they might keep ahead of it, and by manœuvring, contrive to elude it when it came close on them : and in the latter operation lay their principal chance of safety ; for being lighter, and consequently more manageable, they had the advantage of the more ponderous machine in the delicate operations of aerial tactics.

On they drove, therefore, with all the force they could produce, guiding their course towards China. At first they appeared to gain on their pursuer, and they began even to entertain hopes of outstripping him, for in some respects their balloon was better constructed than the enemy's, being propelled by the combustion of the quadriginto-nitrate of Rhodium, instead of the more clumsy fashion of the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipes, and pounded diamonds. This state of things did not last long, as they soon perceived that the enemy were fast coming up with them. The light which at first had appeared no bigger than a star looked now like a fiery comet, and ere long they could distinguish through the gloom the outline of the enormous machine, which, shaped like an eagle, was cleaving the air with its huge brazen wings. Their own slender bark seemed to tremble at the sight of the greedy monster, and as if paralysed by the prospect of approaching destruction, appeared to go slower and slower every moment. If they could only reach the borders of China, they would be safe; but their peril had now become imminent: their ruthless pursuer was closing fast on them, they felt his hot breath, and they could see by the fiery light which shone from him, the fearful iron claws spread out to seize his prey. Now was the critical moment, if they failed in their attempt they were lost. Instantly their fires were extinguished, and folding their wings, while they shifted the rudder, the previous force with which they had been urged, drove them without any exertion on their part to some distance from their former course, where for a moment they floated silently in the air, watching the effect of their manœuvre. The Government balloon, being unprepared for this trick, rushed on for a short distance; but no longer perceiving the chase, brought up,

and in an instant, an intensely bright light burst from it, illuminating the thick darkness for a considerable space, and making the spot where their expected prey was distinctly visible. The moment they perceived the light, the chase, in which all were ready, began to descend with astonishing rapidity, followed by its pursuer. After the lapse of a few seconds, the former reached the ground in safety, and the party instantly dismounting, fled in what direction they scarcely knew. It was pitch dark, and all they could see was that they had landed on the banks of a large river, into the middle of which, immediately afterwards, by the help of his own light, they had the satisfaction of seeing their pursuer plunge. In the eagerness and hurry of the chase, they had apparently forgotten the necessary precaution, and steering badly, had soused into the river, down the rapid stream of which they began to float. The fugitives however did not wait to see what became of them : satisfied that they could not pursue them on foot, at least, for some time, they made the best of their way through the jungle. In this they wandered for many hours ; but at last perceiving a light in the distance, they made for it ; and after wading through sandy, muddy pools, having their clothes nearly torn off their backs, and being drenched to the skin hungry and exhausted, they reached it. It proved to be the watch-fire of a party of soldiers, and they approached cautiously ; for though they calculated that they had crossed the Chinese border, they dared not venture too rashly. By the glare of the fire they perceived the yellow uniforms, which at once told them they were safe ; they went forward immediately, and in answer to the sentry's challenge, said they were Indian travellers, who had lost their way, and prayed for a night's shelter. The soldiers said they

must be considered a prisoners till the morning, when they should be taken before the General, and they would then doubtless be allowed to go about their business. They were too much rejoiced at their escape to care for trifles, and wrapping themselves up in some cloaks which the soldiers lent them, they stretched themselves before the fire, and were soon sleeping soundly. In the morning they were taken to the General, who to their surprise proved to be an old fellow-comrade of Sir Thomas Nursing's in the Tartary war. To him Sir Thomas explained their situation, and intreated his assistance : the old fellow welcomed them most cordially, and told them he would speak to the Government in their behalf, by whom he did not doubt they would be as well received as such distinguished characters should be, by the descendants of Ho To, who, though no longer the despotic rulers of the celestial empire, had yet sufficient power in his limited monarchy to protect those over whom he chose to throw the shadow of his favor. In the mean time, his house should be their home, and he hoped that fortune would ere long turn round upon the villain by whom his old friend had been so foully treated ; for the open-hearted old soldier never for an instant believed that his old comrade could be guilty of the crimes which had been laid to his charge. All things went on smoothly ; the Chinese assembly, with the king at their head, received them with open hand, and even offered them employment in the state : this, however, they respectfully refused, and remained quietly with their good friend the General. No obstacle now existed to the marriage of Emmeline and Charles, and it was only deferred till their pecuniary affairs were in better order ; for by the latter's participation in the flight of the prisoners, he also had been declared an outlaw, and his estates forfeited. He of course

had not the same objection to enter the Chinese service as his intended father-in-law, he determined therefore to accept a commission in the army, which was offered him ; and ere long an expedition against the Esquimaux gave him an opportunity of going upon active service. He accordingly took leave of Emmeline and her family, and set off to the scene of war. He had been away from home about six months, and during that time they had been engaged in several severe encounters with the enemy, and had experienced considerable hardships from the inclemency of the climate, and the badly regulated commissariat ; but they had succeeded in taking many of the ice forts, and Holkar had on several occasions been much distinguished. They were at that time encamped before the capital, which they were beginning to despair of ever being able to reduce ; for though by constant discharge of boiling water during the day, they succeeded in making a tolerable breach in the ice-walls, the besieged, favored by the advanced season, contrived at night to fill up the broken places with water, which froze almost immediately, and in the morning their day's work was to be done over again. The winter was setting in fast, several of their mining parties had been frozen to death in the galleries, their supplies were nearly exhausted, and they were beginning to suffer every species of privation. Orders were about to be given to draw off the troops, when one night a person was brought into the camp who said, that having escaped from the town, he was ready to conduct them by a secret passage, with which he was acquainted, into the citadel. Holkar was ordered to take charge of the man till the plan, if approved of, should be carried into effect, and the deserter was accordingly brought to his tent ; but the *soi disant* man had no sooner entered it, than Charles, to his great

joy and astonishment recognized Nooran under the disguise of male attire. The surprise was mutual, for the poor girl had as little expected to meet Charles there, as he had thought of finding her in this distant region. In answer to his questions, she told him that on the night of the arrest, as she was going towards the house, after leaving Holkar on the terrace with Emmeline, she was seized by two men, who carried her off, and after being kept in Calcutta for some time in close confinement in Sir Chytun Singh's house, she had been secretly removed to this inhospitable country, where she had been made over to the care of a woman, who treated her with the most horrible cruelty. She had several times endeavoured to escape, but in vain; at last, she had been imprisoned in a cellar, where by miraculous accident, she had discovered the opening of a subterraneous passage through which with some difficulty she had made her escape, and by which she proposed leading in the besieging troops to the town.

That very night the plan was carried into effect: the garrison were surprised, and the citadel taken. Peace upon this on terms was the result, and Charles, taking Nooran with him, was sent to carry the news to the government. He was joyfully received at Pekin, and highly rewarded for the distinguished conduct he had displayed.

No time was lost in dispatching Nooran to Calcutta with a proper escort, which was granted by the Chinese government, and with her also was sent an autograph letter from His Majesty to the Indian Republic, praying that the affair might be re-investigated if consistent with the laws, and trusting that the woman's evidence might be sufficient to establish the innocence of the distinguished persons, who had fled to him for refuge, and for whom he expressed the

most lively interest. The party were well received, and immediate orders given for a new trial to take place. Sir Chytun Singh, a short time previous, from some suspicious conduct connected with his public duty, had been removed from his office, and was then confined in the very prison from which his intended victims had escaped. Nooran's arrival was concealed from him till they were confronted together in the public senate, and the effect upon him was so great, that every one remarked the extraordinary change in his countenance, and no very favourable impression towards him was thereby created. Nooran gave her evidence distinctly and clearly, and when asked, if she could swear to the papers, declared that she could, from one of them having a peculiar stamp upon it, which she described. The packet was examined, and found to correspond exactly to her description of it. In addition to her evidence, one of the parties, from whom the letters were supposed to have been sent, just at that time arrived in Calcutta as a prisoner of war, and when shewn the letter, swore that he had never written it, nor did he believe that any communication of the kind had ever been sent from Van Dieman's Land. After considerable deliberation, the sentence was reversed, and a deputation sent by Government to bring back Sir Thomas Nursing and his family, with honor, to their own country, where they were received with every demonstration of joy. Mrs. Seebchunder is said to have made a magnificent address on the occasion; and that Charles won her heart more completely by his speech than by all his previous exertions in their behalf. She declared him worthy indeed to be her nephew, which in a short time he became; and for many years retained his aunt's good opinion, by proving himself an able and eloquent statesman, while old Sir

Thomas was equally proud of the military honor which he had gained.

Of Sir Chytun Singh, it only remains to be said, that disgraced by the discovery of his villainy, and found guilty of other heinous crimes, in the administration of his office, he died the traitor's death in a few days after he had the mortification to see his hopes blasted, and his vengeance defeated, by the marriage of Emmeline and Charles Holkar.

Whether Nooran ever entered the honorable state of matrimony, or whether she remained in single blessedness, the faithful abigail of Emmeline, and the indulgent nurse of her children, is lost in a mist of obscurity ; but this much we can tell, that the Indian Government, shortly after the event which we have related occurred, ordered the platinum of the cages of the jails to be changed for another metal of a more obdurate quality.

SONNET.

BY J. DUNDAR, ESQ.

WITH what bright hues, doth Memory invest
The forms of other days ! Time passes, yet
The heart which truly loves, can ne'er forget,
Tho' Death hath claim'd his own ! Those pictures rest
Upon mine inward vision, now, which blest
The happy years of youth ! A mother's smile,
Which tells the heart's full happiness, the while
The little innocents, whom she loves best,
Are playing round her ; and how bright and fair,
The form which holds a gentle sister's heart,
Who loved me well ! But lovelier still, athwart
My fancy's vision, comes, with raven hair,
And dark-blue eye and look of heavenly love,
One, who is happy now, in realms above

THE WANDERER.

BY VINCENT TREGEAR, ESQ.

WHY sighs he thus ? A cloudless southern sky,
 Clear, bright and mild as laughing beauty's eye
 Smiles from above, while arching o'er his head
 Luxuriant vines their leaves and tendrils spread—
 A crystal brook, with banks o'erspread with flowers,
 Runs murmuring on as loath to leave such bowers.
 The ring-dove's coo ; the humming of the bee,
 The restling leaves all mix in melody.
 In scenes so fair can tears his eye bedim ?
 Alas ! whate'er he sees, tho' bright, is strange to him.

* * * * *

He smiles ! But lo ! the scene is changed ; dark clouds
 Roll through the sky in agitated crowds—
 On every side bleak hills enwrapped in snow
 Like shrouded giants frown on all below.
 Here hums no bee. Here sings no gay-plumed bird.
 No gentler sounds in this wild spot are heard
 Than thundering avalanche, or rushing o'er
 Some jutting rock the torrent's ceaseless roar.
 Or hark the thunder rattles thro' the sky,
 A hundred echoes from the hills reply,
 Peal upon peal rebounding shakes the air
 As tho' the earth and clouds held angry converse there.
 And smiles he now who sighed in that fair land
 Where all that's fair is strewed with bounteous hand ?
 Oh yes ! yon rude built hut, these hills so drear,
 Possess one charm that makes them far more dear
 Than e'er to him was wealth's luxurious dome,
 Or land of sun and flowers. Yon cottage is his *home*.

THE VALLEY OF THE BUSPA.

BY CAPT. G. E. WESTMACOTT.

ON a lovely morning, on the 14th July, 1832, we bade a reluctant adieu to the picturesque hamlet of Barung, sunk in luxuriant groves of apricot and walnuts, to scale the rugged heights of the Harung pass, a projecting shoulder of the great Ruldung mountain of the Himalaya, which sweeps down to the river Sultej, and forms the boundary between the districts of upper and lower Tookpa of Koonawur.

Barung is elevated about 7,500 feet above the sea, and there is a very steep ascent from it to the Unodun pass, through stately woods of larch and khurshoo oak. We came upon several natural openings in the forest, belted round by dark and sombre pines, which by contrast imparted a more brilliant hue to the light green turf covered with a profusion of ferns, and spangled with wild flowers of uncommon beauty. Dense foliage hides the Sultej from view; it flows between high inaccessible crags, and the roar of its waters, as they break with turbulent rapidity over ledges of rock, falls unceasingly upon the ear.

The path over Unodun is tolerably good, but crossed by prostrate trees, rooted up by snow-storms, and withered by the frosts of winter: ivy clasped their trunks in many places, and several beautiful species of moss and lichen found nourishment in their bark. In one place, the path is only a yard wide, and runs along the brink of a rocky abyss scooped out to receive the feet. The track was slippery from moisture, and it added to the danger that the rocks inclined steeply to a valley, whose awful depths the eye was scarcely able to fathom.

Four miles from camp, we crossed the Koolung on a fallen tree and blocks of stone rounded by the perpetual friction of water; these were hurled into the tumultuous stream, and afforded precarious footing; much snow lay in the torrent-bed above and below the point of passage. We were delighted with the variety of herbs and flowers, which gave a charm to the scenery of the surrounding forests. The soil, which is of great depth, is enriched by decayed leaves, and preserved from being swept away by the torrents, by the dense covering of the foliage and thickly tangled roots of trees. Mint, sage, thyme and other kinds of aromatic herbs abound, and the purple barberry and dark crimson rose, whose blossoms were just bursting into life, grow in spontaneous luxuriance.

“ Flowers fresh in huc, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes,
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass.”

Strawberries of remarkable size and delicious flavour sprung beneath our feet, and the fruit, then coming into season, was in such plenty that it gave quite a crimson hue to the turf. We came here, for the first time during our travels, on the birch, which has a strange appearance from the number of latitudinal fractures in the bark; this is peeled off, and employed by the Koonawurees in roofing houses; others of the hill tribes, where paper is unknown, write upon its smooth surface, and it is exported to the plains of India, and used by manufacturers for the inner covering of hooqa-snakes.

A mile beyond the Koolung, we crossed a sheet of snow of great depth, and at least a hundred and seventy feet broad, formed in the bed of two torrents that effect a junction at this point. A cataract streams from the snow at a

great distance above, and 'rolls the sheeted silver's waving columns' over a vast precipice, when it disperses in showers of spray, but again unites its waters below the base of the cliffs.

These ice-beds are fed perpetually by snows that find no resting place on the steep declivity of the mountains, and such a vast quantity accumulates during the cold months, that the summer heats make little impression upon it; and rugged crags, whose sides are mantled thickly with foliage, plunge the glens which receive the avalanches, for great part of the day in deep shade.

The small village of Mebur was below the road on our right hand: it is seven or eight miles from Barung, and between 9,000 and 10,000 feet above sea level. We rested for an hour in the birch forest, which overlooks the hamlet, on the banks of one of those pleasant rivulets which perpetually cross the tired traveller in his pilgrimage, and tempt him to slake his thirst. The carriers, male and female, drew forth grain from their goat-skin wallets, and moulding it with the pure element into balls of the size of eighteen-pound shot, applied themselves to the unleavened dough with a vigour of appetite mountain-air is alone capable of producing. In the beginning of our travels through this delightful region, we remonstrated very earnestly with the Koonawurees for imposing upon their females the drudgery of carrying burthens which would have made the back of many a lord of the creation stoop beneath them; but the gentle sex, happening to overhear this appeal to their husbands' gallantry, defended them stoutly from our attacks, and good humouredly told us not to be alarmed on their account, as they were capable of much greater efforts than we seemed disposed to give them credit for.

A continued ascent for three miles from the great snow-bed brought us to the summit of the Harung, the highest point of the road, and at least 11,600 feet above the sea. A species of rhododendron, called Surwurung by the natives, grows in plenty below the pass ; the blossoms are white or of a light blue and lilac colour, and give out a faint odour. Clouds floated in heavy masses over the mountain, and for a moment were partially lifted up, and lent us a glimpse of the unfathomable valleys below, and of the vast ice-capt peaks that bound them. On a clear day the prospect is described to be most extensive and beautiful, and both the Sotlej and Buspa rivers can be plainly distinguished. Lichens and wild grasses cover the crest, but trees are nowhere seen, and juniper is the only shrub which lives at this inhospitable height ; it spreads over the ground in beds, and there is a slight distinction between the male and female plant : both produce berries of the kind found in Britain, but the leaves of the latter are the largest, and grow less thickly. The juniper of these mountains is a consecrated offering to the gods, and burnt for incense in the temples with wild mint and other varieties of aromatic woods and herbs.

Enormous fragments of gneiss, which appear to have been shivered by frost from the parent mass, cover the summit, and project in bold relief from the sides of the pass ; and innumerable tumuli or piles of stones raised by the weary traveller to some favourite deity, usually Mahadeo or Kalee, rear their ' steep fantastic pinnacles,' decorated with party-coloured streamers. These monuments of superstition loomed at intervals through the dense body of fleecy vapours, which agitated by the winds alternately disclosed and shut them from our view ;—the uncertain

light invested them with a thousand strange forms, and we gave an involuntary start as the sun, 'scattering back the mists in floating folds,' presented these mysterious objects within a few paces of us.

There is scarcely any forest below the Harung, and a continuous descent for six miles along the river Buspa to the fruitful vale of Sungla. The steep and difficult path sometimes goes over broken rock, or soil that yields to the feet, and is green with moisture; it is quite impracticable for poney, and even foot passengers travel it with extreme caution. Pursuing a beaten track along the valley for three miles, through blooming groves of fruit trees and rich meadow-lands, brought us to the village of Sungla. The scenery here is 'a blending of all beauties,' and in wild sublimity and quiet liveliness yields to no part of the Himalaya visited in our travels. The vale is about a mile in its extreme breadth, cultivated in a succession of terraced fields, exhibiting luxuriant crops, and superbly wooded with orchards of nectarine, apricot, and walnuts. The Buspa rolls through it a torrent of ice-water that glitters in the sun's rays like molten silver, and the snow-capt mountains, towering abruptly to an uncommon elevation on all sides, give to this secluded spot the appearance of an Eden embosomed in glaciers.

The source of the Buspa is three days' journey from Sungla, on a lofty range which confines the valley on the east, and forms the boundary of Koonawur in that direction; and I believe the western face of the same pass gives birth to the Jannube, a principal branch of the river Bhagirutee or Ganges. The Buspa runs nearly east and west, in a stream of considerable volume, diffused in places over a broad stony bed, and flowing smoothly in numerous shal-

low currents, but where confined by cliffs, rushing over the rocks in a mass of foam with a rapidity that makes the brain whirl to look upon it. At a point three miles below Sungla, the river is crossed by a Sango, when the breadth becomes suddenly contracted, and the whole volume of water opens a passage through the range; though from the narrowness of the gap and abrupt dip of the mountains, there is a probability the fissure may have resulted from some great natural convulsion. It is here only twenty-seven yards wide, and 'leaps from rock to rock with a delirious bound,' pouring a deluge of water over blocks of granite, which frequently reduce the channels between them to a few feet in width. From the time it passes the bridge till it joins the Suttlej, the Buspa is one continued rapid, and rushes tempestuously down a steeply inclined plane, crossed at short intervals by chains of rock, over which it precipitates itself in a series of cataracts many hundred yards in continuance. The surge gains accumulated force in its progress, and bellows and foams with a horrid noise among the rocks, dashing a mass of spray on all sides of it, and throwing up the vapour to a great height in dense clouds of silvery whiteness.

To view the scene to advantage, the beholder should plant himself on the fragile bridge that spans the torrent—here the wild and savage character of the surrounding objects overwhelms him with awe—a shudder creeps over his frame as he surveys

“The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture.”

—he feels the insecurity of his position, but is spell-bound by the terrific beauty of the picture—on his right, mountain peaks veiled in eternal snows shoot up to a stupendous

height above the river, while on the opposite hand others rise less boldly, and have their sides clothed with luxuriant herbage, nourished by a thousand streams, and varied with dark forests of evergreen pine.

It is difficult for the imagination to conceive a scene more full of grandeur and awful beauty—the imitations of the artist, however talented, would fall immeasurably short of the reality; and there is not perhaps in the wide expanse of the Himalaya, a spot more richly deserving a visit, and which presents such numerous enchantments to arrest the footsteps, and to call forth the admiration of the curious traveller.

The journey from Barung fell little short of twenty-one miles; our baggage came up late in the evening, and a part of it on the following morning. We were just in time to witness one of the religious festivals or fairs called Dukner, held annually on the first of the month Sawun, by the inhabitants of Sungla, Kamroo, Chansoo, and Bisser, who assembled together for the purpose in a meadow about a mile from Sungla. The Deities Budrinath of Kamroo, the Nagus or Snake-god of Sungla, and two images of Narayun, from the other villages, were placed in the middle of a circular area flagged with stone, used by the peasantry for treading out and winnowing corn. They were elevated on a kind of moveable throne, hung with drapery of glossy silks, in the tissue of which a variety of gay patterns were interwoven. Each deity had from twelve to eighteen gold and silver faces, extremely well carved, and mounted by enormous plumes of yak's hair dyed of a red and purple colour; they were decorated with wreaths and chaplets of all the fragrant and beautiful wild flowers then in season, and swords and ornaments appertaining to the temples were piled around them.

A large painted umbrella encircled by deep fringes was borne over Budrinath, the principal divinity of these parts, who is furnished with six heads of gold and twelve of silver. This umbrella, called Chhuttr Singh or Kulun Singh, is consecrated to the service of Narayun, and appears to be considered an inferior kind of deity. The story goes that Kulun Singh, a former rajah of Bussahir, made a pilgrimage to Budrinath, (an undertaking of difficulty and danger,) and brought from thence an image of Narayun, whose worship he introduced into the valley. Without waiting a display of celestial gratitude, the rajah inquired of the god, what reward it was intended to bestow on him, when Narayun commanded this umbrella to be consecrated and carried over him ever after, in remembrance of the prince's devotion.

Men and women formed a ring, and danced together from left to right, with hands linked behind, in a circle round their gods—they kept time in measured steps to the music of the temples, and one of the chief attendants took the lead, waving on his right hand a Thibet cow's tail set in a handle of silver. Musicians moved round the circle with the dancers playing on several kinds of drums, horns and clarions of silver, brass, and copper, brass tambourines and cymbals, and wooden flageolets. The silver instruments belonged to the famous temple of Budrinath at Kam-roo, and were purchased jointly by the rajahs of Bussahir and the inhabitants. The variety of noises elicited by the twanging of these instruments was tremendous, and resounded over valley and mountain in prolonged echoes; each performer disdaining to acknowledge a leader, or to yield the palm of superiority, acted independently of the other, and in a desire to exhibit the power of his lungs, set harmony at defiance.

Both sexes appeared in honour of the occasion in their gayest attire, and had a profusion of sweet-scented flowers entwined in their hair and placed over their caps: about fifty stood up at a time, and more than half of these were females.

The wealthier damsels were fantastically but handsomely dressed, and appeared to totter under the weight of their decorations; they had black woollen caps, crowned with scarlet cloth, and their raven tresses were parted from the forehead, and after being plaited and wound round the head, were gathered in a huge knot behind, interwoven in the usual manner with a profusion of tassels of black and scarlet worsted. This description may perhaps lead the reader to suppose the head-dress has a picturesque effect, while in reality nothing can be more strange and unseemly—and when it is remembered that the people seldom have recourse to water, and that their habits are to the last degree disgusting and filthy, the ornament may well be supposed to afford a secure harbour for vermin.

The brows of the maidens were encircled by rows of spangles of highly polished silver disposed in festoons, with rosettes of the same glittering metal or of gold introduced at intervals among them; sparkling stars with which the upper part of this ornament was resplendent, shone in relief upon their glossy hair, and silver fringe from four to five inches deep half shrouded their eyes, and had a novel and fanciful effect.

Others of the better class had massive trinkets pendant from their ears, which were perforated all round to receive rings, and drooped under their costly burthens; silver chains were attached to these ornaments, to each of which was suspended a large ball of the same metal. Festoons of

gold spangles depended from their nostrils—their arms were clasped round with heavy bracelets of burnished pewter, and numerous silver rings and seals studded with glittering stones encircled their fingers.

Silver amulets hung upon their bosoms, and weighty chains of this metal or of brass reached to the knees and had suspended from them beads of various colours, strings of a hard substance resembling amber brought from Tartary, polished studs, and coloured stones disposed in clusters. Few wore linen dresses but such as could afford it robed the upper part of their persons in a boddice of flowered chintz ; the petticoat was invariably of wool, dyed in broad perpendicular stripes of different colours among which red and blue appeared the favourites. A mantle fell in graceful folds over the left shoulder, and was secured at the breast with circular brazen clasps carved in quaint figures ; these clasps are of extravagant size, often weighing as much as two pounds, and they constitute almost the only ornament worn by the poorest orders of females.

It was not the least curious feature of the exhibition, to observe the strange mixture of classes : damsels with unwashed faces, and clad in coarse and tattered garments, scarcely sufficient to veil their persons, joined hands in the dance with girls dressed in the most shewy and fashionable colours ; but there was a remarkable dearth of beauty, and indeed we never remember to have seen so many positively ugly women assembled together at one place—their features were coarse, masculine, and weather-beaten, the consequence of habitual exposure to the toils of agriculture, which in conjunction with premature marriage and the revolting custom of having many husbands, impairs their frames and robs them at an early age of what personal charms they possess.

A few of the party indulged rather freely in the juice of the grape, but they were amusing and not mischievous in their cups : no sweetmeats were introduced nor diversions of any kind, if we except dancing, in which all classes participated ; there being no professional dancers in Koonawur. Different picturesque groupes who had shared in the pastimes of the day, might be seen reclining on the grass to recruit their exhausted frames, or they found a cool retreat in the shade of spreading walnut trees ; a dark belt of wooded hills, forming a noble background to the landscape, swept down into the valley and was thrown into shadow by the more lofty glaciers of the Kyllass, glittering in unapproachable magnificence ; while on another side, the foaming torrent of the Buspa chill and turbid with liquid snow, united in producing a picture of uncommon interest and full of romantic effect.

On a sudden the music ceased ; the people rushed forward with tumultuous activity, and taking up their gods, carried them off to their respective villages ; so rapidly was this movement effected, that in the lapse of five minutes I do not think a dozen persons remained on the ground.

Dancing was resumed at Sungla on an open space before the temple by the inhabitants of the village, but in a somewhat different manner to that described, and was kept up till night-fall, though rain fell a considerable part of the time. Men and women linked hand in hand, advanced and retired in parallel lines, swinging their bodies simultaneously to and fro, and all united in a ditty to which they kept time with the feet, and sung with a deep and melodious chaunt. They have songs for every month in the year, each consisting of twelve or more couplets ; the one alluded to was for the month of July. These songs are chiefly

known to the women, the other sex is seldom at the trouble to acquire them, and we would gladly have made a copy of one or two airs had the ladies been less chary of imparting their knowledge.

Towards the close of evening the dancers becoming exhilarated from too liberal potations of wine, joined together in a game of romps: the pastime could scarcely be called amatory, for it partly consisted in throwing dirt, at which a sturdy laughing wench was particularly active, and some hard cuffs were exchanged by youths and damsels; but all concluded in good humour. We subsequently learnt that our presence was some restraint upon the scene of merriment, that it is usual for the parties to prolong the dancing and carousals until they are incapable of further prosecuting those amusements when they fall down in a state of complete inebriation and repose together on the ground 'till morn peeps blushing on the revels' sleeping crew.'

We must confine ourselves to a few brief remarks on Sungla and the productions of the valley.

The village is prettily situated upon some green knolls, about three hundred feet above the right bank of the Buspa, which is crossed not far below it by a couple of sangos of sixty-three feet and one hundred and three feet span. These bridges are erected at some of the narrowest places, and are the rudest things imaginable: as no one is at the trouble to repair them they are usually crazy and half rotten, and being without side-rails and only wide enough to admit a man to pass, they do not form one of the pleasantest modes of crossing a foaming torrent. Advantage is taken of projecting rocks to support the round spars of two fir trees which are thrown across the stream, and boughs from the neighbouring forests are laid upon

them, often at an inconvenient distance asunder, and without any kind of fastenings. In medio tutissimus ibis—while the traveller keeps in the middle he is tolerably safe, but should he unluckily swerve a little to the right or left he loses balance, a fact he is soon made aware of, for the twigs on the side opposite to him fly up, and tilt him over into the torrent. We do not address ourselves to the nervous who have no business in such situations, but to others we would recommend to keep the eye steadily fixed upon some object on the opposite shore. To look down upon the raging waters is perilous—the brain begins to whirl: the fragile timbers bend and shake under the feet, there is nothing to which the hands may cling for succour, the luckless passenger goes over the parapet, and is irrecoverably lost. We have been delayed for several hours on a river bank by a high wind when no mountaineer would peril his life on one of these alpine structures.

Sungla stands at the base, and on the Thibet side of the first snowy chain, in Lat. $31^{\circ} 25'$ Long. $78^{\circ} 15'$ and at an elevation of about 8,600 feet above sea level; it contains thirty-four houses or families, of whom twenty are Kunaits, seven Kolees, five blacksmiths: and two carpenters. The inhabitants are mustered annually at the Rampoor fair in December, and each family of Kunaits furnishes two males for half-yearly attendance on the Rajah. The village is much scattered and dilapidated: a fire which occurred in 1814, burnt it to the ground, and it again suffered to a less extent in 1824, from a similar accident. The houses are built of stone and cedar, and overhang the road for several feet, with their upper stories, according to the prevailing fashion of that style of architecture. Sungla gives a hundred and sixty rupees as its share of the tribute of 15,000 rupees paid

annually by Bussahir to the British Government, and the prince collects on his own account about two hundred and fifty rupees, chiefly in kind, among which sheep, goats, grain, ghee, and oil find a place.

There are store-houses and lands for defraying the household expences both here and at Kamroo, from which the farmers obtain grain for seed, and for the consumption of their families in seasons of famine; but as double the amount of the loan is exacted by the prince on the following year, the consequences are so ruinous that grain is only accepted in cases of dire necessity.

The kinds most cultivated are Phapra, Ogal, Cheena, Mundooa, Burt, with a little black and white Bathoo; and a small quantity of wheat and barley are grown considerably above the lower level of the valley. Spirit is obtained from wheat, barley, Phapra, and Cheena, by a very rude process: that extracted from the two first is accounted the best; and the operation, if we understood the people rightly, is conducted as follows:

Some wheat dough is baked, and put into half its weight of water, and buried in the earth in wooden vessels for six days in summer, and nine in the winter; after these operations are duly conducted, two pounds of the grain are sown under cover of a building, to raise it the more rapidly: it generally appears above ground in the course of three days, and is then plucked up and exposed to dry in the sun, subsequently ground to a powder and mixed with four times its weight of dough. The whole is boiled over a slow fire, and the spirit obtained is described to be extremely potent, and when subjected to a second boiling doubles the original price. The other grains are treated in the same manner.

The vegetables are peas, beans, and turnips ; but the latter are bitter and unpalatable, and do not thrive under the influence of heavy rains, which are sometimes felt in this valley : the same cause operates against the culture of the vine. Hemp grows in considerable quantities and a glutinous substance called Chirus, possessing an intoxicating property, is extracted in September, by rubbing the leaves and seeds of the plant forcibly between the hands, and scraping off the substance which exudes with a knife ; but little of the drug is obtained by this tedious process, and is invariably mixed and smoked by the people with their tobacco. A scanty supply of the latter is raised in gardens commonly attached to houses ; but like all the hill produce, it is acrid and of bad quality : the weed is sown in May and cut in September.

Allusion has already been made to walnuts, nectarines, and apricots, as among the most abundant products : all these trees attain a respectable growth ; but apricots which are little inferior in size, and equal in flavour, to those of England, do not at this elevation arrive at maturity before the commencement of September. Their kernels, with Pachhi, a kind of spinach, and some of the coarser grains, form a large portion of the aliment of the Kolees, who account themselves fortunate in procuring such excellent fare. In some parts of the hills where there is little arable land these unhappy people support life on horse-chesnuts and wild roots, mixed with a scanty portion of the least palatable grains.

All the salt consumed in the vale of Sungla is procured by the inhabitants from Chinese Tartary, in exchange for Chooara rice ; they carry a portion of the former with sheep-wool to Rampoor on the Sutlej, a principal entrepôt be-

tween Hindoostan and Thibet, and barter those commodities for goods from the plains of India. They make ropes from goats' hair, and the bark of particular trees. Earthen vessels are scarce, and buckets and tubs, chiefly of juniper wood, are used by all classes of people for holding water and other purposes.

Black cummin is a native of the valley, and exported to the plains of India : the plant is leafless, but bears a small white flower, and the seed comes to maturity in July ; the root, after being reduced to a powder, is eaten by the people, who apply the seeds of another plant called Sbul to the same purpose : it bears a blossom resembling the cummin flower, and also grows spontaneously in the neighbourhood.

The country is very productive of the purple barberry, and an inferior description of Majeeth, the Rubia Munjista, or Indian madder ; the roots of the first yield a yellow dye, called Khipachoo, obtained by steeping them for twelve hours in water, and boiling them on the following morning ; madder root is treated in the same manner, and gives out a red dye, used by the inhabitants to colour their woollens. Our Indian coquettes rub this drug upon their faces, and even swallow it, from an idea that it heightens their complexion.

Although the valley of the Buspa is considered without the influence of the periodical rains, there are frequent showers, unaccompanied with the heavy torrents, which flood the plains of India : their force is broken by the elevated snowy chain ; but a light drizzly rain or Scotch mist continued to fall during the two days of our sojourn. The Thermometer in an open building showed 56° at 6 A. M., 62° at 10 o'clock in the morning and night, and 68° at

1 P. M., when the sun was out, which was the highest to which it rose during our stay.

There is a tepid spring two miles westward of Sungla, which only retains its warmth during the winter months ; it contains a considerable body of water, which issues in a subterraneous stream from the base of high cliffs, some distance above the bed of the Buspa ; we found its temperature 65° while that of the Buspa was 51°.

Chitkool, the most elevated village in the valley to the eastward, is inhabited by Tartars, who are provided with a press in which printing is performed by wooden blocks. We were not fortunate enough to secure specimens of it, but their written character is inscribed with great neatness and regularity, and the distance between the lines accurately preserved.

When sickness prevails in a family, the people attribute it to the influence of a malignant spirit, who has got possession of their abode ; they consulted our servants if they knew any approved form of exorcism, and we found a Tartar blacksmith in a hamlet opposite to Sungla, busily employed counting his beads and muttering charms for the expulsion of a devil : the bewitched family would reward him for this service with a hearty meal, or a small present in money. The old fellow declared our presence a bar to his incantations, and entreated our early departure ; there was a roguish leer in his small twinkling eye when he made the request, which implied plainly enough he was perfect master of the credulity of his employers.

The fort and village of Kamroo are placed on a steep rocky eminence on the right of the Buspa, and about a mile and a half to the north-west of Sungla. Kamroo is the head of a small circle, comprising the valley of the Buspa

and included in the district of Lower Tookpa of Koonawur, one of the three great provinces into which the Bussahir territory is divided. There are about five and twenty houses or families in it*, who pay one hundred and fifty rupees as their share of the British tribute, and about one hundred and twenty-five rupees to the prince in cash, sheep, and grain. The tribute alluded to amounts in the aggregate to 15,000 rupees, and was fixed by treaty in 1815, when the Goorkhas were expelled from the N. W. mountains: it is collected by the Rajah of Bussahir, and paid to the British Government in three instalments. All musk-deer and hawks taken by the inhabitants are the property of the state, a custom which obtains not only in Bussahir but throughout many other of the hill principalities between the Sultej and Jumna rivers. A reward is given for them by the prince, and any person found to have concealed or disposed of either is liable to a heavy fine. The petty barons offer hawks and musk bags to the princes to whom they are feudatory, and they are presented at visits of ceremony to a superior as a mark of fealty and distinguished respect: they are also sent to the plains of Hindoostan for disposal. The hawk of these mountains is highly prized, and often sells at the capital for so high a price as one hundred rupees, though an inferior kind may be purchased for half the sum. Musk bags are worth from ten to twenty rupees.

The fort of Kamroo is of quadri-lateral form, and built of cut stone, with a slanting roof of slates, crowned by a ball and spirè reputed to be of solid gold. The entrance is on the northern face, and the temple of the god Budrinatà is

* i. e. 15 families of Kunaits, 5 of Kolees, 2 of musicians, who are attached to the temple, 2 of iron-smiths, and 1 of carpenters.

within the inclosure. Below the town a stream enters the Buspa from the north and is remarkable for turning at least a dozen water-mills, placed one above the other, at a trifling distance apart, they dash the torrent into foam, and form a number of very picturesque cascades.

Throughout Bussahir the traveller may with a little management generally obtain lodging in the vestibule of a temple, an empty cow-house, or sheep cot, or in some other kind of shed; and learning that some European visitors were allowed to occupy the Lama temple, consisting of a single chamber, in the principal square of Sungla, we asked permission to go in, but were told, the Lamas on being informed of the circumstance had objected to its being appropriated to such uses. The interior walls of this structure were gaudily coloured *al fresco*, on a white ground, representing an horrific group of deities, with distorted features, and a ray of glory round their heads.

Nagus, the deity of Sungla, has seventeen heads of gold, and one of brass, but the temple dedicated to him has rather a poor appearance. We procured shelter in a building opposite to it, in praise of whose comforts and purity we can say but little: its former tenants, the cows, had peopled it with such myriads of certain small but active insects that their vagaries at night baffled repose, and made an impression upon us that we wish had not been quite so lasting.

STANZAS.

BY MRS J. L. MOWATT.

I.

“THE last links are broken, that bound thee to me”-
 How the words of that song touch my heart!
 “The last links are broken”—and can it then be,
 That friends such as *we* were, could part?
 Thou knewest me a girl—when my spirit was free,
 And my thoughts in thine ear, were all spoken,
 But affection’s zone that bound thee to me,
 In an evil hour, was——broken!

II.

The demon of discord, his dark veil has thrown,
 O’er the bright spot, so hallowed by thee;—
 Joy’s song, is changed into sorrow’s tone,
 And *thy* name —— is a blank to me!
 Yet I’ve many a token,—and many a song,—
 Which thy well-known voice can recall,—
 And with them —— remembrance of my wrong,—
 But still— I keep them all!

III.

’Tis over now—and amidst my woe,
 The thought that haunts me, night and day,
 Is, that I’ve lost thy love!—and know
 It has passed for ever away.
 Yet I love *thee* ——, and for ever shall,
 As these burning tears can tell;—
 ‘ But the links are *broken* that bound thee to me’—
 False vision!—— I bid thee, “ Farewell.”

August, 1834.

THE RAJPOOT CHIEFTAIN.

BY V. TREGEAR, ESQ.

MAHARAJ par lagé ; par lagé ! exclaimed half a dozen voices from a group of Rajá Gopal Singh's retainers, who were loitering one fine morning around the entrance to their master's palace. The personage to whom these salutations were addressed was the jyotishí. His body was marked all over, and his book of divination was under his arms, and his right hand carried his rosary. Kulyan, kulyan, replied he, as he passed by without stopping. He repeated with out-spread palms the same benediction, as he entered the hall where Gopal Singh and his sons were seated. Mumbling a few Sanscrit words, he presented each in his turn with a few flowers which had just been offered to the idol. These were received with joined hands, and placed in the turbans of those to whom they were given.

The pundit having seated himself, the Rajá thus addressed him. We have called you, learned jyotishí, to point out a lucky hour in which my son Doorga may commence a journey. An order has lately come to send one of my sons to the Soobuhdar's camp, and as we hear a good character of the prince, and it is absolutely necessary to be friends, at least in appearance, with these Toorks, I have determined on sending my youngest son.

May Vishnoo preserve the young man, said the brahmun, as he slowly unfolded the cloth envelopes of his sacred books. May he return in prosperity, for I hear these foreigners are the worst of Mlechhas, and take more credit for the destruction of one Dewal or Shewala, than we do for building a score.

He commenced a perusal of the volume he had opened, and in a few minutes, after muttering some words unintelligible to his hearers, informed them, that the following morning at one hour and some minutes before sunrise every thing would be propitious, and that he must leave the fort gate at that very instant. Doorga Singh was little pleased with the time appointed, and his good feelings towards the pundit were not increased when the latter added, that as the favorable aspect of the planets would continue but for a short time, he must not travel more than a coss the first day. The brahmun rose, and after blessing them all and receiving in return their reverential salutations, left the room. When he came to the court-yard, there was a rush of people, each anxious for the holy man's blessing. Some had lotas of water, and one who had the good fortune to be first, bent down and placed his at the pundit's feet. The latter raised his right foot and held it over the vessel, while the happy Soodru washed it carefully, observing that none of the precious liquid was lost. When satisfied, he raised the lota to his lips and drank off the water. Several others followed, and it was some time before the object of their respect could proceed.

The Rajá and his sons had separated when the pundit left them. Doorga employed the day in picking out a score of the best and bravest young men in the fort, who were to accompany him. A short time before sun-set, he went to take leave of his sister; as he approached the apartment where she and his young wife were enjoying the beauties of evening, the joyous laugh of the former fell on his ear. Beautiful as was the thakoor's wife, (and what young Hindoo female of the higher caste is not?) she was far eclipsed by her sister-in-law. The latter possessed in an

eminent degree all the beauties for which the women of India are so justly celebrated. The large black eyes, the long lashes, and the beautifully small hands and feet. Her every motion was natural and graceful, and her delicate feet, as she glided over the marble pavement, fell lightly and softly as those of a young antelope, or as a poet of her own bright land has beautifully said,

“ Like flowers that fall at noon*.”

She had arrived at that delightful period of life when the joyful soul bestows its love on all that is beautiful—when the eye, in its admiration of the flower, overlooks the thorns—when Hope whispers that the sun-shine shall last for ever—and the heart in its innocence thinks all as guileless as itself. Alas ! that the flower should fade, alas ! that clouds should obscure the sun, and alas ! that Heaven should have made the heart of man less pure and faithful than that of woman.

Ever, ever gay, dear sister, said Doorga, as he entered.

Why not, brother ? she asked, looking up in his face. Is not the sun shining ? are not the flowers still bright ? Look how they bow their heads, as the fickle bee wanders from one to another, humming his faithless vows. And look, she continued, pointing to the broad river, the very fish in the mighty Gunga are leaping for joy. Would my brother have *me* sad ?

No, no, dear girl, said he affectionately, may Bhugwan bless you, and may you never be less happy than you now are. But I have come to say farewell. The pundit tells us to-morrow is a fortunate day to commence my journey to the camp of these cursed Toorks. Mahadeo only knows

* Biharee-lal.

when I shall return. So farewell, dear sister, and comfort my wife, who has not thy light heart.

Farewell, dear brother, she said, rising, but let me tie this charm on your wrist. May it preserve you from harm, and when you look on it, think of one who will ever pray for you.

Tears were flowing down her cheeks, and Doorga turned hastily and left the apartment. In the morning he parted from his wife, whose last words were a quotation from a Hindee poet to the following effect,

“ Go fearless; wield in battle field
The weapon of thy race,—
So shall I ne’er fear widowhood,
And you ne’er know disgrace,”

At the exact moment fixed on by the pundit, Doorga and his friends, having taken leave of their families, passed through the gate.

On the seventh day, Doorga Singh arrived at the end of his journey. On being introduced, he delivered his letter to the Mirza who, when he had read it, expressed his gratification at the ready compliance of Gopal Singh, and hoped he would never have occasion to regret it. The Mirza Mohummud Beg, was of a mild and generous disposition, and had ever shown himself averse to the excesses of his caste. He was respected by all, though of course he had some enemies; among these may be mentioned his second in command. This man was a Put’han of good family, and a brave and tried soldier. These were however his only virtues, for, on the other hand, he was tyrannical and revengeful, and an implacable enemy of the Hindoos, whom he lost no opportunity of oppressing and ill-using. Policy induced him to profess friendship for the Mirza, but he did all in his power to injure him secretly.

The prince ordered accommodations for Doorga, and his followers ; the former of whom he appointed to attend near his person, much to the dissatisfaction of Zalim Khán, the Put'han before mentioned. The Soobuhdar had become much attached to the young Hindoo, whose plain and manly bearing and language, formed a pleasing contrast to the fawning manners of the Moosalmans. The camp was pitched before the Kot'h of Mahabul Singh, a Rajpoot t'hakoor, who had been induced by the peaceful disposition of the Mirza, to revolt. He soon found himself unable to cope with the powers of the country, and had at length, after fruitless attempts to incite his neighbours to follow his example, shut himself up in his fort. Here he resolutely refused all demands, and even offers of pardon, which the Mirza made. He determined to hold out as long as possible, and at the last to turn his weapons against himself, and leave the victors nothing but the bare walls. Treachery, however, rendered his single resolution of no avail. One of his dependants offered to admit the enemy's troops, on condition of receiving the possessions of his master. This was readily agreed to, and the traitor appointed a time when he would open the gates, and give admittance to a strong party, who were to take possession of the adjoining towers which commanded the approach, and on a given signal the rest were to advance. Doorga and Zalim Khán, (between whom there was an unconquerable dislike,) were appointed to head the first party, and accordingly stationed themselves in ambush as near the fort as they could get. Just before sun-rise, the gates were thrown open, and the enemy in a few moments were within the fort. The signal was given, and the Mirza, with the remainder of the troops, instantly followed. The Hindoos

in the fort soon perceived their foes, and in an instant hundreds rushed down upon them. The attacking party being so numerous spread through every lane and road, making every few yards, the scene of a separate fight. Doorga and the Put'han had kept close together at the head of their respective followers. They were pressing towards the residence of Mahabul Singh, and had reached the gate of the outer wall, when a messenger summoned Doorga to the presence of the Mirza. Fearing some accident to the latter, he hastened to where he stood, looking sorrowfully at the fight.

Doorga, said he, as the young Hindoo came near, I am sick of this blood, and would have it stopped; exert yourself to put an end to it, for every groan is like an arrow in my heart. Promise pardon, favor, any thing: but stop this carnage. And if you meet Zalim Khán, tell him I must see him, I fear his black heart will cause many excesses,—away. Doorga Singh gladly obeyed the generous order, and hurried back to where he had left the Put'han and their followers. The place was empty, but he heard the clash of swords inside. Entering a small passage whence the sounds proceeded, he found three or four of his own men, endeavoring to force a small door, which was defended by a single man.

Back with ye, shouted he, have ye no shame?

It is Mahabul Singh, answered one, pointing to the object of their attack. He was bare-headed, and a slight stream of blood flowed from his broad forehead. He stood with his left foot advanced, his broad shield pressed close to his breast, and his right arm, which held his bloody sword, was thrown backwards, his hand being on a level with his waist. His countenance expressed cool determined courage,

and two bodies at his feet, told how well he had wielded his blade.

Come, said he, observing Doorga stand motionless before him, come on, Mahabul Singh stands alone. He raised his arm, and brandished his weapon, shaking down to his shoulder the long loose sleeve of his muslin vest, and exposing his muscular arm.

T'hakoor, said Doorga respectfully, resistance is useless, and may disappoint the merciful intentions of the Mirza—

My curses on him and all his vile caste, interrupted Mahabul Singh. I ask not mercy from him or you.

But, said Doorga, your family may, if not already beyond its reach; and here in the Prince's name, I promise you, on the faith of a Hindoo, to protect your family from injury and insult.

The mention of his family changed the manner of the chief. Swear, said he.

By the Gunga—by my Gooroo's head.

Enough, said Mahabul, throwing down his weapons, follow me. He led the way through several intricate passages till they came to a small doorway, on the outside of which lay a dead body.

Holy Rama, exclaimed he, the villains have been here; look, this was my son—but onwards.

Again Doorga followed him—all was still in the house; but broken doors, and the bloody ground, with here and there a corpse, told too plainly the Moosulmans had effected an entrance. Preceeding through a spacious court-yard in the centre of the building, they arrived at a suite of apartments which Doorga knew must be the mahul. From a natural feeling of respect he did not follow his companion,

but stood at the entrance. All was silent within the building, but shouts and the noise of weapons told that the fight still continued. It was, however, becoming less and less every moment. Doorga's companion presently returned, and beckoned him to follow. He did so. At another narrow door, Mahabul Singh pointed to the bodies of three Hindoos, lying amidst twice as many Moosulmans. My sons, said he; but no sigh, no tear told a father's feelings. The bodies of several women next met his eye. Each grasped the dagger or sword with which she had saved herself from dishonor. Mahabul Singh passed without noticing them, and led Doorga into another room lighted by several apertures in the roof. In the centre of the floor, on a small carpet, was seated a figure apparently of a female, closely enveloped in a crimson veil.

Mahabul Singh stepped gently forward, and taking the veil by two corners slowly raised it, and exposed to his companion's view a female form. Her face was hidden in her hands, and her long hair hung loosely all round her. She was motionless as marble, and not a single sign of life escaped her. Daughter! said Mahabul Singh, after a long pause, during which Doorga stood as immoveable and silent as the pillar against which he leaned

At her father's voice she raised her face, and with her long delicate fingers, which were redder than menhdee could make them, threw back her luxuriant tresses, exposing features of most surpassing beauty; but—the dagger of her dishonourer had been thrust into her eyes.

Doorga started back with horror as her blood-stained features met his sight. Mahabul Singh had not moved, but rivetted his eyes on the upturned face of his hapless child; and she again bent her head, and again covered her face with

her gory fingers. The father, as though all his feelings had been concentrated into one burst of agony, threw himself on the ground, and vented his sorrow in tears and incoherent exclamations. This violent outburst of his overstrained feelings lessened the poignancy of his grief, and at length his sighs rose, and his tears gushed forth in silence. Doorga had stood in silence, but had vowed in his heart eternal enmity to the perpetrators of such cruelty.

T'hakoor, said he, after a long silence, come with me to the Mirza. His noble heart revolts at the name cruelty, and his hand is ever ready to punish the guilty; and I swear to revenge your daughter's injuries.

You will? said the other—go, I will follow—yon spirit must be freed—and he drew a dagger from his waist.

Doorga who understood him retired to the door, but a moment after Mahabul called him back. He had raised his daughter from the ground, and had enveloped her in a large shawl. Your chief is merciful, you tell me, said he wildly. Then he shall see her—her blood shall flow at his feet—come, we will seek him. He hurried to the doorway, in spite of Doorga's entreaties to the contrary. Will you expose her to the multitude, asked the latter? Will you disgrace—

Talk not to me now of disgrace—away—your Toorks shall see her.

He hurried through the different apartments into the street, and in a few moments accidentally found himself in the presence of the person he sought.

How now? asked the Mirza, of Doorga who had mechanically followed. Ere the latter could reply, Mahabul Singh had unveiled his daughter. A cry of horror burst from all but Zalim Khán, and the Mirza pressed his hands upon his eyes.

Toork, said the father, you behold all who live of Mahabul Singh's family—the last of his house. They say you are just—you have seen the injured—punish then the guilty. And you, he continued, turning to Doorga, you have sworn to avenge her—if you do, the blessing, and if you fail, the curses of a father be on your head.

I have sworn, said the young man, and will perform.

See how I trust you, replied Mahabul; and drawing his dagger plunged it into his daughter's breast, and the next instant struck it into his own.

The curse of Heaven and the prophet, exclaimed the Mirza, striking his hands violently on his chest, on him who has caused this. May Allah—

Noble Mirza, interrupted Doorga, gracefully saluting his chief, and depositing his bloody sword at his feet, I have wielded that blade in to-day's fight like a loyal and faithful subject of the king of kings, albeit to spill the blood of those to whom I am bound by the ties of caste and country. Is it not so?

The noble bowed his head in token of assent.

Then must I be pardoned if I commit a fault—but by that sword—by the holy Gunga—by the sacred string which I wear, and by all that is sacred to a Hindoo, I swear to be revenged, now or hereafter, on the violator of yon lifeless girl.

Doorga Singh, said the Mirza mildly, you and all know I never sanctioned cruelty, and I here promise to punish the guilty if he be discovered, and, he added hesitatingly, if he be in my power.

Well said! noble Prince, spoke the Pat'han; but yon valiant youth seems more powerful than your highness; at least his oath is unfettered by the condition which even you join to your promise.

Aye Toork, said Doorga scornfully, and I will fulfil my oath, even though the villain should be one whom I suspect.

Toork! exclaimed Zalim Khan. Toork to me. To prove thy truth, insolent kaffur, I will tell thee against whom thou hast vowed enmity.

I ask thee not, interrupted the Rajpoot. It needs no Pundit to tell; go ask the meanest follower of the Prince's camp. Ask him, who alone is a disgrace to his caste—ask him who is the wretch, the register of whose villainies would exceed the volumes of the Mahabharut. Ask him who alone out of hundreds, nay, thousands, would draw his weapon upon a woman. He will answer, Zalim Kháu. I spit at thee, vile Toork.

Toork again, thou cursed kaffur, said his enemy, jerking his dagger in its sheath, his eyes flashing with anger.

Peace! said the Mirza, rising. I command ye to be silent, ye but little respect my presence.

Prince, said the Put'han, I have but listened to his insults, I have not replied, and now I but say, Hindoo, look to thyself.

I have sworn, replied he.

Come, Doorga Singh, with me, the Prince said; and Zalim Kháu, arrange for the accommodation of the troops. The Put'han bent his head haughtily, and walked away.

Come, Doorga! continued the wild Moosulman; Heaven will avenge the blood of the innocent.

May it be by my hand, said the Rajpoot, as he followed.

Two days passed without any thing material occurring, both parties being fully employed, the Moosulmans in burying, and the Hindoos in burning, their dead. On the third day after the taking of the fort, a messenger arrived from

the imperial city with letters for the Mirza. Doorga had retired to his rest, when a message from the Prince roused him from his slumbers. He followed to the chief's tent.

Here is bad news, said the noble, as the Hindoo entered the tent. I am ordered to return to the presence immediately, and to give over charge of the Soobuhdaree to Zalim for so long as I may be absent.

Bad indeed, said the Rajpoot. It seems your highness' enemies have taken advantage of your absence to injure you.

Nay, Doorga, I fear not that: for if I have enemies which I know not, I have friends and powerful ones too. ' But I did not call you to talk of myself. You must go home immediately. I would not leave you a day in Zalim's power. You would not see to-morrow's sun set.

I fear him not, noble Sir; he dare not take my life openly, and I shall be on my guard against treachery.

You know him not; you know him not. He would not quarrel with the manner, so he could rid himself of an enemy.

But he will think I fear him, said Doorga, and by the Gunga, few things do I more desire than to cross steel with the villain.

That sunny blood of yours (Doorga was a Soorjbunse) will lead you into useless dangers, said the Mirza smiling. But for my sake you must go. No interruption, I command you. Take this letter for your father, and before morning breaks, leave the camp.

Be it so, replied the t'hakoor, as he received and respectfully raised the letter to his forehead. And farewell, noble Prince; may he who is lord of all castes watch over and protect you. Doorga Singh made his obeisance and left the tent; carefully folding the letter he had received in his

kummerbund. On reaching his tent, he ordered his followers to leave at midnight, and he would follow in the morning.

While yet dark, he rose, and mounting his horse, which had been saddled by one of the Mirza's servants, he left the camp. The young Hindoo felt a sincere friendship for the prince, and sighed, as he thought they might never again meet. He was however journeying homewards, and his thoughts naturally ran into a more pleasing channel. He was certain the Mirza's letter would give him a favorable character, and he was not a little proud of what he had seen and done. He knew too, that tears and sighs from certain bright eyes and rosy lips would give way to joy-speaking glances, and sunny smiles; his heart beat quick at the thought, and he almost involuntarily began to sing one of the songs of his country, which describes the joy of a damsel on the return of her husband. (Unmarried lovers, gentle reader, are as uncommon in Hindoostan as married ones in Europe.) A pale light in the east told the approach of day, and as it became lighter, Doorga found himself on the border of a large plain of some miles in extent. At this moment the tramp of a horse fell on his ear, but thinking it might be one of his followers who had omitted to start with the rest, he took no notice of it. The sound, however, became louder, and he soon discovered that more than one horseman was approaching. I must have room, said he mentally, as he knocked the ashes from the match of his gun, slackening at the same time his bridle. His horse galloped onwards till, about a mile from the spot where he first heard his pursuers, his rider drew the rein. Doorga turned, and saw about a dozen horsemen issue from the wood he had just left, and who were follow-

ing exactly in his track. It was now light, and he could distinguish Zalim Khán at the head of the advancing party. All were armed with spears and swords, but none carried bows or matchlocks. Now, by the Gunga, this is fortunate, said Doorga; but I must have fewer enemies about me. He again loosed the reins, and putting his horse at full speed, pressed onwards. His pursuers did the same, and the chase continued over several miles of the Mydan. At that distance, however, all but four were left a considerable distance behind, and a short distance more left Doorga with but two pursuers, the Khán himself, and one who wanted but the power to equal his master in villainy. The Rajpoot slowly checked his horse, and allowed the others to come within about twenty yards,* when he shouted to the Khán, We must meet alone, Toork; so send back thy companion. Fool! laughed Zalim, I throw not away a chance.

Then be it so! said Doorga Singh, as he let go his reins, and turning half round in his saddle, levelled his matchlock at his enemy's companion. The latter turned his horse suddenly to escape the ball, but the Hindoo's eye was quick, and his aim true. He fired, and the Khán's follower rolled over his crupper without even a groan. The curse of the prophet on thee, vile dog, growled Zalim Khán, as he struck his heels against his horse's sides, and grasped his spear more firmly. The Rajpoot had cast his matchlock to the ground, and drawn his sword. Turning his horse, he galloped straight at his foe, who pressed on to meet him.

As they met, the Hindoo's sword fell, and as they parted,* the Khán's spear fell in two pieces to the ground. They both turned again, and blows and thrusts were made with all the fury of mutual hatred. Their very horses, naturally

vicious, seemed to know how much depended on them, and turned, stopped, and charged with little more than signs from their riders.

The Put'han had once broken through the Hindoo's guard, and slightly wounded him in the breast. His followers were rapidly nearing, and he already flattered himself with hopes of victory, when his horse stumbled, and ere he could recover, Doorga had struck his enemy two heavy blows on the head. The chain-twisted turban prevented wounds, but the force of the blows struck him from the saddle, and his horse again stumbling, they fell together.

Now, Toork, said Doorga Singh, exultingly, I will force thine own beard down thy villainous throat. He would have dismounted, but two of the Moosulmans rode up, and others were very near. The Rajpoot could not venture to engage these, so he turned his horse's head, and galloped off, shouting as he did so, Remember, Doorga Singh, and pray that when we meet again our quarrel may end. He urged his horse onwards, and as he passed the spot where he had left his matchlock, he bent from his saddle, and without lessening the speed of his horse, raised the weapon from the ground, and again slung it over his shoulder. He stopped not until he reached the village where he intended to halt, and where his retainers had but just arrived.

How is this, T'hakoor? asked one, observing the state of Doorga's steed. What has happened?

You shall hear presently, but first attend to you brave beast. He has had hard work. And hear—prepare to continue the journey within an hour. Surprised as his followers were, they obeyed, and at the expiration of the time mentioned, all were again on the road.

A few days with extra marches brought them home, but Doorga wishing to surprise his friend, would not allow notice to be sent of his arrival. Gentle reader, we will precede him.

In the apartment where the young T'hakoor parted from his sister, was now seated his wife. She was dressed in pure white, and wore no ornaments except the bangles on her wrists and ancles. Her beautiful eyes glistened with tears, and her dark hair hung unconfined over her shoulders. She leaned back on the cushion, and sung in a low tone one of those beautiful Hindoo songs expressive of the pains consequent on the separation of lovers. As she ended, a light hand was laid on her shoulder, and turning, her eyes met those of her husband's sister. The face of the latter shone with smiles, and she was dressed in clothes of bright crimson edged with broad gold lace.

Why thus sorrowful, dear sister? Hast thou not heard the news? But see your Saree has slipped from your head, and I am sure you feel a throbbing in your left eye*. Is it not so?

What news? asked the elder of the two, disregarding the latter question of her sister. Tell me, dear girl. Any news of him? Oh! nothing particular; only—the scouts have passed the word that horsemen are approaching, and reports says, they look like some who left this not many weeks since. But come, you must let me change your dress. This sorrowful white must give place to the joyful Sooha, and this hair (whose brightness and blackness is envied even by the bees) so long neglected, must be bound with chains of pearls, and scented with Chumélee; and cruel

* These are signs (says a Hindoo poet) which tell a woman that her lover is near.

as those eyes are, we must increase their power with ———. And the light-hearted maiden threw her arm round her sister's waist, and drew her from the room.

Doorga's approach had been made known by the spies, who were constantly on the watch at different distances round the fort. Such precaution was necessary, even in times of peace, as when war came, it was generally unexpectedly. The arrival of the young T'hakoor filled the hearts of his family with pleasure, and he was as happy as love and kindness could make him. He immediately wrote an account of his encounter with Zalim Khán to the Mirza, and dispatched it by two trusty men, with orders to follow the prince even to Delhí, and give it into no hands but his own.

A month passed in peace, and Doorga was surprised that his enemy molested him not. He thought the latter defeat had shamed him ; and intended, should the Mirza return, to go and challenge the villain, and fulfil the oath he had made to Mahabul Singh. The revengeful Put'han had not, however, forgotten his disgraces at Doorga's hands, and was preparing to take full vengeance for them. It was then a custom (which I believe continues to the present day) for the Hindoo princes to educate one of their daughters, for the express purpose of sending her to the imperial Zunana. The Soobuhdars and others in authority, at a distance from the court, too often took advantage of this circumstance to demand in the name of the King any young girl who might be celebrated for beauty or accomplishments. Many however went no further than the Zunanas of these petty tyrants themselves, which was often the cause of rebellion and bloodshed. Report had spread abroad the beauty of Gopal Singh's daughter, and

had reached the ears of Zalim Khán, who accordingly formed plans for the ruin of his foe. He began by sending a Purwanah, and a pretended copy of a Furman, ordering Gopal Singh to forward his daughter to the presence, under an escort to be provided by the Soobuhdar of the province. The old Raja was seated in his Durbar, surrounded by his dependent chieftains, when the Moslem messenger was announced. The letter was read by the Hindoo's secretary. The Raja replied not a word, but whispered an attendant, who instantly retired. His fiery sons would have cut the messengers to atoms, but their father interfered; No, said he, the slave is not answerable for the acts of the master—he must return uninjured. What am I to expect, he continued, turning to the frightened messenger, in case of refusal?

Death to all your family, he replied.

Good, we shall be prepared. The attendant returned and spoke in a whisper to the old chief, who nodded and pointed to the courtyard which was in front of the hall. Presently a being, whose touch was pollution to a Hindoo, stood on the spot to which Gopal Singh had pointed. Throw him those papers, said the latter, pointing to the letter just brought, and bid him tear them to pieces, and trample them under his feet. And slave, he added, as his commands were obeyed, turning to the Moosulman, go and tell thy vile master, that we would treat him as we have done his insulting letters, and that we defy him. Away with you.

The Khán's messenger retired, and in a few minutes was on the road from the fort. Now friends, said the T'hakoor, rising, and addressing his chiefs, we may soon expect the troops of this wretch around us—so away and prepare;

muster every man who can grasp a sword, or draw a bow, and let those who love me not take their departure.

The fort was built on an eminence on the high bank of the Ganges, and was surrounded on the land side by a broad belt of clear land, beyond which was a jungle of Plass trees. Though built of mud and bricks only, it was esteemed very strong, and was, in fact, impregnable to every thing but famine or treachery. The entrance, after passing through the gate, was up a pretty steep ascent, defended on each side by brick walls, with numerous loop-holes for matchlocks and spears. At the top of the acclivity were several large cylinders of stone, fastened by ropes, one behind the other, ready to roll down on any enemy entering the gate. The defenders were numerous and brave, and Doorga determined to hold out to the last, as he confidently expected the return of the Mirza, who he knew would instantly stop hostilities.

The troops of the Soobuhdar at length, as had been expected, pitched their tents in front of the fort. Gopal Singh refused all communication with the Khán; refusing even to see the different people sent by him.

Among the petty chiefs who had flocked to the assistance of the besieged was one of very doubtful fidelity. A strict watch was kept over him and his people, but all precautions were unable to prevent his communicating with the enemy. One morning, as Doorga was making his rounds, he thought he heard voices, at the foot of the bastion where he stood. Drawing near to the battlements, he listened, but though he found his suspicions were well founded, he was unable to distinguish what was said. He climbed up to the top of the wall, and could see two men walking away in the direction of the camp. He came

down again, but in doing so, his hand caught in a small line which he had not observed. This he found hung over the wall, and pulling it in, he discovered a piece of paper at the end. As it was yet dark, he hastened to a small shed, where he saw a light. Here he read the paper, and found it a promise on the part of Zalim Khán, to have a strong party near the gate at midnight, who were to be admitted, and others were to follow, when the first were secure. Doorga hastily returned, and again fastened the paper to the string, and threw it over the wall. He then waited till near day-light, when he saw the man before-mentioned, as suspected, stealthily approach, and carefully draw in the line, which he carried away with him, as well as the letter affixed to it. Doorga returned to his house, and having informed his father and brothers, of the danger with which they were threatened, made such preparations as might best frustrate the intentions of their enemies.

At midnight, accordingly, Doorga with his brothers and a few chosen followers were stationed at the top of the acclivity before described. Strong ropes were fixed to the gates, by which to draw them open from above. The traitor was lying in a dungeon, to be executed on the morrow, with those of his friends who joined his conspiracy.

All was dark and silent for some time after the hour appointed, and Doorga feared something had altered the intentions of the enemy. Presently, however, a slight scratching was heard on the wicket. At a sign from the t'hakoor, the gates were slowly drawn open with as little noise as possible. The enemy, seeing no one near, seemed doubtful whether to enter or not. Doorga Singh went a few steps towards them, and beckoned. They immediately advanced, while the Hindoo hastily retired. When all the party

(about fifty) had passed the gate-way, the young chief jumped up with his drawn sword, and cried out, Give the Toorks welcome. A couple of blades glittered in the air, and the next instant the foremost of the stone cylinders, before-mentioned, rolled down on the enemy. A loud shout of despair burst from them as the ponderous mass came upon them, and then crushing them beneath it, bounded and rolled to a considerable distance, stopping just before the party who were hastening to the assistance of their comrades.

Back ! said the leader ; here is treachery. He laid his hand on the stone, but drew it suddenly back, as he felt the blood and dust stick to his fingers. Back, back, to the camp. We have been betrayed.

The shout of the first party, and the thunder-like noise of the falling stone, had been heard in the camp, and Zalim Khán, ever suspicious, was hurrying forward with assistance, when he met the retreating troops. Curses on the Kaffers, he exclaimed, when he heard what happened ; and curses on myself for trusting one of their hated caste ; but we will forward and avenge our friends. Follow me. He rushed on till he came to the gory stone, where he stopped and vented his rage in curses.

He would in his anger have attacked the fort, but the numerous lights and the noise told the besieged were prepared to receive him. Burning with rage and vexation, he turned back , and vowed the most terrible revenge against any of the enemy who might be so unfortunate as to fall into his hands.

A few days after the above occurrence, a Hindoo, armed with bow and arrow, was seen to leave the fort, and walk towards the besiegers' camp. When about half way, he stood, and adjusting an arrow, flew it at an elevation cal-

culated to throw it a great distance. He then retreated again.

A horseman galloped out and picked up the shaft, and found attached to it a written paper. This he immediately carried to his chief, to whom it was addressed. It contained a wish on the part of Gopal Singh to treat with the Moosulman commander. The anger of the latter prompted him to refuse, but policy and the love of revenge induced him to be more accommodating. He now however increased his demands, and sent an officer to the fort to insist, as the only terms on which he would depart, that not only the daughter of the Raja himself should be given up, but that five maidens, the daughters of his dependant t'hakoors, should accompany her as attendants. Gopal Singh replied, that he had power over his own family only, but that he would try persuasion with his retainers, and give an answer on the following morning. With this answer the messenger returned, and on being again sent the next day, received a promise of compliance with his master's demands. The Hindoos stipulated, however that fifty Rajpoots should accompany as a guard, and that Zalim Khán should receive the Raja's daughter as a lady of rank. To this the Put'han gladly acceded, determining in his mind to put every man of the Hindoos to death before they had been an hour in his camp.

About noon the cavalcade left the fort, and was met and conducted to the camp by a troop of horse sent by Zalim Khán for that purpose. The Hindoo party consisted of the fifty Rajpoots, as agreed upon; a Chundol, containing the principal personage, and five Palkces, with the attendants. They were followed a short distance from the gate by a number of women, who after prostrating themselves be-

fore the Chundol, returned, beating their breasts, and loudly weeping, to the fort.

Zalim Khán, on seeing his victims' approach, retired to a tent in the centre of a space enclosed by kannats, where he proposed to receive the Rajpoot maiden. The tramp of the horses, and clattering of arms, told their approach ; and in a few minutes, the Chundol was set down at the door of the tent. The Put'han in his anxiety to behold the Hindoo beauty, scarcely allowed the bearers time to depart, ere he raised the crimson Purdah that covered the opening. Come forth, fair lady, said he laughing scornfully, and prove fame's truth or falsehood.

His laugh was echoed back, the Purdah was raised, and Doorga Singh glittering in steel stood before him.

Umomut! Ruhman! shouted the Moosulman, drawing his dagger, the only weapon he had ; here is treachery.

Villain! said Doorga, raising his sword, I almost disdain to stain my blade with thy polluted blood ; but remember, coward, the daughter of Mahabul Singh. He would have struck his foe to the ground, but the latter, seeing his danger, turned round suddenly, and cutting with his dagger through the kannats, rushed through, and in an instant escaped from Doorga's sight.

The noise of arms was loud outside, where the young t'hakoor's followers were bravely defending themselves against a whole legion of enemies. Doorga joined them, and they endeavoured to force their way from the camp. Two or three hundred men had left the fort, when they saw their few companions enter the camp ; but ere they could assist, double their number of enemies met them. Doorga and his friends had got clear of the tents, but this was of little advantage, as they were still unable to join

their companions ; and at length, had the mortification to see them driven back, in spite of the additional number, who poured down from the fort.

Zalim was among the party who surrounded the t'hakoor, and called loudly, Slay him not, take him alive. Come thyself, coward, said the Hindoo contemptuously, come thyself. His few followers were greatly lessened—but not a single blade was dropped, while the hand which held it could raise it against the foe. Doorga Singh was yet unwounded, but much fatigued; one of his enemies, who had watched for an opportunity, at last sprung on him from behind, and clasped his arms around him. In their struggles, both fell, and in an instant, Doorga was seized and disarmed. Bind him, said Zalim ; Allah be praised, we have the Kaffer at last. It shall fare hard with thee now, young fool, he continued to his prisoner—thou shalt die this evening, and all thy vile caste shall see thee die. The Hindoo was bound, and thrown down before the chief's tent, so to remain till evening should free him from his bonds and life together.

* Gopal Singh had beheld the fight from the top of his house, whither he and his two daughters had ascended. They had watched with the utmost anxiety the progress of their friends, and had hailed Doorga's appearance outside the tents with exclamations of gladness. Their joy was soon turned to sorrow, as they saw him and the few with him fighting unassisted against so many enemies. The young women threw themselves at their father's feet, as they saw the assistance sent from the fort checked, ere it could reach Doorga. See, exclaimed the young wife, they will kill him—our friends cannot reach him—oh my father, if you love us, if you love him, send others to beat back the foe.

The old man hastened down, but ere another party could sally from the fort, those already out were driven in, and the assailants were only deterred from entering after them by the drawn swords which were held above the ropes, confining the masses of stone at the top of the entrance. Doorga Singh too had been taken, and when the Raja returned, he found his daughter weeping over her senseless sister-in-law.

It was evening. Not a speck of cloud floated in the dark-blue sky, and the sun shone as brightly as though nothing but peace and innocence glowed beneath his beams.

At a short distance in front of the Moosulman camp were assembled the greater part of Zalim Khán's forces, and a few yards before them stood Doorga Singh, his head and body bare, and his arms bound behind him. A common way of putting a man to death was by burying him up to the neck, and making his face a mark for arrows or matchlocks. This was to be the young t'hakoor's fate, and the presence of the Put'han chief was but wanting to commence his punishment.

On the fort not a being was to be seen, not a sound proceeded from the walls, but the gate was wide open, and Doorga every moment expected to see his friends sally forth. All however remained quiet, and in a few moments Zalim Khán, followed by a few favorite servants, carrying the chief's bow and quiver, came forward.

Now, mine enemy, said the Put'han, poising his bow in one hand, twanging the string with the other, I will be revenged ; call on thy thousand gods to save thee if they can.

The prisoner looked at him with scorn as he answered, Do thy worst, Toork, I can die fearlessly as I have lived honorably. Hog, I despise thee, and he turned his back on the Moosulman.

Thou canst not now rouse my anger, said the latter. I would not spoil the sweetness of my revenge by losing my temper. Commence, he continued, turning to two men, who stood by with tools for digging. They obeyed, and began to throw up the earth close to the Rajpoot's feet.

Hark ! said Zalim Khán, as he heard the sound of horses galloping. Away some of ye, and see who are coming.

Come, some of ye, and assist : these idlers proceed but slowly, and see the sun is near setting, and I would not deprive our friends in the fort of the pleasure of seeing my dexterity. A hole of four feet in depth was now formed, and the labourers were throwing the loose earth from the bottom when about fifty horsemen, some in the uniform of the Emperor's body-guard, came up at full gallop. The leader dismounted, and taking a letter from his helmet, gave it to the Khán. The latter passed it to his secretary (himself being unable to read).

Read it out, said Zalim—what is it ?

A Furman from the Huzoor was the answer, ordering you to withdraw from before the fort of Gopal Singh, and instantly to release all prisoners you may have taken.

It is false, shouted the Put'han, it is a trick of that cursed Mirza to save his infidel friends—away, I will not obey. In with the Kaffer, he continued angrily, pointing to the ready pit. Fall back, all of ye. Zalim Khán, said the imperial officer, we have orders to see the Furman obeyed—you surely cannot think of refusing—you must obey.

And who art thou ? asked the other haughtily—to dare speak thus to me in my own Soobuhdaree ? If thou lovest thy own safety thou wilt not interfere.

Nay then, we must use force, replied the officer. He turned, and made a sign to those who had accompanied him,

and they immediately surrounded Doorga Singh, while one leaped from his horse, and cut the ropes which bound the young t'hakoor's arms.

Villains ! exclaimed the Khán, I will not thus be baulked of my revenge. He placed an arrow on the string of his bow, but the horsemen had so surrounded his object that he could not even see him. The leader too, took the Put'han while off his guard, and with the point of his spear twitched the bow from his hands. He grasped his sword, and would have drawn it, but one of the party pressed forward, and Zalim Khán looking up beheld the Mirza. As I thought, said he to himself, as he walked a few steps back. But by the Kaaba, I will yet be revenged.

Zalim Khán, said the Mirza, dismounting—you but little regard your own interests in thus setting at defiance the orders of your emperor.

The Put'han was silent, and bent his eyes on the ground for a few moments. He suspected the Mirza brought an order for his death (an occurrence not uncommon in those days), and he knew that the disobedience he had just shown to the Royal Furman was crime enough to bring down that punishment on his head. He raised his eyes to reply, and all his rage was rekindled on seeing Doorga Singh standing by the Mirza's side. He became desperate, and neither knew nor cared what he did. He rushed at the Rajpoot with his drawn sword, but the young man had snatched a weapon from a by-stander, and parried his enemy's blow. The latter then turned upon the Mirza, but Doorga rushed between them, and struck his blade into the Put'han's shoulder. My oath,—exclaimed the Hindoo, as his enemy retreated ; and he added, is fulfilled, as his weapon again descended, and laid the Put'han dead at his feet.

Doorga Singh and the Mirza entered the fort together. An hundred heads were bent to the feet of the latter, and a thousand prayers were offered up for his welfare. Joy reigned where despair so lately held its dominion, and they who but a short time before would have joyfully shed each other's blood, now mingled in friendship or at least in peace. Smiles again lighted the faces of the young chief's wife and sister, and the song of joy was again heard in the garden of Beerghurh.

SONNET*.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

WELL may that gentle Mother's heart be proud,
 And those glad looks to friendship's eye appeal
 To own how fair her treasures ! They can feel,
 And they alone, that shun the restless crowd
 Whom gain's false glare or glory's clarion loud
 From calm delights and home-enchantments steal,
 How little for all other wealth or weal
 Her heart need sigh while richly thus endowed.
 Let but the sun of joy serenely shine
 On those sweet human flowers, and Fortune's brow
 May change unheeded—she can ne'er repine ;—
 While thus their bright eyes gleam, their fresh cheeks
 glow,
 Her bliss maternal seemeth half-divine—
 The holiest that a mortal breast may know !

* See the opposite engraving.

THE FALL OF PERSIA.

BY J. TYTLER, ESQ.

'Twas the great festival of Persia's year,
 When Mithras from the southern zones returned
 'Midst the bright zenith of the vernal signs
 With rays direct full on equator shone.
 High midst the glories of his silver hall,
 Where on a thousand pillars raised to heaven
 The gorgeous roof's enormous vault reposed,
 King o'er a hundred kings great Chosroes sat,
 And from his seat of gold and jewell'd robes
 Effused immense effulgence, while along
 Through all the vast dimensions bright to view,
 Rank behind rank of gorgeous satraps stood
 Innumerable; glanced their tissued robes
 Resplendent to the air; at every turn
 Rattled their precious sabres, and aloft
 Their wreathed tiaras flamed with circling gems.

Full in the front before the awful throne,
 The hallowed altar of eternal fire
 Burned in transcendent majesty, supplied
 With purest incense and delicious oil,
 And through the limitless saloon diffused,
 Its camphorous odours: high the volumes rose
 Of bickering flame, and far redounding smoke;
 Blazed the long lustre from the silver shafts,
 And o'er the walls the broad reflection shone.

With awe attendant on the sacred Fire,
 A long-drawn train of solemn Magi stand
 Of spotless vesture; an embroidered veil

Shaded each reverend face from eyes profane ;
O'er each grave head the broad tiara wreathed ;
Down the broad shoulders flowed the doubled sash,
And round their loins the massy girdle roll'd.

He who the nearest to the sacred shrine,
Priest o'er inferior priests, his station took,
Was purer robed and graver to behold,
And in his hands the sacred volume clasped
Whose awful texts, fraught with enchanted lore,
Were by the bright intelligences given,
That rule the rays of each planetic sphere
Malignant or benign, to that great seer,
Hid in the mystic cave of far Alburz,
Zerdusht the sinless born, and by his pen
Spread o'er a hundred volumes' ample leaves
To warn mankind from hateful deeds of blood,
And crimes on fellow commoners of earth—
Slaughter of brutes, crush of defenceless worms,
And ruin to half-animated trees.

Before the throne lay piled, triumphant sight !
A grisly heap of slaughter'd captive heads
In glorious battle won from barbarous Rome,
For this great pomp reserved, ghastly to view :
Livid each cheek, staring each senseless eye,
And clotted all in gore, and all besmear'd ;
Each shrunken neck and each distorted jaw.
Reeking they lay, yet warm with recent life,
The mighty conquest won by Chosroe's power—
Th' unrivalled triumph of the King of Kings.

A blooming band of Persia's beauties filled
Th' opposing stations, deck'd with tissues rare,
Profuse with gems and dense with precious fringe ;

The braided locks that parted o'er their brow
Poured redolent the perfumes of the rose.
Flaunted their ample robes, whose gather'd folds
Gorgeous and tinctured with a thousand hues,
In rich embroidery shone, and woven gold ;
And ever and anon, as paused the voice
Of the Arch-Magian dimly muttering o'er
The measured sounds of Zerdusht's powerful texts,
And through the immense saloon's huge concave reign'd
A momentary silence ; lo ! at once
Peal'd from a hundred drums of rattling brass,
And clanging cymbals, and sonorous trumps,
The thundering tune began, rock'd the vast hall
With mighty resonance ; at once the band
Of blooming beauties shook their tissued robes,
And waved in measured curves their fair-formed arms ;
And as their feet with clanking bracelets bound
Danced in gay cadence, thus their dewy lips
Poured the sweet music of a solemn hymn :

Resplendent element, whose flame
The torpid universal frame
With vital influence warms,
Thy praise we sound, thy power declare—
Confess thy glory and compare
Thy hundred varying forms.
First thou immense primeval light,
Beyond all other lustre bright,
Mithras' resplendent one !
Our loudly raised salute receive,
Accept the worship that we give
To thine exalted throne.
Thou moon, with ever changing ray,

Ye planetary orbs that sway,
From your exalted ken ;
As round the earth your spheres revolve,
In fated periods to absolve,
The destinies of men.
And last thou ever-bickering blaze,
Pure offspring of the solar rays,
That o'er our altar gleams,
Receive the rich perfumes we pour,
The fragrant oils our censers shower,
To animate thy beams.
He whose broad empire fills the world,
Whose flag o'er subject earth unfurl'd,
Its awful shadow flings ;
Chief of the realm-subduing sword,
Of East and West unbounded Lord,
Great Chosroes, King of Kings.
He, monarch of the crown and throne,
Whose hosts in multitudes unknown
The desert's sands exceed,
Their step's exhaust Euphrates' floods,
And rooted Kaf through all his woods
Shakes at their awful tread,
'Twas circled Mithras ! by thy might
And by thy glories led to fight
That Persia's Lord sublime,
Back to their gloomy dens has chaced
The trembling legions of the West,
Barbarian Cæsar's clime.
By changeless Destiny's commands,
Our ever-growing empire stands
Supreme o'er all decays

And as the eternal law ordains,
Secure o'er boundless earth's domains,
Our matchless Chosroes reigns.

So vast the chorus, and so loud the hymn,
None mark'd, as through the thousand pillar'd hall,
A stranger form mysterious, 'midst the crowd
Of gorgeous satraps and tiarad priests
Burst his regardless way. Far different he
From each gem-crown'd and each gold-vested form
That filled the immense saloon : rough was his mien,
Shaggy with massy beard and grisly brow,
His vesture of the haggard camel's pile,
His belt the camel's hide, and round his brow
Wreath'd from the courser's mane of ivory limbs,
A rude tiara bound ; boding to view,
As with a spectre's stride and wizard's scowl,
Direct through all th' opposing ranks he passed,
For awe-struck all gave way, on till he reach'd
The blazing altar and the golden throne,
Girt by the gorgeous guards ; there full opposed,
Heedless of priests, or hymns, or regal state,
Thus to the King of Kings the stranger spoke :
" Chosroes, my words of high import attend,
And hear my warning, Persian King of Kings—
Hear the behest that highest Allah sends,
By me, to thee, and all thy servants round :
Know thou, that he has chosen from mankind
A favoured prophet of Arabia's tribes,
Holy Mohammad, on his name be peace
And given to him this book of righteous faith,
This uncreated, this revered Koran,
By Allah's self inscribed. Persian, attend

To what our great Mohammad by my mouth
Commands to thee, thy servants and thy slaves :
Renounce your Father's dark erroneous creed,
Break down those altars of accursed fire,
And chace those sorcerers for Gehenna doom'd ;
Receive the volume our great prophet sends,
And own Mohammad, Allah's chosen man.
So shall we judge you brethren, shall accept
Th' alliance ye may beg, and join with you
To chace from off the sevenfold climes of earth
What yet of dark idolatry remains.
If ye refuse the boon, lo I present
Tribute or slavery, choose ye from these,
And quickly, that I may return to hear
Our prophet's high commands, and Persia's doom."

Silent with wrath high on his gorgeous throne,
Confounded Chosroes heard the stranger's words,
With boiling fury impotent to move,
Scarce certain if an evil-dream entranced
His wandering sense, or if a real form
Before him stood, and if a real tongue
With real accents smote his tingling ear.

Aroused at length, desperate with stormy rage,
As driven by frenzy, from the stranger's hand
He snatch'd the proffer'd scroll, tore each thin page,
And to the wind the feathery fragments flang ;
Quivering they flitted through the vast saloon,
Like fowls of midnight wing, and cursed presage ;
Half seem'd it as a supernatural blast
Suspended held the shivers, to pervade
The total concave in their baleful flight.
Each priest beneath the appalling influence cower'd,

And each proud satrap shudder'd as he saw
The scrap of evil omen o'er him pass.

" 'Tis thus," the stranger's boding voice proclaimed,
" 'Tis thus that highest Allah shall from thee
Thy kingdom snatch ; 'tis thus that he shall tear
Thy hosts, thy people, and thy ruined realms,
And scatter to the four-fold winds of Heaven ;
And thus shalt thou, a fugitive forlorn,
In vain from his allotted judgment fly."

With creeping dread the gorgeous satraps heard
Th' appalling stranger, none 'midst all the train
Dared cross his way, or stay the ghastly form.
As if a demon spoke the dismal words—
As if a spectre trod the shuddering hall,
They heard his accents, and they saw him pass.
Chill'd were their hearts with supernatural fear,
And dread of evil, certain yet unknown.

Unknown not long, soon o'er Euphrates' flood
Was heard the desert army's dreadful sound ;
The terrible Tucbeer afar proclaimed
The shout of desolation, and the roar
Of long-chain'd demons loosen'd to destroy.
Soon o'er Euphrates roll'd their dread array,
And soon o'er Persia came ; loud rose the cry
Of ruined mankind ; loud the alarming crash
Of falling cities, thundering o'er the plains
The dreadful earthquake of destruction raged,
And desolation swept the earth afar.

Rash from his throne confounded Chosroes starts,
Stunned at the roaring tempest : round he calls
His countless provinces, his vassal kings,
His subject nations, muster'd all for war.

His voice from frozen Caucasus resounds
To balmy India's pearl-encircled sea—
From broad Euphrates to the fur-clad hordes,
That roam Imaus' peaks of ceaseless snow.
The nations hear, and gather at his cry,
Immense the armies muster'd, who can count
The endless numeration, who shall tell
How gather'd there the glorious squadrons came ;
The gold-deck'd nobles, the immortal bands,
With jewels flaming, who shall number o'er
His ranks how vast, his satraps how adorned,
His awful princes how with diamonds bound.

Far other from their splendid order came
The desert squadrons ; grim was their array,
Horrid with grisly felt and shaggy wool
Spun from the camel's hide, rough were the scales
Of welded iron that incased their limbs,
And harsh and heavy was the steel that edged
Their-moon bent glaives and tipt their deadly spears.

On, on they rush'd, as when a gloomy mist
At early dawn, risen from the dreary fen,
Rolls o'er the earth, and blots the face of things ;
In multitude immense the armies joined,
High to heaven's vault resounds the cry of war,
Whirlwinds of smouldering dust deform the sky,
Reeks the dank earth with warmth of bubbling blood,
Groan the loud winds with shrieks of frantic pain,
And howls of fiendish rage ; fast fall the dead,
And with enormous tramp of thundering steeds,
Peal the vast plains, and shakes the quivering air.

High o'er the battle Persia's banner blazed,
Persia's far famous flag of eldest times,

The vast Kawanian standard ; as a sun
 With jewels in inestimable rows,
 By Chosroes following Chosroes added on,
 The ensign from the humble apron formed
 Of that heroic craftsman, whose bold heart
 Rous'd by the anguish of a father's wrongs,
 Left his coarse labours at the sooty forge,
 To save from the magician tyrant's power
 Fair Persia's realms, the ample flag displayed
 Its greatest glory, but it was its last.

'Twas from an elephant of royal size.
 Its monstrous bulk unstained of ivory hue,
 From far Eoan isles at cost immense
 Procured, that Persia's satrap gem entwined,
 Beneath the far-famed banner ruled the war.
 Wide through the ranks in power restless moved
 Th' enormous animal, vast were the folds
 Of gorgeous housings that enwrapt his girth,
 Silk crimson-dyed, spangled with golden stars,
 And the huge breadth with golden borders bound :
 Loud clank'd with golden bangles massy roll'd
 Each limb tremendous, as each giant pace
 Swept down the Arab ranks, and at each tread
 Sounded the shrieks of agony, the crash
 Of spouting brains, crush'd bones and cracking limbs.

This saw, this heard, the fiery Arab chief,
 Goaded to extacy, " Brethren " he cries,
 " Warriors of Allah, now prepare to drink
 Of martyrdom's sweet sherbet, thrice proclaim
 The loud Tuceber, thrice join your shouts to mine,
 Then rush to conquest, or to paradise.
 For me, I am a martyr." Thrice he shouts,

Thrice through the field arose the dreadful cry,
Then terrible Tucbeer, and as the cloud
With thunder charged, driven by the howling storm
Thus roll'd the desert host, and as the flash
Of lurid lightning from its darkness springs
To smite the mountain tower, thus rapid rush'd
The Arab chief for death in Allah's cause,
Panting for paradise ; full in the front
Of that enormous animal he came
Its ample front thick veil'd in crimson pall,
And ponderous blazing with a golden sun
Spread o'er the costly tissue ; fierce to view,
And black and dreadful as a desert goul,
Before the goaded beast the Arab stands,
For martyrdom all eager, high he raised
His sabre bended like the crescent moon,
And as the vast proboscis o'er the ranks
In murderous circle swings, the Arab's blow
Full where the monstrous gristle joins the bone
Smote sheer ; lopp'd the enormous sinew fell,
Spouting with gore and midst a pile of slain,
Instinctive yet with life, and hot with rage,
Round the crush'd limbs, the horrid member curld.

In mortal agony the wounded beast
Rush'd on his foe, bowed his prodigious head
As o'er the waters bows a vessel's stem,
Dash'd through the Arab's breast his ponderous tusk
Toss'd him convulsed in air, and as he fell
To shapeless jelly stamp'd his quivering limbs,
Then o'er him sank, and in a gory flood
Poured from the monstrous wound his bulky life.
While from his throne, in hideous ruin hurl'd,

The gorgeous satrap crush'd and dying fell.

With him fell Persia's standard, never more
In glorious conquest o'er the field to rise,
The massy stem with gold and gems inlaid
Asunder snapp'd, at that ill omcu'd view
The Magi shudder'd and the warriors quailed.
Fled Persia's battle in enormous route.
And wild Arabia shouts its fierce Tuceber
In dreadful clamour, lo through heaven's wide vault,
To hear that cry, portentous of despair,
Black grew the sun, hid in immense eclipse ;
Large, red, and bloody roll'd the affrighted moon ;
Pale shudder'd in their spheres the boding stars,
And with a mighty earthquake's ruin shook
Through all her thousand hills and sandy zones,
And foaming currents, Chosroes vast domain.
While Persia's angel hopeless to resist,
With tears celestial, from his charge withdrew.

The King of Kings heard the immense defeat.
Oh human greatness, let misfortune's storm
Disperse thy gewgaw robes, and what art thou,
Poor wretched mouldering clay. Great Chosroes fled ;
Where now is all his train of subject Kings,—
Of solemn priests,—of satraps golden robed,—
Of warriors as the desert lion limbed,
And bright-eyed beauties ? they are lost and fled
And all is void and dreary : from his throne,
With jewels blazing and on gold reposed,
Faint, solitary through the dismal woods
The monarch flies, his gold-deck'd tissue torn,
His gemm'd tiara shredded and unbound.

Forsaken, famished, still the ruined King

Through woods, through sands, through swamps of deadliest stench,
All spent with labour and with famine sick,
Hastes desperate, none beholds and none befriends,
And lo the wide horizon glares around
With conflagrating cities, and behind
Nearer and nearer, as a rushing flood,
Rolls o'er the precipice, thus o'er the wind
A fearful echo rises, it extends,
It loudens, it pursues, it fills the earth,
And thundering trample shakes the labouring air.
'Tis the fierce desert riders hastening on
To seize the royal fugitive, and lay
His head, bedropp'd with gore, a rich paid prize,
Before the grisly Caliph. As the hare
Sunk on the ground panting and worn with flight,
Convulsed in deadly anguish, when she hears
The nearer bellow of the dreadful hounds,
Starts with faint limbs again, so at the shout
Of the dread riders rising o'er the wind,
With speed more frantic the lost monarch flies ;
Beneath the trees, rash through the tangled brakes.
O'er the rough crags he bursts in wild dismay,
Still onward, onward to the forest's verge,
He hurries, stops ; for there a river rolls
In broad expanse, impossible to pass,
And loud and near the dread pursuers come.

Lo on the bank close to the deep black wave
A fisher, careless of the fate of Kings,
Sang as with busy fingers he repaired
His injured nets, " Hear," cried the fainting King,
" Behold these bracelets deck'd with priceless gems,

This royal ring of purest gold, distinct
With unmatched diamonds, all the wealth is thine,
Loose but thy boat and ferry me across.
I offer all." "What wretched carl art thou,"
The rough boor answer'd, "darest thou offer me
Thy beads of paltry glass? know my just fare;
Four drams of copper, pay the full amount
Or hope no boon from me—hence with thy toys
To cozen children." Yet again, again
The ruined monarch prayed, and for the fare
Proffer'd the jewels of enormous price;
Rude, savage, ignorant the selfish boor
Knew not the wealth, and scorn'd the glaring gems.
Meantime the swift pursuers reach'd the strand
Beheld their prey, rush'd on the hapless King,
And by a desert scymitar was slain
The last of ancient Chosroe's royal name.

Fallen is proud Persia's realm, and where shall next
The desert riders bend their fierce career,
Say for the ravening robbers of the waste
Were Chosroe's ample realms sufficient prey,
And all the treasures of the golden East.
Ah no! ye Christian Barons blush to hear,
Let each baptized earl for valour famed
Withdraw the glories of his honoured house,
And o'er his arms involve a darkening veil,
To hear with soul abashed the foulest stain
That blots the honours of the Christian name.
When Israel's princely angel throned in Heaven
Dropt from immortal eyes a Seraph's tear,
And to the great destroying dragon's power
Resigned that holy land by heaven approved—

Land of our loved Religion, chosen out
Where the great deed on Calvary was done,
And sinful man's redemption was atchieved
Say could not all the Christian Kings that lead
Myriads baptized, their peers of high-born pride—
Their hosts resistless arm'd, their thundering fleets,
And all broad Christendom's collected power,
Save from the insults of the dark Koran,
The sacred ~~earth~~ of their Redeemer's tomb.
Oh sad to tell ! the false apostate's vane
Waves o'er the courts of Zion's chosen hill,
O'er each recorded spot where David ruled,
And our adored Redeemer walked with men.
And that false creed blasphemes the worthy bounds
Of sacred Calvary and loved Bethlehem.
Barons baptized ! ye armed not to oppose—
Ye Christian kings beheld, and let it be.
Oh pardon gracious Heaven while thus I pour
My heart's warm feelings, if by thy decree
To me 'twere given what Death 'tis mine to die,
This should I choose with rapture, mail begirt,
Bound to my breast the Gospel's sacred page,
And on my shield displayed the square red cross.
'Midst the hot siege, leading a gallant troop
Through routed squadrons of apostate foes,
To mount o'er loved Jerusalem's won walls.
Mine should it be to yield my spirit there.
Mine should it be exulting there to die,
And pour my latest breath as o'er her towers,
Life's final struggle waved the red cross sign.

THE PILGRIM OF GYAH.

BY JAMES HUTCHINSON, ESQ.

'Tis now nearly three centuries, since in the midst of one of those beautiful and sequestered valleys, which are so often to be found in Central India, stood the happy mansion of the Rajah Asmann Singh. The country around it, it is true, was not very highly cultivated; but it possessed such qualities as nature generally gives to make amends for the want of fertility; it was beautiful, it was picturesque, and it abounded with game. To the south the prospect was bounded by a chain of hills of moderate altitude, which peeped over each other, and through intervening vistas, more and more mellowed in their tints as they receded from the view. To the north rose one huge barrier, in the shape of a barren crag of immense height, here and there partially covered with brushwood, at the top of which stretched away the higher table-land of Central India. In the middle of the valley a small stream took its course. This in the rainy season foamed along, an object both of beauty and interest; but during the summer months, little of it remained but its sandy bed, in which the villagers were wont to sink temporary wells of wicker work, in order to procure a scanty supply of the necessary element. Here and there indeed, where the soil was less pervious, or more rocky, the water would collect in pools, or even trickle in a feeble stream; such spots, however, especially if shaded with brushwood, were particularly avoided; for there the tiger too often makes his lair, not only to slake his own thirst, during the extreme heat, but to lie in wait for those animals, wild or domestic, which are drawn thither for a similar purpose.

The residence of the Rajah, stood near the northern boundary of the valley, and not far from the stream we have described. It consisted of a square or quadrangle of buildings, about four hundred yards in length, each way, surrounded by stone defences, and a formidable moat or ditch. The edifices were of various aspects, religious, war-like, or domestic, according to the purposes for which they were intended ; but all were blended into an harmonious whole by the rich and perpetual verdure of the trees, with which they were interspersed. In short, it was at the same time both the Rajah's palace and his fort ; although the frequent loop-hole for the ginjal and matchlock might better have entitled it to the latter appellation. In the rear of this, about a mile to the northward, on a detached hill of the crag or barrier which we have described, stood what may be considered the family chapel. The natives of India take advantage of every opportunity to build their altars on high places, and it was only after an ascent of more than five hundred steps of solid masonry, that the temple in question could be reached. Formerly, from the ruggedness of the ascent, it had been all but inaccessible, and this magnificent ghaut*, for such it was esteemed by the natives, had gained Asmaun Singh's father, by whom it was constructed, a high place in the recollections of his people, and in the short genealogical history of his house. The chapel itself had not much to recommend it, as far as external appearance was concerned. Ascending a step or two, was a mean vestibule or antichamber, and detached from this, in a small dark crypt, which constituted the lower portion of the spire of the building, was placed a rude image, cut in a dark-coloured stone. It represented a figure

* A pass in a hilly country, an ascent, or flight of steps

half lion and half man, tearing a human being in pieces. This was Nursing, or the man-lion, one of the nine Avatars of the god Vishnoo, which have appeared on earth; for the tenth, or Kalkee, which we would be apt to compare to the appearance of death on the pale horse, foretold in our own scriptures, has yet to come, at the general consummation.

The family of the Rajah consisted of one daughter, of whom we shall have occasion to say more hereafter, and of one son, who was yet little more than an infant. Their mother was still alive, and it was whispered through her haughty spirit, added but little to the domestic comforts of the Rajah; be that as it may, both agreed in doating on as lovely an offspring, as ever crowned the hymenial labours of any couple.

Luchmee, for such was the daughter's name, was now about sixteen years of age, and eminently beautiful. Her countenance was fair, and seemed still more so, when contrasted with a profusion of the finest hair of the deepest jet, femininely braided on her polished forehead, or sporting in the winds behind her, unfettered, save by a single fillet, and the natural flowers with which she was wont to ornament it. Her eye was large and dark, and capable of expressing the finest emotions of the soul. Every different mood of the mind would at times flit across her eloquent features; but on the whole the prevailing expression was that of a high-spirited but good-hearted girl. Her person was tall, straight, and graceful, as the cypress, symmetrically elegant in its proportions, and guided by a grace and ease of manner, to which even the daughters of the aristocracy of northern realms seldom attain.

The father of this lovely girl was a plain robust man, apparently now about forty years of age. The buoyancy

and elasticity of youth were gone, and the blank gray, which was now pretty freely mingled in his hair, showed that the best of life was past; still the fire and resolution of his keen black eye sufficiently evinced, that he was yet, as capable as ever of martial enterprize. Circumstances had called the Rajah but little into the tented field, and his life had principally been passed like that of a country gentleman in the East, and perhaps not unlike that of a feudal baron in our own country, in the good old times. The wassail roar of bacchanalian orgies, it is true, was denied to him; but the pleasures of the temperate feast were not, and to these the cadence of the wild and simple airs of his country from the voice and sitar of the family minstrel Neetec Singh gave a higher and more intellectual relish.

The Rajah's time was passed in hearing reports from the different parts of his territories, relating to their freedom from foreign aggression, and their internal tranquillity; to the ravages committed by tigers or other wild beasts, and to the more extensively felt miseries resulting from excessive droughts; and lastly, in hearing the appeals of his tenantry from the orders of his dewan or steward. These duties occupied his graver hours; his leisure was spent in the pleasures of the chase, in hawking, or in tiger hunting. Of the latter Asmaun Singh was particularly fond. Sometimes, like our ancestors, he would form the tinchel, surrounding a certain portion of jungle with horsemen and persons on foot, some armed with swords and shields, some with matchlocks, some with clubs or bludgeons, some with bhullums or spears, some with bhulwas or battle axes; in short, with almost every sort of offensive weapon, which the ingenuity of man has yet invented.

On grand occasions of the kind, besides the immediate retainers of the Rajah, the inhabitants of the adjacent villages would be collected to assist at and to partake of the amusement. Having surrounded the ground, the beaters would approach near, and more near, narrowing the circle enclosed, and driving the game before them with the wildest shoutings, and the discharge of fire-arms; until according to the nature of the ground, the game was either forced through a narrow gorge, or against a central net, so placed, as to impede their escape, close to which the sportsmen were securely posted, either on raised platforms, or in the adjoining trees.

At other times, more like a true sportsman, he would sally forth with his retinue mounted on elephants to seek the tiger in his lair, in the grass jungle, by the shady bank of some stagnant stream, and generally not far from the haunts of men. Well does the elephant know when he approaches this scene of conflict on such occasions; loud trumpetings betoken his alarm, and his unwillingness to proceed, and it is only the hardier and better trained of these animals, that can be at all induced to await the charge of their assailants.

In such like sports had Asmaun Singh hitherto continued to while away the greater portion of his time. It is true, the order of this happy but monotonous sort of life was occasionally varied by a warlike expedition on a small scale, against some refractory farmer of his revenues, who refused to forward his tribute, and bade him defiance from his fortalice or Gurhee; at other times the Rajah was called upon to muster his retainers in defence of his frontier, when some of his unruly neighbours threatened to carry off the crops of some of his border farmers, which had pro-

bably not yet been sufficiently long in the possession of his family, to prevent their being considered as debatable property.

Such had been the tenor of the Rajah's life, and such it promised to continue ; when it was suddenly altered by a circumstance apparently unimportant. This was neither more nor less than the death of his aged mother, whom we have not thought it necessary to introduce more particularly to the reader. She was a pious Rajpoot princess, and on her death-bed, after offering up every prayer to the gods, for the happiness of her son, and the prosperity of his rule, she requested him as a last favor to perform the pilgrimage to Gyah for the rest of her soul, and that of her departed lord. Asmaun Singh was one of the most affectionate of sons ; he listened and promised to obey, although the journey was not unaccompanied by dangers, and although he could ill afford to be absent from his principality at so unsettled a period. There was no help, however, he had made the promise, and he prepared to perform it.

It was determined that the Ranee should remain as regent of the principality, and that the beautiful Luchmee should accompany her father. Nothing was now heard but the note of preparation.—The number of armed followers was greatly increased, and the clang of the blacksmith and armourer seldom intermitted. The state elephants were got ready and newly caparisoned, every camel was put in requisition, every bullock, and every means of conveyance, from the lordly howdah, to the humble doolee or litter, and the still humbler chuckrah, or cart drawn by oxen ; the rudeness of which however was not unfrequently in some measure compensated by the costliness and elegance of the canopy which surmounted it, and concealed its inmates.

A considerable portion of the Rajah's tenantry, in the various guises of camp-followers, was destined to be sharers in his pilgrimage. There was but one thing more, and that was to make a pretty deep draft on the revenues of his state, and the Rajah was ready to depart. The Ranee had not the highest opinion of the talents of her lord, and it was not without much anxiety and much good advice, that the beautiful Luchmee was permitted to accompany him. The affectionate mother, to make assurance doubly sure, appointed several of her own female servants, in whom she had the most confidence, to attend on her daughter, and the old minstrel Neetee Singh was permitted to amuse her on her journey, with his hundred tales of legendary lore.

All was now ready, and with one more valediction from the Ranee, alike indicative of her distrust of her lord, and the affection which she bore to her daughter, the cavalcade moved forward. Twenty or thirty horsemen formed the advanced guard, then came the Rajah and his principal officers mounted on elephants, and surrounded by their armed attendants on horseback. At some little distance, filled with a few intervening stragglers, followed another armed posse, and in the centre of it, the litters and carriages, which contained the females closely concealed. Behind this, straggled for miles a long line of loaded camels, elephants, carts, bullocks, ponies, and every sort of baggage conveyance, interspersed here and there, with small parties of horsemen in no regular uniform, nor even uniformly armed; but having in general the sword, the shield, and the lance. The line of march of this little army was rendered still more desultory by the state of the high-ways. In those periods of which we write any thing like a high road in that part of India was unknown, and the great tracts of commerce, if such

indeed they could be called, were little more than mere pathways, which were more frequently to be traced by the tufts of cotton, which had adhered to the furze or bushes by the road side, as cattle laden with that article passed by, than by any mark of human care, or labour. It is true, that from time to time, the extensive and straggling droves of Bunjarrah cattle, laden with grain, iron, or other article of internal traffic, which they met, served to satisfy our travellers, that they were in the right tract. The country, through which they passed, had but little to recommend it. There were no rivers of considerable size to serve as vents for its commerce, and the roads we have seen were all but impracticable for wheeled carriages. The country was besides indifferently watered, and these adverse circumstances, coupled with the unsettled state of society prevailing, had given to that part of India the appearance of a country, which had been destroyed by military ravage. The villages were only half inhabited, and the greater portion of the houses unroofed, awaiting but the recurrence of one or two rainy seasons to level and resolve them once more with their native earth. Extensive open areas were not uncommon, which were probably once cultivated; but these were now covered by a neglected crop of withered grass or hay. The frequent flocks of the different species of deer, which were to be seen in the distance, likewise showed, that these solitudes were but little broken in upon by the human race.

The Rajah was received by the several princes, through whose states he passed, with civility and distinction. A trifling capitation tax was sometimes demanded on his cattle, or rather on their burthens, the only sort of custom duty which was then collected; but this was more generally

remitted, when the rank of the traveller, and the object of his journey, were known. The Rajah was now approaching the valley of the Ganges, and all his followers were eagerly on the look-out to catch the first glimpse of that magnificent river, which is regarded with veneration by every Hindoo, of whatever sect. At last they reached the top of the pass, by which they were to descend into the plain—the river rolled beneath them, nor were they disappointed in their expectations ; even there, at the distance of five hundred miles from its mouth, it was still worthy of itself. “ The Ganges,” “ the Ganges,” burst from every lip, and each pressed forward with redoubled energy, to quaff its waters, and to bathe in the consecrated stream. We can scarcely be surprized, that the natives of India should regard with such deep interest and reverence a river which is navigable for a thousand miles, which bestows fertility on their plains, which wafts their commerce from province to province, and from town to town, and which alas ! may be said to be the universal sepulchre of those, who dwell upon its banks.

The portion of the valley of the Ganges alluded to, which has now been for so many years in a state of tranquillity, and which may be said to have generally been so, when compared with the rest of India, was at that time dreadfully convulsed. The temporary and rival kingdoms of Jounpore, Behar, and Gaur had almost alternately sprung up, and disappeared ; sometimes before the arms of some inferior potentate, at others, before those of the emperor of Hindoosthan himself, whose authority, though occasionally contemned, may be said to have been generally recognised throughout the country. At the moment of which we write, Ferid Soor, afterwards the celebrated emperor Shere Shah, was in the commencement of his brilliant career, and the

country, through which the Rajah had now to pass, was the theatre of his infant exploits. The Rajah's, however, was a peaceful errand, and he flattered himself, that both it, and his own rank would be respected. He could have wished indeed, for her own sake, that he had left the beautiful Luchmee with her mother ; and yet even in that barbarous age, the presence of some of the females of his family was probably a greater safeguard to the Rajah, than all his military followers. Asmaun Singh, now entered on the tract of broken ground, which lies between the town of Mirzapore and the fortress of Chunar. Every where he found the ferries and passes in the possession of strong military guards, but in no place did he encounter any molestation or impediment to his progress. At last, the fortress burst upon his view, frowning from its rocky eminence over the expanse of waters, which swept its base in silvery brightness. Asmaun Singh had scarcely time to admire the beauty of the prospect, when messengers arrived to welcome him, on the part of the governor of the fortress. This was no other than Jellal, the favorite son of the Emperor Shere. On the Rajah's arrival, visits of ceremony passed between the chiefs, and these formed but the commencement of an interchange of good offices, which at last procured Jellal the happiness of being introduced to the beautiful Luchmee. The new friends were soon so mutually pleased with each other, that Jellal begged to be allowed to accompany the Rajah to Sasseram ; at which place his father then held his scarcely less than regal court. Jellal's offer was cordially accepted, and both parties bade adieu for a time to the fortress of Chunar. The order of the march continued as before. The moving concourse of human beings was of course greatly augmented by the princely

retinue of Jellal. The Rajah sometimes mounted his Dukhnee charger, to enjoy the company of his young friend; but more frequently he preferred his howdah, as better calculated to gratify that love of ease and indolence, which had already begun to grow upon him. Jellal was yet but in the spring of manhood, and he was never to be seen, but mounted on one of his own noble steeds of the breed of Kabul or Turkistan. If the lovely Luchmee were visible or accessible, he was by her side; or if he were less fortunate, he was to be seen guiding and urging on his fretting steed, at no great distance from her litter, in hopes of attracting her attention, or of finding an opportunity of being once more in her presence. At first Luchmee seldom mounted her palfrey; but as they continued their journey, whether the monotony of a covered litter had become more irksome to her, or whether she had found allurements in the conversation of Jellal, hitherto unknown, she was now more frequently on horseback than before.

The order of their march was as follows: In the afternoon, as the heat of the day began to decline, the road towards the new encampment became animated with groups of travellers, whom the hope of mutual protection and assistance induced to associate together. These generally consisted of a portion of the domestic attendants of the chiefs and principal officers, and of the sutlers, who supplied the camp with the necessaries or luxuries of life. Pursuing their journey, at such a pace as their loaded cattle would permit, they generally arrived at the ground marked out for the new encampment, by midnight. Their labours were then over for a time, and like men without care, they laid themselves down on the ground, with the heavens above them for their canopy, and tran-

quilly slept away the remainder of the night. Day-break woke them once more to toil.¹ The tents were now to be pitched, the fires lighted, and the morning's repast prepared, by the time their masters should arrive. The latter did not generally arise from their slumbers till the approach of day-break ; their retinues were already waiting, mounted on their fretting chargers, and the chiefs, leaping on their steeds, pursued their way, so as to arrive at the new encampment before the sun's rays had become so powerful, as to be hurtful or unpleasant. The remaining portion of the camp, consisting of the suites of sleeping and banquetting tents, and the splendid samianahs, which had witnessed the revels and the dance of the preceding evening, was now struck. We are not to imagine, however, that all were so sumptuously accommodated ; on the contrary, in addition to those we have already described, were to be found tents of every humbler description, from the small markee of the inferior officer, to the mere blanket stretched across a stick, in the form of a pentroof, which afforded its scanty protection to the female companion of the sutler, or menial. Humble or princely, every temporary domicile was now alike to be thrown down and loaded. The hum of preparation increased. At one moment were to be heard rough rude voices of men pouring forth abuse in no measured strains, and at another, the softer, yet scarce more placid, notes of woman, mixed with the helpless cry of infancy. Here the elephant growled, as he received, what he appeared to consider too heavy a load ; and there the bellowsings of the camel, like the cries wrung by pain and suffering, fell more harshly on the ear. When put in motion, however, all went cheerily. The road, wherever the eye could trace its different windings, was occupied with this migration. The

elephants, from their quicker pace and greater strength, generally occupied the van, and with their bells swinging to and fro, and ringing as they went, proceeded with alacrity and cheerfulness, inspiring the weary and faint hearted with hope and encouragement. The camel, in strings of ten or twelve, with his head high in air, and apparently never once looking before him, but blindly following his leader, went forward more slowly, and with a greater appearance of suffering and endurance. Behind these, followed men and women, mounted on tattoos or ponies, and on foot. Some were even to be seen astride of bullocks, which proceeded with their leaders at no contemptible pace. Behind all, followed loaded hackeries, which were pretty sure to stick fast in every ditch, nullah, or streamlet, through which they had to pass. Interspersed amid this strange concourse, as if to make it still more motley, might be seen the Dooreeah, with his master's dogs in leash, the Shikaree with his hawks on perch, or the humble bheestee trudging along, with his half-filled water-skins on his back, and many other retainers of the great in India, to whom the customs and manners of the west offer no similitude or parallel. The whole were generally in high spirits, save when some little disaster of the march excited the irascibility of the party concerned, to the no small amusement of his fellow travellers. Some sang aloud, inspiring themselves, and those around them with cheerfulness; while others, by their jibes and jests, and the happy effects which they produced, showed that they had not unsuccessfully cultivated the study of some eastern jest book.

The daring and adventurous admired the expert horsemanship and the martial bearing of Jellal; while some of softer mood, envied more his dalliance with the beautiful

Luchmee. The young and reckless heeded little of her faith ; but the more sober and reflecting, need I say, those, who had seen more summers, talked mysteriously and gravely, of the noble Jellal connecting himself with a strange woman, and an unbeliever. The few matches, which intervene along the flat country between the fortress of Chunar and Sasseram, were soon passed—too soon perhaps in the opinion of some ; for Luchmee, who by this time, began to feel deeply interested in Jellal, dreaded, that with that place, her acquaintance with him would terminate. She had gazed upon him, till his image was implanted in her breast, as on a mirror ; save that it could not pass away. There it was, and there she felt it must remain, until that mirror were crumbled into dust. She had dreamt, that Jellal might not be indifferent to her ; but she had scarcely dared to hope, far less did she suspect the havoc, which her image was then making in his breast. Absent or present, it was with him as his shadow, and oh ! more than that, for the shadow is thrown, but in the sun-beam ; but her memory was ever present. It was the last thought to vanish from his pillow, in the unconsciousness of sleep—it was the first to rise upon his dreams, and morning woke him again, but to hope, to doubt, to dread, and to despair. With what regret did he now look back upon the indiscretions of his youth, which, though not greater than those of other young men, he was now disposed to magnify, and oh ! how earnestly did he desire, that she could gaze into his heart, and see how much there was yet there to be esteemed, and to be loved ; that she could know the vows, which he had made in respect to the future, and those he had already carried into effect, so soon as he had entertained a dream, a hope, that he should yet possess so

inestimable a treasure : but that thought was madness, it was ecstacy, and it was misery at the same moment, as the different shades of hope flitted almost imperceptibly across his mind. Could it be possible, he pondered with himself, that she could reject his suit, if she were aware how sincerely, how deeply he was enamoured of her ? How whatever he might possess, should be equally her's, nay, that he himself should be her slave, the humblest of her menials ?—and then as a dream of ambition would pass across his mind, he thought of the eminence to which he might raise her, and how her name, coupled with his, might yet descend with honor, through all time. Again, in more subdued and mellowed mood, he thought of the domestic quiet and happiness, he might enjoy with her ; the mutual participations in each other's amusements and recreations ; the reward he might receive in her society, for the less happy years of life ; and lastly, the father's hope rose upon his mind, that he might yet see his features, with milder lineaments, in their youthful progeny. All this was yet in the hands of the great Disposer of Events.

They had now arrived at Sasseram, where Jellal's father, the celebrated Shere, then held his court ; though still pretending a sort of nominal allegiance to the Emperor at Delhi. Jellal lost little time in introducing the Rajah to his father. They found him seated in a spacious and beautifully ornamented apartment of a palace, which he had just built. Shere was rather above the middle stature, and bore the marks of having been handsome in his youth ; but the hey-day of life was on the wane, and the dull gray had begun to mix freely in his hair and flowing beard. The expression of his countenance was grave, touched with a dash of sentiment, which perhaps might have approached

to melancholy, but for the fire of a keen black eye, which betokened a mind more bent on action, than on contemplation. He wore his turban, with a few folds so disposed in front, as to form a sort of peak or shade ; the rest rose high to the crown, which was surmounted in front by a small heron's plume, beautifully set in brilliants. Around his turban was festooned a carcanet of costly pearls, and these were the only jewels, which he wore, with the exception of those on the hilts of his sabre and kanjar. Two or three secretaries were seated on the floor, around the apartment, and to some of these he was, from time to time, dictating dispatches : while ever and anon, he directed his eye to some object at a distance, in which he seemed to be deeply interested. This was the splendid mausoleum, which he was then erecting for the reception of his own remains ; for the final repose of one, to whom, in life, rest was comparatively unknown. Shere received his visitors in a manner pleasing to both. To the Rajah, he expressed the pleasure it had given him, to be able to render a portion of his journey, more safe and agreeable than it otherwise might have been. With the object of his friend's travels, he seemed to be perfectly acquainted, and he congratulated him on the assistance, he should be able to afford him, in his farther progress, from the whole of the province of Behar having recently submitted to his authority. The Rajah could not be otherwise than highly pleased with his reception, and Shere did not fail to improve the favorable impression he had made, by returning the Rajah's visit the following day, in great pomp. He was attended by a select portion of his troops, and by the Khás Russalah or body guard with their military band. These remained without doors ; while in the antechamber, the heralds

and inferior officers of state took up their stations. Shere himself, with Jellal, was introduced to the Rajah in an inner apartment: coffee and the choicest sherbets were handed round, and the beautiful Luchmee did not hesitate, by her presence, to add ornament and interest to the entertainment. Shere was delighted with her unaffected grace and simplicity, and by his frequent quotations from his favorite poet Sadi, showed that his heart was not yet unsusceptible of the finer emotions. The choicest notes of the musicians, which were wont to afford such pleasure, were now unattended to, save as a subject of remark; and even the voices of the heralds, who from time to time, with all the circumstance of military pomp, proclaimed aloud the titles of the new and self-constituted Emperor, fell coldly on his ear. Shere's mind, however, was already too much occupied to think long or deeply of love, and perhaps he was practised enough to observe, that the attentions of Luchmee were paid to him, more on Jellal's account than on his own. It was a matter of no great consequence to Shere; he was pleased at the moment, and he had little time to think of any thing beyond it; withal, however, he was unaffectedly kind. He pressed the Rajah to remain with him for a few days, and as an inducement to compliance, offered to accompany him, a few marches, as he would then be going, he said, to visit his fortress at Rhotas. The Rajah consented, and during the few remaining days of their stay, the beautiful Luchmee, accompanied by Jellal, was daily on horseback, examining every spot of romantic beauty or interest in the vicinity. These, it is true, were few; but the creations of Shere's own hand, or rather of his *fiat*, were well worthy of their admiration. His splendid mausoleum was then nearly

completed ; but continued to occupy the greater number of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood. Some were employed in the adjacent hills, in quarrying the beautiful sandstone, of which it is composed ; some in the tedious process of conveying the ponderous materials ; some in building, and the humbler orders of workmen, including women and children, in excavating the large artificial reservoir of water, in the midst of which it is erected. I say *is* erected ; for this colossal structure is still standing, and in the centre of a dome about seventy feet in diameter, and upwards of two hundred in height, now holds the ashes of him, who at the period of which we are writing, *was* literally a host of passions. The long and narrow bridge, which once connected the building with the shore, has now fallen, and the curious traveller, who desires to visit the last abode of Shere, must consent to be wafted across this earthly Styx, on a frail raft, constructed of earthen water-pots, towed along by two sable but expert swimmers*. But to resume ; the evenings of this happy party were devoted to such slender repasts, as their different religious creeds would permit them to partake of, in each other's presence. Sherbets of every various kind were handed round, and the sober juice of Mocha's berry. The seniors were eagerly occupied in discussions on the politics and aspects of the times, which neither Jellal nor Luchmee felt much inclination to interrupt. They found a perfect happiness in each other's society, and if the hours fled at all with flagging wing, there was the Sitar of Neetee Singh, alike powerful

* Several of the members of Shere's family are entombed in the vicinity of Sasseram in mausoleums of similar, but smaller proportions.

to awake the deepest sympathy, or to lead the Nautch-girls through the graceful mazes of the dance.

The time of their sojourn at Sasseram had now expired, and the Emperor Shere and the whole party set forward to visit his palace at Rhotas. The multitude of persons, who followed in their train, had now multiplied to an army, and a degree of regularity hitherto unknown, began to be observed in pitching their encampments. Guns from time to time announced the appointed hours for prayer, and these were seconded by the exhortations of the Moullah, and by the call of the Muwuzzun. Those less observant of their religious duties, at such times, merely bent their heads, and muttered, Bismillah. Some played with their Malahs or rozaries, whose hearts were far away; while many might be seen with their faces turned to the west, on their knees, with their bent foreheads touching the ground, adoring the majesty of the setting sun, not indeed as a deity; but as indicating the direction in which they conceived the blessed Cáába to be situated.

In these religious exercises the Hindoo of course took no share. When a leisure hour permitted, he adorned his idol* or household god, with flowers and garlands, and after offering up his orisons, he sought to propitiate him with the music of the conch or sacred shell. Having done this, he prepared and purified his hearth, cooked his frugal meal, and before partaking of it himself, presented it as an offering to the deity, whom he worshipped.

The route of this vast concourse, at first lay along the crags, which form the confines of the table-land of that part of India, till they reached the valley of the Soane. The

* Generally a small brazen image, apparently similar, if not the same, with the Lares of the ancients.

hills then receded to the right, and the *lushkur* or army continued to pursue its journey between them, and the crystal waters of the river. The evening found them at the city of Tilowto, and there they halted for the night. An easy march the following morning, brought them to a considerable town, at the bottom of the fortress of Rhotas.

It was impossible to survey the scene before them without awe and astonishment. On gazing up to the top of this vast height, no fortress or building of any sort could be observed, save on one spot, where a small temple of delicate proportions appeared to totter over the precipice. The huge cliffs or barrier rose before them in solemn and imposing majesty, beetling over the Soane, and the fertile valley through which it takes its course. No situation can possibly be conceived to be more impregnable, and accordingly Rhotas-Ghur can be traced as a place of strength for upwards of six hundred years before the birth of our Saviour. It is built, not on a mere hill, but on a huge detached portion of the highest table-land of India, containing at top a square area of at least ten miles. On two-thirds of its circumference, it projects into the valley underneath in bold relief, and on the remainder, it is separated from the adjacent table-land by a huge chasm, or deeply wooded glen of some miles in breadth, through which a streamlet takes its course. There were but three foot-paths or Ghauts, as they are termed, which led to the top of this vast height, and these were of so abrupt and difficult a nature, as to be almost insurmountable of themselves, and utterly preclude an enemy from entering against the slightest opposition or resistance. The ascent occupied nearly two miles in length. To the height of about twelve hundred feet, it was gradual; but after that, the rock rose for nearly

three hundred feet, as perpendicularly as if it had been scarped by the hand of man. The sides of this mountain, if such it can be called, were everywhere clothed towards its base with impervious woods, which were then, and still are so infested with tigers and other beasts of prey, that no traveller could venture to pass through them, unarmed and unaccompanied. After the party had satisfied themselves in viewing the exterior of the fortress, they prepared to ascend, and this they were obliged to do on foot, with the exception of Luchmee, who with great difficulty was conveyed up in her litter. Sometimes her bearers moved along narrow ledges of rock, where the slip of a foot would have insured destruction, and yet she felt no alarm, except for Jellal, who all along continued to walk faithfully by her side. After the perilous ascent, Luchmee alighted from her litter, and could not help being struck with the romantic beauty of the spot. The fields were apparently of boundless extent, undulating with luxurious swell, and covered with beautiful woodlands and orchards, waving in a cool and refreshing breeze, that inspired new life and vigor into every vein. To look downwards from this vast height, excited feelings both of terror and delight; terror at the dreadful and unbroken descent; and delight, as the eye was directed to the magnificent Soane rolling his mass of crystal waters, through the wide-spreading valley, which they fertilized. Jellal anxious to show Luchmee the beauties of that portion of the domain, which he considered more particularly his own, hurried her along with him; meanwhile the Rajah and Shere followed more leisurely behind. Shere listened with delight, as the Rajah descanted on the great strength and romantic beauty of the place; while the Rajah was no less entertained with Shere's humorous account

of the successful stratagem, by which he obtained possession of the place. As Shere said, they were but rough wooers and burly beldames, whom he sent to the Rajah Ber-kis*. At the top of the ascent, the Rajah and Shere found horses waiting them, and proceeded at a quiet pace towards the palace, which was about a mile distant from them. On every hand gardens and orchards were cultivated, stocked with the mango and the choicest fruit trees of India. Villages were to be seen scattered here and there, the husbandmen were busy at the wells, irrigating their crops, and now and then the maidens tripped lightly and gracefully along from the adjacent tanks, with their water-pots delicately poised upon their heads. In short Rhotas Ghur contained within itself a little empire secluded from the world, where happiness might have been delighted to dwell, if he be indeed a denizen of earth. The palace itself was a beautiful and extensive pile of building, consisting of four different squares or quadrangles, in which resided the several branches of the imperial family. The state-rooms were spacious and elegant, and there was no lack of those private passages, which are so generally to be found in the palaces of the East, and which generally lead to the haram or forbidden apartments. During the less sultry hours of the morning and evening, the Rajah accompanied Shere in reviewing his troops, in visiting his military cantonments, or the bazar, if an extensive town filled with every different sort of artizan can be called so, in which the note of military preparation was never silent for a moment. These hours were spent by Luchmee and Jel-lal far differently ; they were spent in a dream of ecstasy

* For an account of the mode in which Shere obtained possession of the fortress of Rhotas, vide Dow's Hindoosthan, vol. II. p. 177.

in the beautiful gardens attached to the palace. The trees blushed in all the bloom and promise of fruitfulness, or drooped under the massy harvest of the year. Birds of the most beautiful plumage flitted from bough to bough, while others less gaudily arrayed, enchanted them with the rich volume of their notes. The very fishes of the tank partook of the holiday ; for Luchmee had been accustomed to feed them in her native vale, and at the appointed signal, the finny tribe were to be seen approaching the flight of steps on which she had taken her seat, hovering about on the surface of the water, in expectation of the promised banquet. Some days had passed along in this manner, alas ! too delightfully to last, and Shere began to suspect, that Jellal's heart was more deeply engaged, than in paying the common rites of hospitality. He had even rallied his son with some asperity on the subject, insomuch, that the charitable did not hesitate to say, that he had a slight partiality for the youthful Luchmee himself. His attentions to her, on all occasions since they met, had been most assiduous ; but of late he was observed to recur more frequently to the beauties of his favorite Sadi, and generally to have become of a more mild and contemplative character. The change, it is said, did not escape the inmates of his own haram, and may be conceived not greatly to have added to his domestic quiet at the time. Be that as it may, Shere was unwilling, that his favorite son Jellal should connect himself with Luchmee, high born as she was ; he likewise felt a good deal for his guest, to whom he knew, that an attachment of the sort could not be otherwise than distressing, intermarriages between Hindoos and Mahomedans being almost unknown, except in the different branches of the imperial family. Jellal had as yet,

however, given proof by no overt act of any such attachment, and Shere was inclined to hope, that all might yet be well. He was not long, however, in being undeceived. One morning Luchmee and Jellal had sauntered forth into the garden as usual. Their conversation had been of a mixed nature, at times betraying considerable emotion, strangely intermixed with a seeming perverse frowardness. The sun's rays had now begun to be oppressive and disagreeable, and both returned to the palace to spend the remainder of the day, until the evening should again liberate them from their confinement. Nothing had passed that morning between Luchmee and Jellal, that indicated any unusual degree of attachment on either side. There was a want, they knew not what; they were restless in the society of each other, and wretched and forlorn when separated. In this frame of mind, they had arrived together at the foot of the great staircase, where they were about to part, Luchmee to retire to her own apartments in the haram, and Jellal to join the other members of the family of his own sex. Yet still they lingered ere they would separate, and Jellal was endeavouring to persuade Luchmee to accompany him, if but for half an hour. To second his entreaties, he playfully seized her hand, with the intention of pulling her along with him. In a moment, and when least expected, poor Luchmee fell into his arms, and there she remained locked in his embrace. A thousand and a thousand burning kisses did he implant on her lips, again and again did he press her madly to his breast; but no word escaped the fulness of their hearts. They were too deeply absorbed in that ecstasy of bliss to think for a moment on any subject: they were become the mere children of impulse. Oh! it was enough to drive distraction to the

heart, to be convinced of that, at once, which he had so often doubted in anguish and in misery ; to be satisfied of its truth beyond the possibility of doubt, not by mere confession or assertion, which might have been put forth to serve the purpose of the moment, but by a burst of passion, which no actor, however skilful, could ever simulate. To have within his arms, and locked in his embrace, all they ever wished to hold, that maddening form ; to have that bosom, which held all that Hope had ever promised him, reclining upon his ; to have that cheek, pressed to his cheek, and that lip to his lip ; Oh ! it was an agony of bliss, which few have known, and which those who have once, can never know again.

At length they broke from each other ; but mark ! Jellal now no longer entreated Luchmee to accompany him ; they burst from each other, like guilty things, each to follow his own way, mad with bliss ; but tormented with the thought that they had committed some inexpiable sin.

“ In that absorbing kiss ; perhaps more blest,

Than vulgar minds may be, with all they seek possess.”

When Jellal joined the party in the sitting-room, he found it impossible to conceal his emotion. His look was like the unsettled suspicion of the maniac glancing from eye to eye, as if to inquire, if all were right and undetected. Shere was not slow to discover, that there was something very unusual in his son's manner, and the replies of Jellal did not give him much additional cause for satisfaction. Shere had all along suspected the attachment ; but now he was convinced of it, beyond the possibility of doubt. He expressed to the Rajah the regret he felt, that it should have sprung up to cause their mutual uneasiness, particularly at a time, when he was residing

as a guest under his roof; he promised however that it should cease, and that too instantly—vain, foolish mortal! vain to suppose, that he could control or change the feelings of the heart, and foolish not to know, that where the affections are once firmly fixed, to thwart and disappoint them is but to entail endless misery on the object, whom we love, and whom we desire to serve.

In accordance with Shere's determination, Jellal was ordered to return forthwith to his government at Chunar, and this he was constrained to do; but not until he had contrived to procure one more interview with Luchmee. They met at dusk in the garden, and the renewal of their endearments was only saddened by the prospect, that it might be for the last time. Luchmee in the tenderness of her heart repeated to Jellal a distich from the poet of Shiraz, not unlike that of Scotia's favorite bard—

“ Oh! why should fate such pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining,
Or, why so fair a flower as Love
Depend on fortune shining ?”

Ah! Jellal, Jellal, she exclaimed, in an agony of tears, this is indeed a bitter cup; but if you will promise never to forsake me, it may at least serve to mitigate my sorrow. Jellal pressed her to his bosom, and swore eternal truth to her. He bade her be mindful of him, and faithful to her promises, and that, if they were on earth, they should meet again, and that too among the very scenes where they now were. The rest he desired her to confide to him.

Next morning Jellal departed. For some days Luchmee clung to the spot, sauntering about listless and sorrowful, visiting the scenes she had contemplated in company with Jellal, and recalling to her recollection every object,

that had been a witness of her happiness. At last sorrow became too sorrowful, and she became desirous of leaving a place, where every object but served to remind her of her unhappiness. Amid this cheerless gloom, a ray of hope would occasionally break in to console her, with the thought, that their parents would yet relent, and that her fate might be at last united with the fortunes of Jellal.

Asmaun Singh now set forward to prosecute his pilgrimage. Every precaution, which the kindness of his host could suggest, was adopted to secure his comfort and convenience on the march; mandates were despatched to the several stations through which he had to pass, directing every article of supply to be ready for his camp. The governors of the several towns and districts were ordered to pay him distinguished honors; and to show still more the interest which Shere took in his guest, he gave him a portion of his own guard, as an honorary escort. To Luchmee, among other costly jewels, he gave a necklace of the beautiful agates, which are found in the bed of the Soane, to remind her, as he said, of the happy days she had spent, and of the fond friends, she had left upon its banks. Luchmee accepted it with tears, and said, she was sure she never would forget those, who had shown her so much kindness. Whatever might have been the feeling, whether a doubt in regard to the future flitted across Shere's mind, he turned away to hide his rising emotion. He accompanied the Rajah to the banks of the river, and there they parted; but not until Shere had exacted a promise from his friend, that he would spend a few days more with him, on his return from Gyah.

Asmaun Singh and the whole of his party now crossed the Soane, which in this place pours its crystal waters in several streams along a sandy bed of nearly two miles in breadth,

They then descended the right bank, for some way, amusing themselves with the sports of the field, for which that part of the country was then favorable. Day after day they pursued their journey, skirting along the bottom of the table-land, till they reached the romantic valley of Dunghye. Their route thence lay northward, and they now began to mingle with the crowds of pilgrims, who were proceeding from Bengal, and the eastern parts of India, to worship at the celebrated shrine of Gyah. During the whole heat of the day, the roads were almost entirely deserted. A solitary party occasionally pushed forward on their journies; but it was not till an hour or two before day-break in the morning, that the full tide of human existence began once more to roll along. It was an animated scene. The travellers were generally cleanly dressed in their white flowing garments. All were armed, some with the sabre alone, some with the sword and shield, others with the spear, and ever and anon a horseman passed through the crowd, armed at all points, his sabre by his side, his buckler on his arm, his lance in hand, and his carbine slung loosely at his back. Here sauntered along, muttering to himself for want of thought, the Sunyassee, his body smeared with ashes, and in a complete state of nudity, with the exception of a roughly dressed tiger's skin, which hung loosely from his shoulders like a cloak. His hair had been allowed to grow till it would reach his feet, and when bound up, which it generally was, formed so complete a turban, as to render any other covering for the head altogether unnecessary. At another time, a Jogee would pass by, having one of his arms perpendicularly and permanently fixed above his head, the result of great suffering and of unconquerable perseverance. Again would be

seen some unfortunate creature, who to expiate the divine wrath for some offence real or imaginary, had kept his hand clenched until the nails of his fingers had grown fairly through it. Others again, measured the whole distance which they travelled with successive prostrations of their bodies ; but there was no end to the humiliating spectacles of this sort, which presented themselves, and which are still to be met with at the present day. It was a more pleasing sight to behold the husband seated with his wife on the same horse, or riding armed by her side ; while she occupied with her little ones the less comfortable, though more convenient conveyance of the chuckrah or rude carriage, which was then in use. By the time the sun's rays had become too powerful, these floods of human beings had generally reached the Seraec, at which they were to put up for the day. The roads then remained deserted as before, till the next morning saw them once more covered with animated crowds. The great heat of the weather was perhaps the principal reason for the adoption of this singular mode of travelling, and yet the roads in that part of the country were then so infested with tigers, and with hordes of Bandiditti still more savage, that it was altogether unsafe to venture abroad except in considerable parties.

Many of Luchmee's country-women were to be found among the crowd, mounted astride on their small horses, and dressed in the gaudy-coloured garments of their country. Luchmee, however, now felt no inclination to follow their example : she had lost the only companion, who could make her rides pleasant, and she felt more inclined for the ease of her litter, that she might brood over her recollections, and indulge in her dreamy contemplations undisturbed.

At last the sacred city was announced, the object of their hopes and fears, and not least, the limit of their travels. They approached it from the west. The first object that greeted their attention, was a lone white temple, with all its flags streaming in the wind, perched on the summit of a mountain of considerable height. The aspect of the surrounding country was singular ; it was generally flat, but studded with small hills or hillocks, which seemed, as Burns says of those of a happier clime, to have been " dropped in Nature's careless haste." As they came more near, the fields were better cultivated, and were now arrayed in all the gaudy colours of a luxuriant crop of the white poppy. At last the venerable city itself might be seen plain and distinct, reposing on a gentle eminence or acclivity, roof rising above roof in endless succession, like the back-ground of some picture by the immortal " Martin," that Milton of the art of painting, the whole interspersed with the richest and most beautiful foliage. Above all rose the romantic little hill of Ramgya, crowned with its solitary wide-spreading tree. On either side, the town was supported by hills of considerable height and romantic beauty, each surmounted by its solitary temple—

" Whence vengeful Dorgah, throned on either hand,
From mountain shrines beholds her favorite land."

High, and far behind all, as if to form a back-ground for this picture, were rolled away the mountains of Myheer, now tipped with the last rays of an eastern sun, expiring in unclouded majesty.

The Rajah entered the sacred city in considerable state ; the howdah in which he rode, was of solid silver, and was borne by his favorite elephant " Alee." This noble animal was nearly eleven feet high, and car-

ried himself with an ease and dignity of port, as if he were conscious of his master's rank, and of what was expected of himself on the occasion. The Rajah remarked with pleasure the degree of comfort and affluence, which seemed to reign among the people. There was no want of idle spectators to gaze at his retinue, as they filed past; and among these, there were mingled here and there others not altogether so disinterested. These were the Gyawals or priesthood of the place. Some of them were mounted on tolerable horses, and by their portly appearance and bloated look, did not appear to lead the most ascetic lives. Asmaun Singh had been not a little annoyed with the importunities of this class of persons, and of their subordinate agents of every different sort and caste, ever since it was known that he intended to perform the pilgrimage to Gyah; and the means, which they had occasionally adopted to enveigle or entice him away from his own Gyawal, did not always appear to him of the most honorable description. This was of course not the fitting time for practising such arts; but much to the Rajah's credit be it said, he had uniformly rejected them whenever an attempt of the sort had been made. Less could have scarcely been expected of him, for his own Gyawal had resided in his family for many years, in the sole hope of at last inducing him to visit Gyah, a purpose which we have seen, he at last accomplished, through his influence with the Queen mother on her death-bed. The Rajah was pleased to find on his arrival, that his camp had been pitched for him in what was then a royal garden, on the banks of the river Fulgo, a stream which washes the walls of the city, and which is considered one of the most sacred in India. The following morning he arose with the dawn. On surveying

the scene around him, although we are apt to be disappointed, when expectation has been long or highly excited, he felt neither dissatisfaction nor regret : on the contrary he anticipated with delight the pleasure, he should enjoy in visiting, unmolested and in quietness with his daughter, spots alike sacred and romantic. After the first impression had worn off, however, both he and Luchmee saw less cause for exultation. They were both sincerely pious, and they could not help feeling shocked at the little estimation, in which the clergy were held by those who resided at the place, and still more so at the reputed irregularities of their lives. These, it is true, might be but vulgar calumnies ; but they could scarcely be deceived in the shameless manner, in which it was attempted to pillage themselves in every direction. If they went to make their ablutions in the Fulgo, (for bathe they scarcely could, that stream being for a great portion of the year, little more than a huge bed of sand,) there were presents to be made to the Acharjees or astrologers, the class of priests, who preside over this portion of the worship ; again, if they desired to visit any of the mountain shrines in the vicinity, presents were to be made to no inconsiderable amount, to an inferior order of clergy, the Damees, who possessed vested rights of property in these shrines, the profits of which they distributed among themselves. These were inconveniences, however, to which all were alike subjected, and of which it was useless to complain. Meantime the accustomed ceremonies of the pilgrimage proceeded slowly but regularly. The Rajah made his offerings to the gods, and offered up prayers for the repose of the manes of his ancestors at the several shrines, and these were not a few ; for there is scarcely a hill or glen around the place, that is not consecrated by some sacred tradition. He had prayed on the tops of the

Ramsillah and the Pritsillah, and he had passed through the subterraneous passage on the top of the romantic Blurm-jouin, typical of the second birth of man. He had bathed in the Oottur Manoos, and other holy pools, and had worshipped in the Sooruj-mut or temple of the sun, and at the sacred impress of the foot of the god Vishnool, as he stamps upon the breast of a monstrous and destructive demon. It now only remained for him to pay his parting orisons at the Atcharat. By this time, his resources had been so deeply drawn upon, by Gyawals, Acharjees, Damces, Sutwas, Pindfuroshes, and a whole host of people in various religious garbs, who preyed upon the vitals or rather on the purses of the pilgrims, that Asmaun Singh found himself constrained to stipulate with his Gyawal the amount, for which he should pay, at the concluding ceremony; for if that is not performed, the whole of the previous ones are declared to be of no avail. The sum which they agreed on, was a lakh of rupces, which considering the Rajah's rank and means, was not generally considered to be too much. The ceremony now proceeded. The Rajah had to wash the feet of his Gyawal, in short he had to worship him as the representative of the deity; and after they had been duly consecrated by a priest of an inferior order, who officiated on the occasion, he successively invested the Gyawal, with every different article of apparel of the most costly description; with every different culinary utensil used by Hindoos, of solid silver; and finally, he presented him with a steed, and with an elephant, both richly caparisoned. While this ceremony was being performed, the Rajah could not help occasionally directing his attention to some of his followers, who were similarly engaged. They appeared to have been still less fortunate in the se-

lection of their priests, who were bargaining with them in language not unworthy of a fish market in the west, and with a degree of eagerness and cupidity, which would have done honor to an Israelite. In short, they stripped these poor creatures to the very sword, they had to defend themselves with, at a time when all were armed, and of the very blanket, which was their only scanty protection against the inclemencies of the weather.

The purpose of the Rajah's visit was now accomplished, yet ere he departed he would pass the Fulgo, and take a last look of Gah from the opposite bank. He who has seen it, will not soon forget the interesting view—the river sweeping past, the sacred city rising from its banks, supported on the one hand by the Ramsillah, and on the other by the Bhurnjoun towering above the surrounding hills, and crowned with its solitary temple; the whole forming a scene of picturesque beauty, which even classic and romantic Greece might not be ashamed to own.

Asmaun Singh now turned his steps homewards, visiting the caves at Bhelah by the way. He passed the Kouwa Dou, that airy pinnacle, on the summit of which a huge mass of rock is so delicately poised, that a crow alighting on it, it is supposed, might make it tremble, and hence its name. The Rajah looked with reverence on the religious sculptures, which surrounded its base, the work of ages too remote for even traditionary lore. About a mile from this, arose a chain of rocky mountains, consisting of huge loose masses of stone, from amongst which the rains of ages appeared to have washed away every particle of earth, which had perhaps once given them form and consistence. They were, in short, the skeletons of mountains; on nearer inspection, however, it was found, that they were

traversed in different places by strata, in which the unwearied and indefatigable industry of man had hewn out chambers in the solid rock. There were six or seven of these in all, at different places, some of which were as large as a spacious apartment. In all of them, the walls in the interior were as smooth as polished marble, or rather as polished granite ; for of this latter the strata of rock consisted. There were a few inscriptions observable on the door-ways ; but of so old a character as to be illegible by any of the Rajah's followers. In short, the caves or rather the excavations at Bhelahn had survived the names of those who dug them, and the very purpose, for which they had been excavated, had now become the sport of mystery and doubt.

The Rajah bade adieu without regret to the bleak and inhospitable spot, and sought once more the valley of the Soane, along which he determined to retrace his steps, with the view of bidding, what was likely to be, a last adieu to his friend at Rhotas, who had shown him so much kindness and attention.

Eagerly each morning did Luchmee renew her march, sensible that every step she took brought her nearer to her own Jellal. The Rajah was no great metaphysician, and did not attempt to divine the cause ; but he saw that the daughter on whom he doated was happy, and he felt, that he himself was happier on that account. A few days brought them to Rhotas, and the meeting between the friends was cordial as before : more it could not have been. The only thing which occurred to throw a shade over it, was the untimely return of Jellal from his government at Chunar.

It was in vain, that they attempted to keep the youthful couple separate : their meetings, though now half stolen, were

as frequent as before, and far more intoxicating. In vain the Brahmins plied Luchmee with their exhortations, or threatened her with the loss of caste: equally in vain the Moollahs represented to Jellal the sin and impiety of marrying an unbeliever; love asserted his dominion over their young hearts, and to say the truth, the young god had no lack of opportunities; for Shere was now engaged in his contests with the crown of Delhi, and was too much occupied in strengthening himself with alliances to meet the shock, or to profit by it, to be able to pay much attention to anything else. Asmaun Singh found himself all but inveigled in the crafty rebel's schemes, and the period of his departure, upon one pretence or another, had been strangely postponed. At last, when a day was actually fixed, the Rajah was no less astonished than horrified with a declaration from his own daughter, that she would not stir from the spot. This was a dilemma, for which the Rajah's pride had not prepared him. Shere had been already gained over by Jellal, and to this course of leniency, he was perhaps but little averse, from the assistance which he clearly foresaw, the Rajah would be able to afford him in his struggle for empire or existence, expressions which in despotic countries, on such occasions, are generally of the same import. Asmaun Singh reflected—he doubted,—at last he could no longer resist the tears of his beloved Luchmee—of his own affectionate daughter, who had never till that hour, given him cause for a moment's uneasiness. It is enough—the following day saw the beautiful Luchmee become both a follower of the prophet, and the wife of her adored Jellal.

The families were now one, and their interests inseparable; it was accordingly agreed that the Rajah should immediately proceed by rapid marches to his own country, there to raise and arm his followers, and afterwards join

Shere with what forces he could collect, at such place as circumstances might render most expedient. It was, notwithstanding, with a heavy heart, that the Rajah prepared him to depart. A presentiment of misfortune hung upon his mind, which Luchmee and Jellal, who accompanied him as far as Cunnar, in vain endeavoured to dispel. After a thousand and a thousand kisses, the Rajah parted from his daughter, by whom he was charged with many apologetic messages to her mother, and with many a present and kind wish to her little brother, whom she had left at home. The Rajah now no longer sauntered along the road, with his retinue apparelled in their holiday dresses; for purposes of state. He knew that Shere was already in the field, and he hurried forward to raise his vassals, that he might give his kinsman no reason to doubt of his zeal and fidelity; his mind at one time filled with dreams of the tented field, and at another employed in calculating the resources which he had still at his command. His purse was no doubt lighter than when he commenced his pilgrimage; but still there were considerable treasures, and a goodly magazine of arms within the old baronial hold. He knew not why: but day after day, as he approached his own dominion, the thought of the reception he was likely to receive from his princess preyed more and more upon his mind. Perhaps it arose from the consciousness, that he had not sufficiently consulted the honor of his family, which boasted itself to be descended from the sun, when he consented to bestow his daughter on the son of an outlaw chief, who was at that moment on the eve of hostilities, if not actually engaged in a civil war, against the sovereign of his country. When he arrived within a few stages of his well-remembered home, the Rajah sent forward messengers to apprise his princess of his return, and of the circumstances, which

had detained his daughter in another land. By these he received no reply, and when he himself arrived, he found the gates of his own fortress shut against him. In vain the Rajah begged for admission; his high spirited princess indignantly declared, that a kinsman of the outlaw Shere, and a rebel to his own sovereign, should never enter where she commanded. All the Rajah's farther entreaties were only answered by vain upbraiding, and by vainer exclamations for her beautiful, her affectionate, her beloved daughter. It was a trying scene for Asmaun Singh; he hesitated for a moment, whether he should not turn his arms against his own house; but success there, he knew must be the work of time, and he had it not to spare; for Shere had already more than once beaten the imperial armies in the valley of the Ganges, and was now tracing his steps towards the capital. The Rajah immediately raised five thousand horse, which was all he could collect, and with these he traversed Bundelkund, and arrived on the banks of the Gang river, at a very critical period. He found the imperial army and that of Shere, both encamped on the banks of this river, where they had remained in sight of each other for nearly a month, in comparative inactivity. The rains, however, now set in, and as the ground which the Emperor Humaioo occupied, was considerably lower than that on which Shere was encamped, he suffered comparatively much greater inconvenience. In an evil hour for himself, Humaioo determined to move to higher ground, in presence of his adversary. Shere was not slow to detect this great military blunder; he attacked him on his march, and after a hard fought action drove him from the field. The tide of pursuit unfortunately flowed towards the river, and many, who escaped the arms of the conquerors, perished miserably, in the waters of the Gang.

In this great action, while leading on his Rajpoots gallantly to the charge, fell the Rajah Asmaun Singh, to the universal regret of his brave followers. His body, after a decent interval, was carried to the funeral pile with great feudal pomp, attired in the dress and armour in which he had fought, his sabre by his side, and the shield that had served him but too faithlessly, still buckled on his arm. His own steed fully caparisoned, with its empty saddle, followed close to the bier—vain mockery, as if the spirit could evermore return on earth to animate the lifeless corpse of Asmaun Singh.

Shere mourned for him with sincerity, as one of the few friends to whom he was attached ; but as he himself said, he had no time for grief. Flushed with conquest, he lost not a moment in following up his victory. The fugitive Emperor Humaioon retreated hastily on Agrah, whither he was as rapidly pursued by his unwearied and indefatigable adversary. He then fled to Lahore, and finding no refuge there, pursued his flight by Becker and Tatta into the frontier provinces of Persia, at which court he at last found a hospitable asylum.

The Emperor Shere was now undisputed master of Hindoostan, with the exception of a few fortresses which still held out, either through dread of the late Emperor's name, or until their governors should be sufficiently bribed to resign their respective trusts. Years of Shere's reign were spent in this way, in reducing the elements of anarchy, confusion, and revolution into something like a fixed form of government. In these efforts the Emperor was attended by his usual good fortune, and although a few acts of savage cruelty soiled the fair pages of his annals, it cannot be denied, that he proved himself to his subjects, both a just and a wise prince.

To his son Jellal he was always the kind parent and the munificent sovereign. He and his beloved Luchmee were called to adorn the Emperor's court at Agrah, and every happiness which mutual love and the most lavish wealth could purchase, was theirs in abundance.

Shere's task was not yet completed ; a last fortress still held out against his authority ; it was the fort of Kallinjur in Bundelkund. Shere approached it, and endeavoured to obtain possession of it by capitulation ; but in vain. The trenches were opened, and the batteries approached to within a short distance of the walls. The breaches were reported practicable, and every thing presaged an immediate general assault. The Emperor himself was employed in one of the batteries, when a live shell, which had been thrown against the fort, rebounded back into the battery where he then stood. In an instant the shell burst with a terrific explosion, in the midst of a large quantity of loose gunpowder. Several of the artillery-men were blown up, and destroyed on the spot. The Emperor himself and several of his omrahs were burned in so dreadful a manner, as to be carried off to their tents for dead.

Shere afterwards rallied a little, but continued in great torments till the evening, when he was informed of the reduction of the place. He had but strength enough left to exclaim, " Thanks be to the Almighty God," when he expired.

The body was conveyed to his native place, Sasseram, where it was interred in the splendid mausoleum, which we have seen, he himself erected for its reception.

The prince Jellal succeeded to his father on the throne, by the title of the Emperor Selim, and the beautiful Luchmee became the Empress of the World.

ODE FROM HAFIZ.

BY CAPTAIN W. H. SLEEMAN.

BE joys of Paradise decreed
 To the sweet minstrel of the reed,
 Whose solemn, sadly-pleasing strain,
 Can charm the heart and soften pain.
 Thy notes enchant'us in the throng,
 But more when woke from dreams of love
 We catch the music of thy song—
 And all its finest magic prove.
 Oh, softly sweet did every note
 Last night o'er broken slumbers float,
 My heart to all around was kind,
 And thoughts celestial gleamed across my mind.
 Listening to thee, while thus reclining,
 My soul to tender joys resigning,
 Sudden I wished to catch the sound,
 The music ceased, and all was silence round.
 Sakce, silver-footed boy,
 Ever watchful of my joy,
 Ever blooming, never pining,
 Adown whose polished temples shining
 Sable ringlets flow,
 Hopes before him brightly gleaming,
 Pleasures round him ever beaming,
 Saw me pensive, deemed it sorrow,
 Bid me from his goblet borrow
 Antidotes to woe.
 With soft delights my bosom glowing,
 I seize the cup with wine o'erflowing,

And find the joys which music's charms inspire,
Glow from the bowl with inclosed fire.
Hail, lovely Boy! the minstrel's genial friend!
Oh, ever thus thy kindred succour lend!
Fill to the brim again the draught divine,
And blend with music's charms the powers of wine.
No more the world's dark frowns regretting,
All the cares of life forgetting
In liquid ruby's flow:
Tho' clouds on Heaven's high concave lower,
And o'er the earth their treasures shower,
Melodious reeds the sense beguiling,
Beauty's eye divinely smiling
We've Paradise below.
Hail, potent offspring of the vine,
Oh, sparkling thus for ever shine,
And while to sullen zealot's eyes
Nought but arid wastes arise
Vernal delights, eternal spring,
Thy powerful aid to mine shall bring.
Rapt fancy's pinions dipped in every sweet,
With fresher force to other worlds shall fleet,
In fairy fields to roam—remote from sterner truth,
Where age shall feel the warmth, the sprightliness of
youth.
Then why should Hafiz when he knows
The pleasures which the cup bestows—
Give for the wealth of Kykao's reign
The liquid life of a single grain?

CONSOLATIONS OF EXILE*.

[*Or an Exile's Address to his distant Children.*]

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

I.

O'ER the vast realm of tempest-troubled Ocean—
 O'er the parched lands that vainly thirst for showers—
 Through the long night—or when nor sound nor motion
 Stirs in the noon of day the sultry bowers—
 Not all un'compaⁿied by pleasant dreams
 My weary spirit paⁿ th' on the way ;
 Still on mine inward sight the subtle gleams
 That mock the fleshly vision brightly play.
 Oh ! the heart's links nor time nor change may sever,
 Nor fate's material hand, if life remain ;
 O'er hill, and vale, and plain, and sea, and river,
 The wanderer draws the inseparable chain !

II.

Fair children ! still, like phantoms of delight,
 Ye haunt my soul on this strange distant shore,
 As the same stars shine through the tropic night
 That charmed me at my own sweet cottage door.
 Though I have left ye long, I love not less ;
 Though ye are far away, I watch ye still ;
 Though I can ne'er embrace ye, I may bless,
 And e'en though absent, guard ye from each ill !
 Still the full interchange of soul is ours,
 A silent converse o'er the waters wide,
 And Fancy's spell can speed the lingering hours
 And fill the space that yearning hearts divide.

* We venture to insert these stanzas, though they appeared some time ago in a weekly paper, as the *subject* of them is particularly suited to our pages.—ED.

III.

And not alone the written symbols show
Your spirits' sacred stores of love and truth,
Art's glorious magic bids the canvass glow
With all your grace and loveliness and youth ;
Thus the fair forms that in my native land
Oft filled my fond heart with a parent's pride,
Are gathered near me on this foreign strand,
And smilingly, in these strange halls, reside ;
And almost I forget an exile's doom,
For while your filial eyes around me gleam,
Each scene and object breathes an air of home,
And time and distance vanish like a dream !

IV.

Oh ! when sweet Memory's radiant calm comes o'er
The weary soul, as moonlight glimmerings fall
O'er the hushed ocean, forms beloved of yore
And joys long fled, her whispers soft recall ;
At such an hour I live and smile again,
As light of heart as in that golden time
When, as a child, I trod the vernal plain,
Nor knew the shadow of a care or crime ;—
Nor dream of death, nor weariness of life,
Nor freezing apathy, nor fierce desire,
Then chilled a thought with unborn rapture rife,
Or seared my breast with wild ambition's fire.



V.

From many a fruit and flower the hand of Time
Hath brushed the bloom and beauty ; yet mine eye,
Though Life's sweet summer waneth, and my prime
Of health and hope is past, can oft espy
Amid the fading wilderness around
Such lingering hues as Eden's holy bowers

In earth's first radiance wore, and only found
 Where not a cloud of sullen sadness lours.
 Oh ! how the pride and glory of this world
 May pass unmirrored o'er the darkened mind,
 Like gilded banners o'er the grave unfurled,
 Or Beauty's witcheries flashed upon the blind !

VI.

Though this frail form hath felt the shafts of pain,
 Though my soul sickens for her native sky,
 In visionary hours my thoughts regain
 Their early freshness, and soon check the sigh
 That sometimes from mine inmost heart would swell
 To mar a happier mood. Oh ! then how sweet,
 Dear Boys ! upon remembered bliss to dwell,
 And here your pictured lineaments to greet ;
 'Till Fancy, bright Enchantress, shifts the scene
 To British ground, and musical as rills,
 Ye laugh and loiter in the meadows green,
 Or climb with joyous shouts the sunny hills !

STANZAS.

BY LIEUT. G. E. HOLLINGS.

I.

ON the turf-covered sod of my grave
 I ask not of those who may tread
 To mourn for the soul they would save
 From the judgment that threatens the dead.

II.

I ask not the tear-drop that falls
 From sympathy's mild beaming eye,
 The feelings affection recalls
 Of scenes which have long vanished by.

III. -

I ask not the stranger to pause
 And reflect on mortality's doom,
 The quick awful change that may cause
 From life the sad gloom of the tomb.

IV.

Of memory I ask not the power
 To hallow the joys that have fled
 To those friends who 'midst revelry's hour
 Have shared all its bliss with the dead.

V.

Though vain is each wish, each regret,
 To him who is free from all pain,
 Reflection from death may beget
 Thoughts useful to those who remain.

VI.

These thoughts I would wish to awake
 In him who now stands on my grave;
 From experience its knowledge I'd take
 To teach him death's dangers to brave.

VII.

I would tell him while yet he is young,
 The world and its follies to flee,
 To conquer his passions though strong,
 And seek refuge, *JEHOVAH*, in thee.

VIII.

^u His actions should form a bright wreath
 Of truth, virtue, holiness, love,
 Through which he should contemplate death
 As the entrance to Heaven above.

Benares, Nov. 8th, 1834.

THE SIGN OF LOVE.

BY J. R. BODDINGTON ROSS, ESQ.

I.

WHAT is the sweetest sign of love
 When kindred hearts are stirred?—
 Is it the brightness of a smile,
 The tear-drop in the eye?
 The smile it lasts but for a while;
 The tear-drop soon will dry.

II.

What is the sweetest sign of love?—
 Is it the deep drawn sigh?
 Is it the tender tone that breathes
 The secrets of the heart;
 Alas! like scents of summer wreaths
 Too swiftly they depart.

III.

What is the sweetest sign of love?
 'Tis not the pleasant smile—
 The witchery of song—the sigh—
 The tear—the tender strain—
 No—'tis thy hand, Fidelity,
 That holds Affection's silken chain!

SONG TO JESSY. .

BY ALEXANDER RONALD, ESQ.

As on the Dewah's banks I roam,
 When winds are soft and skies are clear ;
 My exiled heart reverts to home,
 And all that made that home so dear.
 And as my fond and faithful breast,
 Pants for my native land and thee ;
 The fairest scenes of peace and rest
 Are dull and cheerless all to me.

And while before me flows the stream,
 And night airs play upon my cheek,
 Of thee, dear maid, alone I dream,
 Thine image fair, alone I seek :
 Though calm the night and bland the hour,
 Their varied charms are vain to me ;
 My weary heart disowns their power,
 And only thinks of home and thee.

The Hindu's song is heard at times,
 Soft rising on the balmy air ;
 While I but muse on other climes,
 And tones I've heard so often there.
 Still it is sweet as night draws nigh,
 On Dewah's sandy banks to roam ;
 To heave the sadly pleasing sigh,
 And think, my Love, on thee and Home.

THE TUMBOLIN.

BY C. W. STUART.

Oh shame !

Oh sin ! Oh sorrow ! and Oh womankind !

How can you do such things and keep your fame,

Unless this world, and t'other too, be blind ?—*Lord Byron.*

THE sun was within an hour of hiding his feeble rays behind the drifting clouds of the western horizon, on the evening of a gloomy day in the month of June, as a clumsy flat-bottomed ferry-boat was pushed off from the bank of the Ganges opposite to Cawnpoor. Her passengers, with a solitary exception, consisted of ghasiয়ারas, and their wives, sisters, or mothers, returning to cantonments with their day's gleanings. Their number amounted in all to a baker's dozen. For the convenience of disembarking, though much to the annoyance of the old fellow who steered the boat, the several loads of grass were all ranged on the larboard gunnel ; and the owners, sitting on the thwarts, or standing between them, kept hold of their respective bundles, to prevent their falling into the river. In propulsion of his craft to the other shore, the grumbling manjhee had thrice thrown out his luggee ahead, and, heavily leaning on it, had walked lazily as many times from stem to stern, when, as he again slowly pulled home the bamboo, his eye caught the view of another candidate for a passage. Suspending the locomotive operation, to which, in the present trim of his vessel, he was so little inclined, he observed with inward satisfaction the approach of the way-farer, who advanced at as brisk a pace as two

laden bullocks he drove before him permitted. As the distance gradually lessened between the parties, the Gangetic ferry-man at length recognised in the new comer an old acquaintance and fellow-townsmen, and one moreover who had the credit of being the wealthiest paun-seller in Cawnpore. "Ram, Ram, Tumbolee-jee," he shouted. "In lucky time have you come, to restore the balance of my poor boat, which these stubborn grass-cutting gentry have set at naught."

"Urreh mullah!" cried an elderly ghasiyara, in a sharp irascible tone, "sure you cannot intend putting back for those bullocks, seeing you have quite load enough already?"

The mullah gave no verbal answer; but stepping forward with his long elastic pole, he began to wear round the boat's head in the direction of the stream.

"What possesses the murd-i-admee," observed a shrill female voice, "to detain us who are Company's servants, for the sake of a bazar bueparee?"

"Ram dohaee!" screamed a poor meagre sickly-looking fellow, who sported fewer rags, and a smaller complement of grass, than any of the rest. "It will be sun-down before we reach the cavalry lines, and the troop darogha will flay our backs with his kora for missing muster."

"Why do you allow the surly patoonee to detain us?" exclaimed an old woman with a choleric eye. "If ye were men, ye would compel him to put us straight across." She accompanied these inflammatory words with an angry stamp of her foot, and a proud flourish of her disengaged arm, (the latter gauntleted to the elbow with a series of massive brass rings called seeka,) that carried persuasion to the hearts of all her male compeers. A loud tumultuous

outcry of " Parhee do !" " Parhee do !" pitched in as many various keys as there were approving voices, succeeded this emphatic address.

During the brief space of time that had afforded expression to the above indignant and seditious speeches, the imperturbable navigator had diligently applied himself to his work. The dull-moving barge had again touched the strand, and Seedha Ram, the tumbolee, had gained the margin of the river with his pair of oxen. At that moment two of the sturdiest of the grass-cutters, roused to exertion by the taunts of the old man who had last spoken, threw their burdens into the bottom of the vessel, and brandishing the formidable sticks used in their avocation, rushed towards the obnoxious boatman. Being totally off his guard, the minimum consequence of such an attack must have been a sound cudgeling, had not the hitherto unnoticed passenger interposed his drawn sword between the assailers and the assailed. He was a tall comely youth, whose dress, warlike mien, and offensive arms, bespoke him to be one of those roving Put'hanes, who do mercenary service with sword and matchlock throughout Hindoostan, and who may justly be denominated the Swiss of India. The supercilious flash of his eye, and his authoritative command to avoid hostilities—added to the consuetudinal grace with which he handled his glittering weapon, and the imposing qualities of fierce military-looking whiskers and mustaches—quelled at once the pugnacious spirit of the ghasiwaras. As a small portion of sand, when thrown upon two swarms of bees, conglomerated in mortal strife, occasions an immediate cessation of war; so, in like manner, the timely interference of the Put'han, the few forcible words he uttered, and the minatory bearing of the

man, had an equally sudden and quiescent effect on the rebellious grass-cutters. The premeditated but reclaimed peace-breakers squatted themselves by their bundles of grass amidships, and all the rest looked on in silence.

The minority having thus prevailed, and the paun-merchant, his bullocks, and their burdens,—the innocent excitors of the late commotion—having been safely embarked, the boat was not long in regaining the position she occupied at the opening of our tale. Her fresh departure proved auspicious. The manjhee now pulled the lee stream oar, and the Put'han did his best at the weather one, while Seedha Ram made himself useful by shifting the tiller according to the skipper's directions; and all three were too intent on the performance of their several tasks, to have leisure for conversation. As for the crest-fallen grass-cutters, not an audible word, scarcely even a whisper, escaped the lips of any individual during the trajet. In due time, therefore, and in profound silence, the pont arrived on the Cawnpoor side. Here she was forced to put in at a low bank, fifty yards short of the established pukka ghat, the yet early period of the pluvial solstice not permitting her to reach the latter destination. The grass-cutters, male and female, without any ceremony, leaped out into the mud, and dexterously replacing the loads of grass on their heads, quickly disappeared through an opening between a low Hindoo mut'h and the ghat just mentioned. The tumblee, more tardy in his preparations, after some time followed the same route with his re-laden bullocks. The Put'han, he who had the least incumbrance of all, was the last to jump ashore. He soon however rejoined his fellow passenger, whom he bluntly addressed in the following terms :

"Brother, I am a stranger in Cawnpoor; and the day draws to a close. You, I take it, are a resident here. Can you direct me to a convenient lodging?"

"Ah, brother," answered the grateful Seedha Ram, right glad am I that you have asked me. You befriended me on the other side of the river, and I can now serve you on this. Come along; of all the suraees in Cawnpoor, you shall be accommodated in the very best. Do you make a long stay in our 'own?"

"As my nuseeb will have it," replied the warrior. "Now, that not a rascally Rajah is astir in all broad Hindoosthan, I have come here, in sooth, to do burkundazee for the sahib log. But no sooner do I hear of an army assembling anywhere, than I am off to join my brethren in arms."

"I am afraid," rejoined the paun-seller, after a long pause, "it will be out of my power to forward your present views. My line of trade is one that never introduces me to the notice of the English gentlemen. But what of that? Your personal appearance is greatly in your favour, and I venture to foretell, you will not be many days out of employ."

"Ameen!" responded the Put'han.

In this and such-like discourse they whiled the tedium of their way through the straggling uninteresting suburb next the river, and the long avenues formed by dull mud-walls inclosing the domains of the civil and military European residents, until, having passed between the Artillery Park and the Artificers' Yard, they emerged into the open space called the Parade Ground, Perhaps this of Cawnpoor is one of the worst defined in all India. Villages, bazars, and bells of arms, in some places, protrude themselves, in

others recede, on both sides of this most extensive and irregular of all parades; whilst the nature of the ground itself, intersected with ugly ravines, the natural outlets through which the inundations of the bursat make their escape, declares it badly adapted for exercising the troops. Indeed, Cawnpore, taken altogether, though the largest and richest military station in Hindoosthan, is incomparably the most defective both in its local position and internal arrangement. The houses possessed or occupied by the Christian population appear to have been huddled together by chance, without method or order; while every here and there, at the top, the bottom, or the side of a ravine, the natives have collocated themselves in small detached clusters of huts, that seem destined for harbouring thieves, and concealing plunder.

As the two new associates crossed the parade ground towards the town, which faces the military line for the space of a mile, and extends to the westward in rear of cantonments, they had occasion to pass several squads of recruits under the tuition of elder brethren in arms.

"You are a sipahee by birth and profession," observed the dealer in betel-leaf to his companion; "why not enroll yourself in the Company ka fuoz? You would be sure of continued nuokree, regular pay, and pension when you grew old."

The Put'han hurriedly glanced his eye over the various parties at drill. Some, composed of the simple raw material of which soldiers are manufactured, unfurnished as yet with shoes, trousers, or military trappings, were receiving their first lessons how to walk, at the ages of twenty and upwards. Others, more advanced in their exercises, and freshly rigged with brand new linen jackets and pantaloons,

THE INDIAN SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

BY G. W. SHARP, ESQ.

Vicravandy, 20th December.—*** In the afternoon we walked to a Palmyra Topc, on the other side of the river. Here we saw a small green mound, with many wild flowers growing around it: which, from its size and form, seemed to be a grave. On returning to the village, we learned that it was so: being the resting place of a soldier who some time previously, had died there, when on his road from Trichinopoly to Madras.—*A. S. Journal.*

I.

DID he meet his fate, as the warrior loves, on the blood-red
battle plain?

Did he meet his fate, as the warrior loves, 'mid thousands
of the slain?

Did he hear that shout, which so sweetly soothes the dying
agony

Of the soldier who in combat falls—the shout of victory?

II.

Did the solemn trumpet softly sound—did they beat the
muffled drum,

As they bore the soldier's corse along, to his last—his
lowliest home?

Was England's gallant banner spread o'er his coffin, for a
pall?

Was there each sign of woe that fits a soldier's funeral?

III.

Not so—not so. He had left, in youth, his home of dear
delight,

And since then, he oft had, dauntless, stood, in the thick-
est of the fight:

But it was not when the cannon roared—when the bullets
whistled by,—

It was not by the foeman's arm—that he was doomed to
die.

IV.

Age came at length; and the soldier longed to leave the
palm-wood shore,

And to see his home,—his mother's home—and his native
land, once more :

But England's snow-white cliffs were ne'er to bless his
sight again,

For the fervor of the tropic sun shot madness through his
brain !

V.

There was no weeping, friendly form, the soldier's couch
beside,

Scarce known—unheeded—and alone, in an Indian's hut,
he died :

'Twas a stranger's hand that closed his eyes—'twas a
stranger dug his grave,

In a shady spot, where wild flowers bloom, and slender
palm-trees wave.

VI.

Ye may tell the place by those tall trees—by those sweet
flowers,—alone,

For o'er the buried warrior's breast, they placed no sculp-
tured stone ;

There those he cherished most may stand; nor know their
loved one's doom :—

Alas ! alas !—if there were not a world beyond the tomb !

REMARKS ON

AMEER KHOSROE'S LYLEE AND MUJNOON.

BY W. F. THOMPSON, ESQ.

ON the first literary compilation of India the works of Ameer Khosroë have peculiar claims. He was *the* poet of his age, though an Indian one ; the writer on whose works the literary character of the Moslem capital entirely rests*—whose compositions are numerous beyond the possibility of collection—whose services kings solicited in vain—whose merits kings have made the subject of dispute—whose† mysticism is by all placed next to the Musnavi—whose poetry is by many preferred to Nizámy's.

The last of these particulars indeed speaks less in his favor, than in disparagement of his extravagant encomiasts. Khosroë was the poet of transport and of pathos ; but he owed half his character to the divinity of his subject. The clear, strong stream of inspiration which clothes every object with the beauty and grandeur of its own conceptions, owning no source but the spirit within, and no intermission but that which the will imposes—this the peculiar power of all transcendant poets, and of Nizamy as much as any, was what the character of his genius, or the spirit of his age denied him. On indifferent topics his fire is constantly flagging. Colloquialisms, the direst bane of Persian poetry, meet us at every turn. Particularization is carried on to a most wearisome excess, and the labor with which he

* The particulars of the allegations here cursorily expressed will be found in the *Tuzkera* of Dowlut Shah. I may add, that Jámy, himself a star, calls him " the sweetest of the moderns."—*Rukaa*t, p. 27, Fort William edition. Abul Fuzul was merely an aspirant, " A Talibi Ilm," as he calls himself in his letters.

† This is hardly fair to Hukeem Sunay, whose *Hudeeka* is a more systematic work on the same subject.

loads his pictures with incessant strokes, betrays a consciousness that most of them are wanting in energy and effect. Yet, with all his occasional heaviness, if he can only catch a glimpse of the feeling he loves to dwell on, the vigor of his versification returns, and all the poet stands confessed before us.

The subject of the present paper is the celebrated romance of Lylee and Mujnoon; the story, simple as it will be found to be, is that on which most Moslem poets of eminence have tried their power, and the rival versions of Firdoosy, Nizámy, Ameer Khosroë, and Jámy, are perhaps (if the first be excepted) the most popular portion of their works. In attempting however to present the English reader with a bearable rendering of Persian poetry, a serious difficulty embarrasses us at beginning. The genius of the literature, like that of the people, is entirely different from our own, and further to pursue so obvious an illustration, partakes largely of that rapid and impetuous character which their passions always display when not altogether dormant. There is no symmetrical construction of period, no harmonious correspondence of parts, no gradual evolution, to which every word contributes, of the highest possible effect of which a given thought is capable. This is the system of the philosophic Greeks, and after them of the calculating Europeans. For the fiery temperament of the Arab, it is too sparing, and too tardy.

“ Her mother was a Moorish maid of Fez,
Where all is Eden or a wilderness.”

They aim at two excellencies—to accumulate many ideas, and to produce every single one in the highest possible state of concentration. Each of these objects has, to a European taste, its peculiar defect: redundance in the

whole, and boldness and abruptness in the constituent parts. Under the latter head, as brevity is the soul of wit, we must place that most serious transgression, in which however Sophocles* and Shakespear must bear them company, of loading their most impressive passages with puns and inuendos.

In translating from such ungrateful materials, two opposite systems may be pursued, or any compromise between them ; either to give the exact idea, as it is conceived, by the eastern poet, or to give a corresponding one such as would have been his were he a western one. Sir W. Jones invariably wrote the text of his versions on the last plan, but usually annexed a prose rendering on the first one ; and hence his prose is not to be read, and his poetry not to be trusted. In the following extracts, a middle course has been adopted. Where the offence is venial, the original allusion has been preserved entire ; where it is such as unpractised readers could not tolerate, it has been softened down to that degree of strangeness which seems but necessary to keep up the impression of its being a Persian love-tale. Without this the thrilling lines of Khosroë would have excited more laughter than emotion. As it is, the travestie is at times sufficiently grotesque : let it not be forgotten that it is often purposely so.

On the subject of mysticism, no observations have been ventured. To those who are unacquainted with it, the discussion it would lead to would seem tedious and repulsive. While all who have passed the threshold of philosophy, well

* Readers of either will not need to have the passages pointed out to them. The charge I believe has never been brought against Homer, and yet Ulysses always seemed to me to joke when he says,

νὺν σῶς μοι αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος.

know that Pantheism is the transcendental doctrine of every* system, and the one in which all others eventually become absorbed. The ardor of the Moslems has gone before us here, and made that a point of feeling and practice, which with us seldom becomes more than a speculative tenet.

The poem begins with the rejoicings of the tribe of Ceysh at the birth of a son, the hero of the tale. In beauty, sprightliness, and all that an infant can possess, he promises to realize the fondest hopes of his parents, and the sternest anticipations of the assembled warriors : when an astrologer, who is called in to calculate his nativity, alarms them by predicting, that he will be ruined by love. But the growing graces of the young Arab soon efface the apprehensions of his family and friends, the peril that hangs over him is forgotten, and in due time, he is sent to school, the very worst place for him : as in the simple villages of the East, the youth of both sexes are educated† together.

A school of beauty like a garden bright,
 Each flower resplendent as the lamp of night ;
 In one division, youths of noble race,
 Whose country's genius beamed in every face,
 And in another, maids whose houri eyes
 Made that rude spot appear a paradise :
 In one their roses with their lilies bound,
 With soft clematis curled and clustered round ;
 Their half-closed hoods drew down the moon in shade,
 Their dimpled chins the graves of hearts betrayed.

* In that splendid compilation, the Aklaqui Jelálee, the most perfect that the philosophy of Islam produced, the metaphysics are as clearly identical with those of Pythagoras, as the physics are confessedly so with Aristotle's.

† So in Gulistan, chap. vii. 4.—Mujnoon goes to school at five years old—this is early, even in the East—seven is fixed for the commencement of instruction. Aklaqui Jelálee, ii. 4, p. 89, Fort William edition, and 10 in the Bostan, vii. 27. We are not to suppose, however, that his passion reached its height immediately, as we are told of his reading amatory tales, while it is in progress ; this he could hardly do at five years old.

And mid those bright and beaming moons **was one,**
 Whose lovely lustre **shamed** the conscious sun,
 With moons for slaves she well was Lylee called,
 Here mole of beauty was her name* enthralled;
 She snatched from sun and stars their radiant heat,
 Angels and men were raving at her feet;
 Senses she bore away, and hearts she stole,
 She shook the deep foundations of the soul;
 The queen of loveliness from east to west,
 Invader of the peace of every breast;
 The strict of head were vanquished by a look,
 The strict of heart with new emotions shook.
 Too proud to spare, and far too proud to yield,
 Her charms were busy even when concealed:
 A smile—and half the world perceived its thrill,
 A glance—and half the city felt it kill.
 Her eye with feeling's fervor wild and deep—
 At once the fawn's alarm and rabbit's sleep:
 Fairer her face than jasmine newly blown,
 Sweeter than sugar her severest tone;
 The angry demons fled from aught so fair,
 And gazing angels past the time† of prayer.
 The flame that gave the world's wide fame its worth,
 A very bird of paradise on earth,
 Her coif more haughty than the horsemen's helm,
 Her eyelids armed with darts that overwhelm,
 Her hair—the net of love—dishevelled hung,
 Ah poor Mujnoon, why stand you while it's flung?
 Her lip a paste where buried pearls were rife,
 All fresh and humid from the font of life;
 What lily's worthy to adorn her head?
 What honey vies, with that her lips can shed?
 Her sweetness ever charming, ever new,
 'Twas always sweetness, yet 'twas saltness‡ too;

* *Leil*, which means *night*.

† The times of prayer prescribed by the Coran are immoveable.

‡ That is, it never palled.

The sun a birth-bound bondsman of her house,
 The moon a mark upon her Ethiop's brows*.
 She sat amidst the brightest brighter far,
 A moon among the stars—in the red dawn a star.

They fall in love of course.

* * * * *

Eye seeks out eye, and face is turned to face
 Their bodies sundered, and their souls embrace.
 No whisper yet the bashful silence broke,
 But long ago their hearts had met and spoke;
 The silent musing was the lovers' care,
 The speechless rapture was the lovers' prayer.
 She, vainly struggling with her secret smart,
 Refused her glances while she gave her heart ;
 He, dropping from his looks the mask of shame,
 Fixed on her lovely face his gaze of flame ;
 She, pining with the love she would not show,
 He wounded sore, yet kneeling to the blow ;
 She with pale anguish pictured on her cheek,
 He sighing forth the woe, he dared not speak ;
 She venturing timid an unnoticed glance,
 He gazing reckless in his passion's trance ;
 She watering with her tears the senseless plain,
 He stifling in his breast the bursts of pain ;
 She weeping, till to weep was a delight,
 He hopeless—heartless, bade his soul good night ;
 She mourning till she only lived to mourn,
 He sighing till his very heart was torn ;
 Wild love had mingled with the vital flood,
 " † And changed to tears their hearts best, purest blood,"
 Patience before the host of tumults fled,
 And heart and eyes alike with anguish bled,

* Hubshee—for slave. The poets of Guzny, and after them of Khorassan, used Hindoo in the same sense; the Hubshee slaves were introduced into Eastern Asia during the Califat.

† The line is Byron's, but it is Khosroe's also.

Imperial reason ceased to hold her sway,
 Her palace* vanished on the winds away ;
 From the hot stove† a second deluge poured,
 And waves of blood around creation roared ;
 In vain the shepherd raised the shout of fear,
 The flocks were scattered, and the wolf was near,
 Loud Riot‡ from the reeking tavern sprung,
 And at the censor's head his wine-cup flung,
 Young Passion with a smile the goblet gave,
 And wildly joined them in the merry stave ;
 Aghast the saintly city heard the shout,
 But they returned and sat the rebels out.

* * * * *

The reader will probably think their passion sufficiently depicted in these lines, and may be surprised to hear that the subject is continued through twice as many more. The signs of mutual attachment are observed by the youthful companions of each. The story spreads and reaches the ear of Lylee's mother, who reads her daughter a maternal lecture on the value of character and the danger of losing it. Lylee listens with a drooping head and an aching heart, and her mother, perceiving signs of a more confirmed feeling than she had imagined to exist, informs her husband of the circumstance. The fiery old Arab feels his honor touched, and holds himself bound to prevent the attachment from proceeding farther. Lylee is withdrawn from school, and closely confined within the high walls of the females' apartments.

* The allusion is here to the throne of Solomon, which the Talmud legends (adopted by the Coran), declare to have moved through the air at the will of its master.

† Another legend of the Coran. Noah is said to have seen the deluge gushing through a stove.

‡ It is as well to remind the reader that the use of wine was prohibited to the Moslems; that a tavern was a place of abomination, the very approach to which was pollution, (Muk Hariri, 12,) and that it was the (Muhtusib's) censor's chief business to prevent wine parties. These last six lines, therefore, denote passion in its wildest excess.

And while the little fairy wept and pined
 In the dark cynosure of grief confined,
 Her soul-sick lover, desperately fond,
 Writhed daily o'er the hateful task he conned.
 Now would he sit apart from all the throng,
 And pour his spirit's anguish forth in song ;
 Now, like the desert steed, would bound and fly,
 Now, wander like an ant—he ne'er knew why.
 Musing he sat alone, and spoke to none
 Where once he used to seek he strove to shun ;
 He stifled all he felt, yet felt the more ;
 He steeled his heart, and then 'twas doubly sore.
 Fixed* in his side he trailed the deadly dart,
 And ever as he went he felt it smart ;
 He scattered floods of pearls upon the ground,
 And yet the more he shed the more he found.
 Fast were the growing rubies seen to swell,
 And he scarce cared to catch them as they fell.
 'Twas long that thus in mute despairing mood,
 He struggled with his sorrow while he could,
 And then the flood o'er all its barriers swept,
 And forth the lightning of his anguish leaped.
 He shrieked aloud—he tore his clothes and fled—
 He scattered dust and ashes on his head—
 Now on the ground he rolling—grovelling lay—
 Now o'er the desert's wilds he rushed away—
 Like the mad blast from hill to hill he flew—
 In vain the shouting crowd his steps pursue.
 He pours the tears in torrents from his eyes—
 He shouts in phrenzy to the winds and skies—
 He pants with anguish, and his labouring form
 Whirls like the dust that rises on the storm.

* * * * *

The terrible account of his phrenzy—more terrible from
 the prediction with which it was connected—is conveyed

* "Hæret lateri lethalis arundo;" an exact parallel; with the excep-
 tion of this couplet, the whole passage is one of inuendo which I
 have tried to retain.

to his aged father, who goes in search of him, and finds him grovelling in the desert. His pathetic remonstrances recal the maniac to his senses, and they return together to their house in the understanding, that the father will ask Lylee in marriage for him. A few days after, a deputation of the whole tribe, as was customary, waits on her father to propose the match. Though aware of their object, with the sacred hospitality of an Arab, he receives and entertains them warmly. Business, as in the good old days of Greece, is not introduced till after dinner, when the question is put in a long and flattering speech. The stern old man's hardly restrained indignation breaks out in his reply. He had been disgraced—his tribe had been disgraced, by the weakness of Mujnoon, and now to accept him for a son-in-law, would be acknowledging that his daughter had shared in the unwarranted attachment ; or if it were not so, how could he take a maniac into his family ? The deputation returns disconsolate, and the angry father has recourse to the Arab's unfailing remedy—war. The head of the tribe espouses his cause, and the family of Lylee, unequal to the combination, meditate her death as the only means of avoiding disgrace on the one hand, or destruction on the other. From this danger she is delivered by her lover, who obtains intelligence of the design, and prevails on his own party to withdraw. His phrenzy then returns on him, and he once more takes to the desert.

When next the disconsolate father goes in search of his son, he entreats him for his sake to endeavour to forget the mistress he never can obtain, by taking another as his wife ; and remarks that Nooful, the chief who had taken arms on his account, would be glad to give his daughter Khadeejah to a youth of such exemplary constancy. Half-deaden-

ed by madness to the full apprehension of all that such a proposal implied—half overcome by the sense of filial duty, which in Arabia is held to be of particular obligation—Mujnoon gives an ambiguous consent. The bride is asked and yielded, and the nuptial feast prepared.

The night her raven locks around her threw,
The moon stept, bride-like, from her veil of blue,
The heaven in mild serenity looked down,
A thousand jewels sparkling in her crown,
When the bright veil was lifted from the bride,
And the cold bridegroom carried to her side,
A thousand torches bright their splendors roll'd,
The youthful pair reclined on seats of gold;
The strain was loud—the minstrel's song was high—
The cittern's voice went melting through the sky.
The bride shone forth a young and blooming thing,
A very rose-bud blushing in the spring,
A pearl just taken from its parent wave,
Enough to make a thousand ravers* rave,
The guests rained pearls in handfuls on her head—
Mujnoon had nought, but tears, and those he shed;
The guests on every charm in rapture dwelt—
Mujnoon thought only of the charms he felt:
The guests their torches waved her looks to win,
Mujnoon too had his torch, but 'twas within:
The guests were loud in compliment and prayer,
Invoking blessings on so sweet a pair;
He shrunk within his inmost soul's recess,
And found a fairer sweeter one to bless:
He felt another stood where she should stand,
And his tears washed the contract from his hand.
In vain his robe was gay, his face was fair—
His soul was far away, tho' he was there,

* Literally, make Mujnoon a thousand Mujnoons, (the name signifies a demoniac,) that is, make a thousand mad for her who were previously mad for another.

Like the false khuntul fruit he mocked the sight,
Without—all beauty, and within—all blight.

* * * * *

The young couple are carried home and left to their repose, but in the morning the bride is found weeping alone—Mujnoon had fled in phrenzy to the desert. The favorite part of the poem then begins. It is in describing the vain endeavours of his friends to win him back to reason, his reluctant and occasional returns to their society, and the sudden paroxysms of bitter recollection and absorbing tenderness that bore him back to the desert; it is in painting the various extravagancies of his fancy and feeling, the forms and phases of the madness, that while it was indubitably madness, had always a method in it; the fantastic yet expressive analogies that led his mind from objects the most different, and ideas the most opposite, into the great and ruling current that swept it past its consciousness; it is in representing the process by which each part and parcel of the moral and physical world became to him a link in one vast chain, a step in one endless circle, a wave in one illimitable sea—of infinite and transporting love—that the Moslem authors give fullest and warmest scope to their imaginations. For what they write and read of Lylee and Mujnoon, they mean and feel, or would-be-thought to feel, of the soul and God. Hence the particulars of this part of the story vary, and are expected to vary, with every writer who understands it. But the reader will probably prefer following the incidents of the story to dwelling on particulars and allusions, the excellence and the real object of which he would be unable to perceive. The following passage, however, stands on its own merits.

The sun was darting his meridian rays,
His path from East to West one endless blaze;
The rolling sphere, that felt unusual heat,
Seemed hobbling towards the West with jaded feet;
The hills above, and darkened mines below,
Alike perceived the intolerable glow;
No spot the eye could rest on, but with pain,
No cloud that yielded or that promised rain,
The silent birds beneath the branches shrunk,
The reptiles to their farthest cranpies slunk;
The piercing rays, intolerably bright,
Stung like the poison of an adder bite;
The ponds and pools had sunk and dried away,
Leaving wide beds of parched and fissured clay,
The desert mist* spread out its treacherous wave
As empty as the promise of a knave,
And jaded water-fowl, half mad with drought,
Around it flew, and screamed to find it naught;
The desert sand was hardened to a shell,
All hot and scorching as the floor of hell;
The very dust that heaped the whitened road,
Blistered the traveller's feet, so fierce it glowed;
Man shunned the sultry terrors of the wind,
And languid in some cool recess reclin'd;
All but Mujnoon. He like the desert sand,
From place to place was flying o'er the land;
From head to foot he glowed in dusky sweat,
Burning like lightning, in the midst of wet;
His body worn and bowed by toil and care—
Blackened by heat the features once so fair.
Still, as he went, he groaned and shrieked aloud,
Or wept, capricious, like an April cloud.
And, if perchance some village horn was blown,
Or that he caught some far melodious tone,
At once his passion's utmost phrenzy rose—
Wildly he danced and waved his tattered clothes:

* The mirage.

His garment whilom wuld he rend like chains,
Whilom he tore his flesh and pierced his veins.
Anon a gleam of reason o'er him flashed,
And then he'd stand—bewildered and abashed.

Meanwhile Lylee is not without her sufferings. Her
lament is a simple and powerful piece of pathos.

'Twas night—the lovely Moon unclouded shone,
And that sweet Cypress graced her bower alone;
Silent and still she sat with drooping head,
Her heart was heavy and her eyes were red:
Her sighs it would have pierced the soul to hear,
Her anguish would have shook the solid sphere,
Sad as the night, and like the night she threw
Upon the ground a thousand tears of dew:
Soon midnight on her virgin vigils crept,
And silent round her careless myriads slept;
She, midnight's scornful bride, sat still and cold,
Weeping her blood when tears no longer roll'd.
She breathed her sorrows to the tender Moon,
She said and sighed, and still she said—Mujnoon!
The conscious orb beheld the weeping maid,
And transient pity o'er its splendors played;
Anon she sobbed with wild convulsive pain—
Anon she joined the night-bird's plaintive strain,
And, when her bosom's anguish reached its height,
'Twas thus she poured it on the ear of night.
“ Again—again—my bosom's transports rise,
And all my fortitude in ruin lies;
Again—again—I writhe in passion's clutch,
And reason flies before his scorching touch:
The stifled fury of my bosom's pain—
It burns—it mounts—it kindles in my brain.

* * * * *

They ask me, why, from door or lattice high,
I breathe fond messages to passers bye,
Why I have stained the honor of my name,
Why every tongue is loud upon my shame;

Ah ! little knows the calm and careless friend,
 What 'tis to bear, and what to reprehend ;
 Ah ! little knows the heart, from sorrow free,
 What 'tis to struggle with despair like me :

* * * * *

For when the heart is broken thro' and thro',
 What matter if the veil be broken too ?
 Who from the banquet of the soul that reels,
 Knows name or nation—ought but what he feels.
 Oh place me—place me—by my lovér's side,
 And then let all the universe deride.

* * * * *

There's not a single damsel of our kin,
 But she is happy—all are won and win—
 I—only I—am doomed to pine alone,
 A ruby buried in its native stone.
 There's not a single peacock in the glade,
 But walks at will, the sunshine and the shade ;
 I—only I—the fairest of them all,
 Must hang a lonely prisoner on the wall.
 For friends to boast that they have cast me off,
 For foes to point the finger at and scoff.

* * * * *

Oh thou ! who art so far and yet so near—
 Thou ! that art drooping there, as I am here—
 When the house burns, the friends should see the glow,
 Feel'st thou no thrill when I am suffering so ?
 Oh ! yes ! too well I know thy soul's despair,
 All—all—this faithful bosom seems to share.
 Yet happy thou—Ah ! happy shouldest thou be,
 Thy heart is broken, but thy steps are free,
 Thou range'st as thou wilt—with beasts and birds
 Holding wild converse in unuttered words :
 My anguish nothing changes—nothing cheers—
 I sink into a silent thing of tears—
 Dull sorrow on me rests a mountain's weight,
 Confinement chains me to the scene I hate,

And if I vent a single sob aloud,
 They gather round—a rude unfeeling crowd.
 Blest Night at length her tender silence brings,
 The Moon her lustre thro' my lattice flings,
 My eye holds converse with yon gentle star,
 Day-banished thoughts come flocking from afar,
 Sweet recollection glides across the scene,
 And I forget what is in what has been:
 Anon my misery returns again,
 And oh! I'd give the world to perish then."

* * * * *

Wearied with the monotonous melancholy of her secluded apartments, she goes one day with some other young girls to seek amusement in the fields. While they are there a young shepherd passes, singing one of Mujnoon's laments for his mistress.

She, when she heard her hapless lover's name,
 And those sad words of soul-consuming flame,
 In tender anguish started to her feet,
 And knelt imploring at the shepherd's feet.
 "Ah gentle youth," the weeping maiden cries,
 "I read a generous softness in thine eyes,
 It cannot be but this lugubrious strain
 Has touched thy bosom for a lover's pain.
 Too well I know the meaning of the song,
 And all my past emotions on me throng:
 And he who sings, and he who suffers so,
 Oh tell me—tell me—all and aught you know.
 How bears he now the phrenzy of his soul,
 How bids he now the floods of sorrow roll,
 In what dark cave his weary weight he throws,
 On what bleak thorns he sinks to his repose,
 What nauseous thing his fevered slumber breaks,
 What savage beasts attend him when he wakes,
 What bleeding wound his noble breast indents,
 What raven at his eyes its beak presents:

How fares he for the cell wherein he creeps?
 How fares he for the rock whereon he sleeps?
 Who shares the sorrows of his soul by day?
 How does he wear night's long, long blank away?
 Does his heart pine with any other care,
 Or is poor Lylee still sole sovereign there?"
 Such tender faith surprised the thoughtless youth,
 He wished to make a trial of her truth—
 "Sweet maiden," thus he said, "all praise above,
 Whose very soul is purest, warmest, love,
 The hapless friend for whom you now inquire,
 He who has filled your heart with raging fire—
 Enough to know that he is lost to you,
 Lost to himself—how can he but be too?
 His heart long since beneath your feet he cast,
 His soul the next gift, and his life the last:
 For thee he lived—for thee alas! he died,
 In life his idol, and in death his guide:
 Forbid then thee in his embrace to hold,
 He sunk to clasp the damp and dingy mould;
 Ask'st thou how is he? he is still thy slave—
 Ask'st thou where is he? in the silent grave.

* * * * *

E'er yet the cruel jibe was wholly said,
 Poor Lylee dropped in suffering more than dead;
 Her tender form with wild convulsions shook,
 Like some* poor bird half slaughtered by the cook.
 Alarm and sore repentance seized the swain,
 He owned—he swore 'twas false, but all in vain,
 The deadly stroke had reached her inmost heart,
 Vain was the potent drug and leech's art,
 The shock had rent in twain the vital cord,
 And broke the band that ne'er can be restored.

* * * * *

Her young friends carry her home, but fever seizes her,
 and she soon after dies, with her last breath adjuring her

* This is a ludicrous simile, but an exact rendering.

mother to allow Mujnoon to visit and weep over her grave. In nothing, perhaps, is the poet's truth and delicacy of feeling better shewn, than in making the female lover the first to die, and the farthest from forgetting.

Her only passport to the realms above,
An artless girl's first—last—eternal love.

No one who has had an opportunity of observing what has ever been a confirmed attachment of real life, can doubt that the devotion of the weaker sex is the more lasting, as well as more deep. If there is an exception, woe to him that forms it; the warmth of a woman's feeling and the sternness of a man's, combined together only to be blighted, would form a lot which a hero's fortitude might well be excused from sinking under.

Mujnoon receives intelligence of her death, and rushes to her dwelling-place. Just as he reaches it the funeral bier is carried out, followed by the principal persons of her tribe.

Smiling before the bier he took his place;
There was no sign of sorrow in his face;
With his long hair the dusty path he swept,
Triumphant as he went he sung and leaped;
He shouted lays of amatory pain,
He told the joy of hearts that meet again.
“Welcome,” he cried, “thrice welcome, happy morn,
That freest me from the bands I long have worn,
The banquet of the soul is full at last,
The bitterness of separation's past;
Think not I scatter dust in idle sport,
The bridal waits, and thus I deck me for't;
A closer union than the world e'er drew
Where not e'en life remains between the two.
Awhile the cypress towered above the earth,
Scorning the dingy playmate of its birth,
But now it falls, and again the lovely wreath
Shall rest on me, the happy clay beneath.
I shall behold her—but with other eyes,

I shall enfold her—and no passion rise,
 I shall possess her—tho' no friends are 'hear,
 I shall caress her—and no ribald sneer.
 The hands with which we've flung our lives away
 Shall cling together in one common clay;
 One common couch shall we together share,
 One common pillow interweave our hair;
 A rest no eye shall see, no tongue shall break,
 We wake to final judgment when we wake,
 Dust with the dust will we together lie,
 Pure with the pure will we ascend on high."

* * * * *

Thus pouring forth his transports into song
 To the tribe's burying place he danced along,
 Where fate mysterious willed they should entrust
 Its brightest treasure to the silent dust.
 Weeping they pierced the Earth's maternal breast,
 And laid the sweet one in her place of rest.
 A moment—and Mujnoon was at her side—
 Heart strained to heart—the bridegroom and the bride,
 Two lovely planets shining forth in one
 Brighter than heaven's, though on the earth they shone.
 The rage of shame her kinsmen's features flushed,
 And thronging to the sepulchre they rushed
 But vainly all on him their rage is poured,
 For he was dead or e'er they drew a sword.
 They grasped his hands to tear his hold away,
 In idle rage they shook him as he lay;
 He felt not blow that fell, or hand that grasped,
 He felt his last upon the form he clasped.
 In one they lay united side by side,
 Closed—as their gentle spirits lived and died.
 Compassion fell upon each kindled heart;
 They could not tear such faithful friends apart,
 And some there were of more experienced age,
 Who checked their youthful kinsmen's jealous rage—
 "This is not fancy," said they, "or desire,
 "But a pure spark from the eternal fire,

For who but one that loves with love divine
Will offer up his life upon the shrine?"
Blessed be the heart—ah who can tell its bliss,
That pines and breaks with pure wild love like this!
'Tis vice indeed to meet as worldlings meet;
But to meet so is holy as it's sweet.
The passion that is free from mortal lust,
What can it have in common with the dust?
Were all love such, 'twere a little to allow,
Not loving then were worse than loving now.
E'er yet the greedy ear had closed above
Their life was purity, their death was love;
And now that all the world adores their name,
Eternal honor testifies the same:
The secret of the rich reward they find,
A spotless body in a spotless mind:
Or if one sin of theirs remains to bear,
None be the burden, gentle, generous pair!

SONNET.

BY COLONEL SWINEY.

Dicenque Amor juró que no estaria.—*Gil. Polo.*

LOVE swore, 'tis said, he ne'er could here remain,
If Jealousy had not her succour lent,
And Beauty that she never would consent,
From Pride, as her companion, to abstain—
In hell itself let two such furies reign!—
Each, all our hopes of fond contentment blights—
This, to dire torments changes Love's delights,
That turns the soul from pity to disdain.
But perjured Love and Beauty stand confessed,
Respecting you and me—kind Fortune's care
By this our rare felicity is proved;—
That since your graceful form my vision blessed
Haughty you have not been, though passing fair,
Neither have I been jealous, though I loved.

REMINISCENCES OF THE RECTORY.

BY LIEUT. CHARLES UPTON TRIPP.

THE summer flowers, that bloomed along
 The banks of Cullum's stream,
 The warble of the wild bird's song,
 Return in many a dream.

The lofty elm, whose shades o'er cast
 The lawn where fed the sheep,
 Though long since yielded to the blast,
 O'ershadows me in sleep ;

The ivied church that neighboring stood,
 With gothic porch and nave,
 The gray stone turrets at the rood,
 And every grassy grave ;

These oft again return to mind,
 With thoughts or sad or gay ;
 And every scene I left behind,
 Doth memory still pourtray.

I see the humble and the poor,
 My honored father's care ;
 They daily at their pastor's door
 Sought aid, and found it there.

And that sweet room so stored with books
 Half 'midst the fruit trees hid ;
 'Twas there my father's placid looks
 Forgave the fault he chid.

'Twas there I read, and heard the bees
 Hum 'midst the river flowers ;
 The water's ripple in the breeze
 Made gay the noon-day hours.

And e'en in youth I learnt to prize
 Such lovely scenes as this,
 And truant from my book mine eyes
 Would drink its charms in bliss.

Oh ! long may memory thus bring back
 The days that are no more,
 And cast o'er sorrow's present track
 Thus radiant as of yore !

LINES

On Dr. Leyden's Tomb on the Island of Java.

BY MARY J. JOURDAN.

I TURNED where Nature ever smiles,
 To clust'ring far Malayan isles.
 I saw the tears a maiden shed
 O'er the last, lone and dark-green bed
 Of Poesy's own child—whose tongue
 In fervid strains prophetic sung
 As his sure doom crept o'er his mind,
 And rose his thoughts as sweeping wind

To wilds of her wave-beaten shore—
 Sickened he spurned the brilliant ore*,
 The Circe tempting man's dark fate,
 And worthless found when all too late.

I.

Softly! oh softly! and gently tread
 O'er the low couch of the poet dead.

Each slender stem
 Of the earth-sprung gem,
 Oh! crush not them.

II.

Softly! oh softly! and gently tread,
 Bruise not the wreath on the poet's head,

It was flung there
 In its fragrance rare
 By Nature fair.

III.

Softly! oh softly! and gently tread
 On spring's green robe flung over the dead;

Then lift thine eye
 To *his* home on high,
 Weep silently.

* This alludes to poor Leyden's grave in the burying ground of the English at Batavia, and his beautiful lines to an "Indian gold coin," in which appears a presentiment of his approaching fate, particularly in the following beautiful verse:

"Hah! comest thou now so late to mock
 A wanderer's weary heart forlorn—
Now that his frame the lightning shock
 Of sun-rays tipped with death has borne.
 From love, from friendship, country, torn,
 To memory's fond regrets a prey,
 Vile slave! thy yellow dross I scorn,
 Go—mix thee with thy kindred clay."

THE REQUEST.

BY E. ANDREWS, ESQ.

WHEN Fortune sheds her brightest joys,
 And pleasure ev'ry thought employs,—
 When friendship's voice doth sweetest sound—
 When feast and mirth encircle round,
Oh! then remember me!

When all around thee seem to smile,
 And all forget their care or guile,—
 When the full cup of bliss they drain,—
 When thine own heart is free from pain,
Oh! then remember me!

When at the golden hour of dawn
 My footsteps brush the spangled lawn,—
 Or when at soft and silent eve
 The skies their rosy tint receive,
Oh! then remember me!

When thy small feet, as fairy's light,
 Thread the gay dance in mansions bright;
 When youths more quick, but less sincere,
 Pour all their flattery in thine ear,
Oh! then remember me!

When lone you stray by Cynthia's light,
 And Fancy backward wings her flight;—
 When Memory brings back moments past,
 And sighs to think they could not last,
Oh! then remember me!

When the soft hour of rest draws nigh,
And ere you close a weary eye,—
And bend to breathe a fervent pray'r,
And shed perchance a sacred tear,

Oh! then remember me!

THE MORNING WALK*.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

LADY—the rose upon that lovely cheek
Shall linger long, if thus you bravely scorn
Pale Fashion's couch, and meet the breeze of morn
Before the sun's approach with golden streak
Illumes the vault of heaven. For they who seek
Health, with a heart so pure and unforlorn,
With hopes of innocence and freedom born,
Ne'er leave her haunts unblessed. Thy blue eyes speak
A bright assent to this glad truth serene.
The dew-bespangled grass—the clear fresh air—
The dancing river—groves of glossy green—
Not more dear Nature's happiness declare
Than the diviner glories of thy mien
Reveal how much humanity may share!

* See the opposite engraving.

GRAVE THOUGHTS ON WRITING IN ALBUMS.

BY CAPTAIN MCNAGHTEN.

“ Now sitting at the parlour window, after having dined,
And naturally being o’ a reflecting turn of mind,
Thinks I.” *Anon.*

THERE are a select few shallow, shoulder-shrugging, shocking, shameful, shabby, sheepish, Sherry-and-water people, who persist in saying, and, I am at times almost tempted to believe, in thinking, that I am incapable of writing any thing which can properly be denominated grave ; and who, on beholding the title of this humble attempt, will hasten to “ pish !” and “ pash !” and “ pshaw !” and turn over to the succeeding article ; which may, for aught I know, be perfectly didactic. Such people, you may be sure, do not keep albums, nor are they very tolerant to the practice of keeping such things on the part of their (for they are all males) wives and daughters ; nor yet do they ever, for the best of all reasons, contribute to the same a single offering that is worth being looked at or perused. They deem I cannot write with seriousness, because I sometimes write with pith ; and because I am apt to laugh at some persons, and some deeds, they profoundly consider that I am an irreclaimable alien to that “ gentle dulness” which is so often mistaken for more than owlish wisdom. The fact I believe to be, that my moral writings are for the most part anonymous ; and that, as I append my name to but light and airy vanities, I have been unwittingly instrumental in leading the above describ-

ed genus into the petergrievous error of thinking that though, like Dogberry, "I wére as tedious as a king, I could not find in my heart to bestow it all on their worships;" whereas nothing would, could, or should, afford me greater pleasure than to give them many pages in their own lugubrious vein. Meantime let them be duly thankful for what they can get. Writing in Albums is one of those constantly recurring human actions which are always being ridiculed and yet always being done—a sure proof that the ridicule is misplaced. And it is one of those things, moreover, which beget much hypocrisy, though every body knows, *that* is a quality of which there is quite enough in the world without more of it springing from a source apparently so trifling. Poets, both great and small, affect to hate being solicited for contributions to Albums; just as young ladies of vocal attainments *hate* being asked to sing:—they would be piqued if they were *never* asked! Let the line be properly marked out, before we proceed. A young lady would not like to be sent for to a strange party merely to exhibit her gift of song for the satisfaction of an alien company; nor may an author like the influx of strange Albums sometimes crowded upon him in a manner to denote that he is asked to contribute to them in the way, almost, of his *profession*, rather than as a personal compliment arising from some fair friend's desire to have something of *his* in her own set book. But the young lady would be offended if, in her own circle of society, she were never solicited to sing or play; and if the poet or the painter knew that some valued and agreeable ladye-friend abstained from seeking embellishments for her volume from *him*, he would be sensible of a wound in his vanity or his affection, and would feel a disappointment too, which might chill his

sentiments towards the fair offender ! I should not object to a person's declaring (for he might speak very truly) that he disliked to *have* to write in Albums ; if he would only admit that he was pleased at being *asked* to do so, and assigned the genuine reason for his disinclination to comply. If they are really displeased at being requested to write (supposing the request made by the lady of the book herself), they would be displeased at being requested to confer a favor of any sort on a woman, if it gave them the smallest trouble in the performance,—and *ergo* they must be bears, and on their sour or flinty hearts all argument would be wasted. But such is not the case.

They are annoyed at the mental task it imposes, and which they find hanging heavily upon their mind after they have promised. The album is sent to them, and as long as it lies upon their table it reproaches them with laziness or distaste, or at least temporary dulness ; and makes them feel uneasy at the thought of meeting with its mistress, lest she *should* ask them if any thing has been done. It is usually a delightful thing to make a promise, we feel benevolent, and *then* we are always satisfied with ourselves ; and we have given pleasure to another by the will we have evinced to do that other's bidding. But soon performance comes upon us like a drag ; and we find that we have lost the mood of mind in which we gave our assent ; or some other call is made upon our labour ; or we get a headach, or a thousand things ; and when all this happens, in the case of an album, we give it a malediction instead of a contribution, and proceed to write some lines for our favorite Magazine, reflecting upon all ladies who have Albums in their keeping ! But there is a sound and legitimate reason for "men of credit and renown" in the

literary republic having a disinclination to supply this species of miscellany ; and that is because of the trashy offspring of mediocrity which are permitted to enter the same precincts with their own effusions. It must be owned that, in this respect, the fair, and often pretty, and always feminine, women who cherish the Album kind, are not sufficiently fastidious ; but are too apt to let “ those who cannot write, and those who can ” alike occupy their omnivorous pages, and thus depreciate the compliment in making it so common. The argument of the presence of a pebble being a good foil to the diamond does not hold in such a case ; for it would be no pleasure to a Sir Joshua, or a Sir Thomas, to see one of their intellect-lighted portraits placed between two daubs from sign-posts ; nor would the presence of the daubs really add, in a connoisseur’s eye, to the beauty of the true painting. And the same with verse : one of Moore’s Melodies would not read a bit the better from being preceded and followed by a genuine street lyric. When a girl first obtains an Album she fancies she will never get it filled, and, instead of waiting patiently for such gems as tact and time will not fail to bring her in, she applies to every one she meets for a “ small donation ” till rubbish has occupied the choicest spots, so that the possessor of any thing better is loath to set it down in such strange companionship. What is free for the use of all, is but little valued by any ; and unless the proprietress of an Album *act* strictly on the rule which is *announced* by persons coming into offices to which great patronage is attached ; viz. that the claims of merit alone shall be regarded, let interest say what it will,—she need never hope to complete her collection so as to do any credit to her own judgment, or give any gratification to her talented

friends. Then, an Album should be occupied by solely original productions, whether of pencil, brush, or pen; and consequently neither prints, nor extracts from popular authors, should find places in its leaves; for we do not value such contents of an Album as we can buy in a shop, nor have we any of that pleasant feeling of exclusive interest in what all the world have gazed at already, which yields even to inferior manuscript a nameless charm.

I am writing, you see, oh! Reader, quite the philosophy of Albums, because I wish to redeem them from their fallen estate; as I am not one of those who, affecting to despise them, will yet turn over their leaves and muse on them intently, because his booby tongue can hold no "converse sweet" with the intellectual matron, or the quick and pretty girl, haply on either side of him, in the after-dinner drawing-room. No, I proclaim my regard for the race of Albums, even degraded as I have often found them; and always look them over without caring whether any of the persons present be of the race depicted in the opening sentence of this article or not,—that is, persons eminent in their own conceit, who will think that mind a trivial one which can find amusement in such heterogeneous pages. I see an Album lying on a table, and I like it at once, because it is an Album. I like it, *primâ facie*, without caring what may be between its beautiful covers.

I know not *what* stuff it may hold;—'tis enough
That I, somehow, *do* like it, in spite of its stuff.

The observant reader will, with his wonted sagacity, discover that the thought contained in that couplet has been borrowed by Moore, who makes somebody say to some other body,—

"I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art;"

but plagiarism will exist as long as the world does, though I am of opinion that he who would steal the thoughts of another would also steal his purse, if he believed he could do so with as much impunity; and from that avowal I leave Mr. Moore to draw whatever inference he chooses, while I peaceably return to the Album. I have little patience with those persons who say that "any thing will do for an Album," and that they would not think of "doing their best" for such a mingled yarn of composition. To give something for it, on the principle that any thing will do, is to take an ungenerous advantage of the position in which the fair creature who asks you for a contribution is placed; for what she solicits as a favor she cannot, without indelicacy, reject; and a man who gives her what he thinks a worthless article, virtually says to her:—"Take that, trashy as it is, or nothing; for beggars must not be choosers." But the truth is, that people who proffer mediocre things for an Album are precisely people who have nothing, and who can produce nothing, but what is mediocre; and their uttering a supercilious opinion of an Album is nothing but a malpractice to cover their own incompetency withal. Not do their best, indeed! The really gifted poet may not at all times be in a similar happy mood of composition; but he always does his best, and cannot help doing it, for the time being. Did ever a poet say; "I think that verse too good for the occasion, let me endeavour to make it worse." To be sure not; and though he may not think it, nor is it, necessary to bestow the same degree of "after polish" upon a contribution for an Album, that he would for one to be laid before the public; yet the piece in its fresh state of emanation from his mind, will be, under all the circumstances, the best he can produce

of its nature and its length. In sooth if he have the proper spirit of his craft he will abstain from submitting any thing which he himself thinks unworthy of his intellect, to the "odious comparisons" it must undergo in an Album ; but it is needless to go on with this chain of argument, as the fact is that no man does any thing worse than he can help doing it, and a clever person *cannot* perform any intellectual operation stupidly. He may choose a dull intractable subject, and he may, if compared with himself, be pronounced to have fallen short, on some such occasion, of the excellence which he commonly attains ; but in even his comparatively inferior works, the proofs of ability will be manifold and strong ; and if we notwithstanding pronounce him to have failed, it will only be because he has rendered us fastidious by his previous perfectness. St. Ronan's Well, Redgauntlet, the Abbot, and the Monastery, would have been deemed first-rate works, had the author written no other ; and they *are* first rate among the imaginary works of genius generally ; and who but a dunce could ever seriously think that the poem of "Waterloo" was a dunce's composition ? I have seen, in various Albums, the contributions expressly *for* those Albums, of nearly all our most celebrated poets ; and of which most of the pieces have been subsequently published by the authors themselves ; and I do not remember ever to have seen *one* which just criticism would pronounce to be the lamentable offspring of undoubted mediocrity, or in which a competent critic would not discover " strong symptoms " of cleverness, though no name of note had been placed upon the page.

The productions of Campbell, Croly, Barry Cornwall, Hunt, Hogg, Lockhart, Cunningham, Moir, Coleridge, Southey, Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L., Galt, and nearly all the

foremost writers of the day, which have appeared in the Annuals (and an Annual is only a published Album), are among the most splendid and happy of their respective kinds; and the authors, so far from thinking it a degradation to appear there, only refused their further assistance when the terms of payment fell below what they considered it worth their while to write for:—

O cives! cives! pecunia prima: virtus post nummos!

But no doubt the unfortunate Albums which cannot pay, are woefully imposed upon; or, more properly speaking, are woefully situated, inasmuch as that they are either compelled to remain empty (as sore a thing for an Album, as to remain unmarried is for a young lady in India), or to accept whatever is offered by as many of the “wronghead, rhyming race” as are quite satisfied with making one line end with *dore* and another with *lore*, but are not particular in respect to the quality of the matter with which they occupy the rest of the couplet. Yet are they exceedingly elated with what they have performed; and as often as they afterwards go to the Album’s house, so often do they open the Album and read their own effusions. I knew a person who once achieved a string of such versification, formed into an address to the “Table Mountain” at the Cape of Good Hope; and really to have seen him after it was done you would have thought it impossible his small clothes could ever have fitted him again; for he incontinent grew full six inches bigger, every way, upon the strength of it. His mind seemed to puff out, and expand itself, (the expansion of the air-filled bladder) until it “o’er-informed its tement of clay,” and like the frog in the fable he made sure he had attained to the poetic size of Byron, Pope, or Scott. Such a man would, in all human probability, disdain to

contribute to an Album, or, if "much enforced," would say it was not worth while doing his best for, as the mountain was, but that he would knock off something for it that would answer well enough.

Now, for my own part, I have never addressed any thing in nature larger than a very elegant, or very pretty, or very symmetrical, woman; and therefore I do not disdain to write in such a woman's Album, provided *such* a woman asks me; and when I do undertake such little odd jobs, I have too much self-esteem, as the phrenologists say, not to do the deed as well as ever I can: besides which, it is a gift, and a gift should always be the best of its sort that a generous giver may have the power to bestow. He who writes bad verses in an Album cannot, you may be certain, write good ones any where else; and accordingly it has come to pass that I have written, as some song almost says:—

"Very pretty, tender, witty, sort of things enough," in a variety of Albums; and have always chosen the farthest page possible from the "wretched stuff" which has abounded in the precincts; and have intreated that a drawing may be placed at either side of me, in the event of my not having got between two specimens of the sister art at once. I could here quote many very beautiful pieces from Albums, written by immortal bards, in moods of love, or of that mingled love and friendship which so often subsists between a woman and a man; but they are to be found in subsequent print, and would not have the charm of novelty to recommend them. The following, though, is out of mine own book, in which it was kindly written by L. E. L. herself; and is plaintive and pretty, without aiming at being particularly sublime. There is, indeed, a tact in writing for

Albums, as in doing almost every other business or amenity of social life ; and such writings need not be either elaborate or long, but may contain sometimes an apt personal compliment, which shall not be flattery, or sometimes a reference to the actual contemplated contents of the book. The following were Miss Landon's introductory stanzas for an Album, intended to contain only the records or mementos of personal friendship, to be, possibly, referred to, by the surviving writers "after many days."

Is there a traveller, whereso'er

His path of life may chance have been,
That turns not back to think, and look,
On many a past and chequer'd scene :

Albeit memory must recall

Little of pleasure, much of pain ;—
For where is he who would essay
Life's long and weary way again ?

Yet still amid the waste of years,

Some pleasant memories there must be ;
Some sunstreaks in the cloudiest sky,
Some calm in the most storm-vex'd sea.

Some happy moments, some dear friends,

Some thoughts of love, some thoughts of truth ;
Some sweet winds passing o'er the heart,
Fraught with the freshness of our youth.

And thus, in after years of life,—

If length of years be meant for me,—
How many a record of past times,
And feelings, in these leaves will be !

One name will bring to mind an hour,

Which took, mid mirth and song, its flight ;
Another may recall a time
Of graver but not less delight.

One heart-chord stricken, many more
Will vibrate, and when here I gaze,
With age-dimm'd eyes, what dreams and thoughts,
Will crowd my mind, of olden days !

Then names that I have warmly loved,
I here shall find ;—how shall I brook,
Amid the wreck and change of years,
Upon the changeless page to look !

Now are not these very feeling and pleasing stanzas ; and do they not seem to flow more directly from the heart than from the head ? Just adapted for insertion in lovely Album, in the name of its dear and fascinating mistress,—thinking of the time when she *may* be old ; admitting age to be the concomitant of life ; and never for an instant supposing that she will be tempted to deny her age, or miscalculate it by ten years (on youth's side) in her very ignorance, and nothing else, of Cocker's Elements of Arithmetic, adapted to the really most obstinate capacities. May the fashion of Albums be perennial ! Not any particular "form and pressure" mechanically given to their complement extern, like the pattern of a silk, a muslin, a bonnet, or a sleeve ; but the substantial fashion of ladies keeping them from the sweet and enchanting season of girly-womanhood, before marriage, until the serious and perplexing time of a numerous and interesting progeny after it. If you are in love, and have not nerve enough to say so, but at the same time would give your silly head and ears to make it known (as if the fair object were not perfectly aware of it, and could not have informed you thereof at so early a stage of the disorder that it would have been a startling piece of news even to yourself!) what so convenient a go-between as an Album ? Away with you to the

tabernaculum where such vanities are sold, and make choice of one richly and rarely bound, high in price and pretension, and curious in embossed and illuminated designs. Then if you are a poet born, well and good,—your degree of inspiration will effect the little that remains to be effected at that stage of the case ;—for you may consider it as a rule that if, at the time you discover yourself to be in love, you do not simultaneously become aware of having received any repulse from the fair'one, on paying her those really marked, and by her *re*-marked, attentions you unconsciously did, she is prepared to receive your declaration, or other overt act of avowal, with favor. For she has discovered your passion long ago, and if she *have* treated you coldly, a consciousness of the same will come vividly and suddenly to your mind, as soon as your tardiness has found out your love, though you most probably never were struck with it before ; and in that unhappy case consider yourself a “ rejected address,” and if you have not purchased the Album—*don't* purchase it. But if you are *not*, according to the foregone hypothesis, a poet born, it is all Parnassus, with Helicon on the top of it, to all Highgate Hill, with that of Primrose on the top of *it*, that your newly found-out sensations will render you a versifier, tolerable in the too partial eyes of her whom you, by her own permission, adore ; unless you are one of those desperately solemn-skulled people—but in that case such a woman, as I suppose, would not *have* the spurious article you called your love—so there is an end to that view of the subject, and I shall imagine you love-inspirable into some truthful and feeling stanzas, if not very sublime ones. Well, there is an opening for you !—“ Presentation lines to Violetta”—so you see *one* use of an Album ; and the man you bought

it from sees *another* use in it; and yet a *third* use is perceived by her to whom it is presented: so that for all your three sakes, and the sakes of all trios similarly situated, I again wish the fashion of Albums to be of long endurance. An accomplished, and a ladylike lady of my acquaintance had procured one of these delightful blank books, with a view to make it a present to a young and very amiable friend; and she requested me to write the introductory stanzas. To be the first to write in a newly-purchased Album is a flattering distinction, when it is pleasingly conferred; and there was in this case a congeniality of sentiment which made me a very willing coadjutor in the soft design. The mind of man can behold few things more unalloyedly agreeable than a cordial friendship between two women, both of whom he himself regardeth in a similarly friendly way; and between two such natures I was very glad of the opportunity of inserting a little of the mild but not weak cement of poetry;—something in this way.

Unfraught with fancy or with skill,
 A page in such a place to fill,
 I feel as one who wanders round
 Some newly-structur'd garden ground,
 Wherein are destin'd to be plac'd
 The richest shrubs, the rarest flowers,
 Which its fond owner's care and taste
 Can cull, to deck his future bowers :—
 I feel as one might do, if press'd
 By partial friendship's kind request,
 To place in that design'd parterre
 Its first fair plant, but could no more
 Than lay some weed, all worthless, there,
 To mar the future costly store.

So here, where in each after page,
 Pure taste, origenius, shall engage
 To yield the fair possessor pleasure,
 I well may blush for lines like these
 (The weeds amid the flowery treasure)
 Ungifted with the charm to please.
 The future pages shall be fraught
 With gems of price, by talent wrought,
 As fancy o'er the leaf shall stretch
 The mimic tint, or graceful sketch;
 Nor least will those in beauty look,
 Touch'd by the MISTRESS of the Book.
 And poesy shall lend its charm,
 In aidance of its sister art,
 And pour in song those feelings warm,
 Which fill its votary's burning heart.
 Here, shall the gothic building show
 Its gorgeous tracery:—there, shall glow
 The rich-hued landscape; while along
 Another page the flood of song
 Shall gush,—some lover's plaintive strain;
 Or the more gay and lively lyre
 Of those among the muses' train,
 Whom wit and merriment inspire,
 Shall wake its tones of careless glee,
 And speak the heart from sadness free.
 Here, shall be view'd the castle tower,
 The Ancient Baron's hold of power;
 There, some old convents' sombre wall,
 Where youth and beauty may have wept
 Their lives away, in odious thrall,
 By ruthless sire or guardian kept.
 And here the love-bower shall be seen,
 And woman's rapturing face and mien,
 By fancy's pencil gently trac'd,
 Or from fond memory's source portray'd;
 And thus, by pen and pencil grac'd
 By poet's and by painter's aid,

This gift of friend-ship's heart we'll see
 Deck'd as that token ought to be,
 Which means regard and love to tell
 For one—deserving both so well.

Really if these lines had not, unluckily, been my own, I should have been disposed to have given them a sprinkling of commendation. Pretty, easy-flowing, harmless, bland, milk and watery, things they are, that no one can find fault with ; and not at all like my usual style of writing—impassioned, humoursome, tender, or soporific—just as the reader may be pleased to decide. But could any one imagine (even those who know me best) that I could be quite such a bear as to have *tried* to have written some very bad lines in the foregoing case ; or to have sat down to the composition with an innate conviction that “ any thing would be good enough for an Album ? ” A person has a right to refuse compliance with any request ; but having complied, he is morally bound to do what he has promised in the best manner he can ; and he who would purposely deteriorate an Album entrusted to him, would purposely, or by a sort of wilful carelessness, break the knees of his friend's horse, or return him the borrowed razor unfitted to associate with the chin of man again. I must proclaim, however, in strict impartiality, that for the multitudinous stupidities of most Albums, the ladies themselves, who own the volumes, are vituperable ; for they do ask for grist in a most indiscriminate way ; and a poor wretch may really put in a very lack-brain piece with that worst of all things, the very best intention. He may be one of those unthanked good-natured people who cannot find in their hearts to say No ; he may not like to confess his inability to do any thing a lady pleases to ask him, for fear he might never be asked to do any thing else—and the days of chivalry are

not so completely gone by but what a right-minded bachelor (married men are irreclaimable curmudgeons) is still happy to be made a lovely woman's slave—and lastly the modest youth may not be aware of his poetical deficiency, and may feel extremely gratified by the opportunity of going so near to publication as an appearance in an *entertaining* person's Album unquestionably denotes. By this means the Lady of the Book is an accessory before the fact to the destruction of its worthiness, and such of her numerous guests or visitors as chance to dip into its heterogeneous pages, are more likely to blame her taste than her contributors' talent, when they find but one grain of wheat for every bushel of chaff in her literary granary. Nor does the solitary good piece one may happen to find, by any means reconcile one to the mass of crudities among which it exists; any more than we should delight to see the lady's own necklace composed of many coarse pebbles and a single precious stone; or than it would delight us to behold a plot of ground, called by the proprietor thereof a flower-garden, in which among many weeds there was but a single rose-tree. We are disappointed when we open a beautifully wrought casket, and find the contents to consist of a few strings of garnets, or at best of some pale-colored seed coral, to say nothing of false pearls; and how woful is the disappointment to one who opens the (or what at all events must be called the) *mind* of a positively silly girl, with a face and figure fit for a very Hebe, and which led our surface-observing worships into the firmest belief that it was the outside alone which resembled the fruit spoken of by Milton and more recently by Moore:—

“ There stood

A grove hard by, laden with fair fruit like that

Which grew in paradise, the bait of Eve
 Used by the Tempter :—greedily they pluck'd
 The fruitage fair to sight :—
 They (fondly thinking to allay their appetite
 With gust) instead of fruit chew'd bitter ashes,
 Which th' offended taste with sputt'ring noise reflected."

Paradise Lost.

Moore has just the same idea, which he is more likely to have borrowed from Milton than Milton from him; but the fact is that older people were before both of them! However, Moore speaks very prettily

" Of hopes that but allure to fly,
 Of joys that vanish while he sips;
 Like dead-sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
 But turn to ashes on the lips :"

And such is just the intellectual disappointment one experiences on finding a lovely girl silly, or a beautiful Album replete with promiscuous nonsense. Among a great many appropriate stanzas which I have seen in these private miscellanies, I was struck with the goodness of the following lines by Richardson (D. L. R. I mean, for there is a G. F. Richardson also a poet) which contain a good deal of quiet humour—a quality rare in his writings, which are quite of the contemplative order—and evincing that modest sort of tact that performs a thing well, at the time of disclaiming the ability to do so.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

I.

You know not, gentle Lady, what you ask,
 Nor what I have to give, or you would never
 Have set me this unprofitable task,
 Or thought me (strange delusion!) half so clever ;—
 I blush, and almost on distraction border,
 At calls like thine for verses "made to order."

II. *

And yet 'tis strange that scarce a week elapses
 But lo! some album bright, with feminine letter,
 Alarms my timid Muse. Each claim perhaps is
 A compliment, and yet 'twould suit me better,
 To waive it, and exchange the painful pleasure
 For ease unbroken and unanxious leisure.

III.

'Tis not so much that I dislike the trouble,
 For really, if your subject bard may say so,
 I'd toil until I grew both faint and double
 To serve the fairer sex, could I but lay so
 Flattering an unction to my weary spirit
 As the proud consciousness of genuine merit.

IV.

But as I positively want the power
 Even to please myself, and hate to prove it,
 I pass what seems a very ill-spent hour,
 When my tried temper fails, and fair ones move it
 To something like a state of mad vexation,
 By urging me to such severe probation.

V.

I find that several persons have a notion
 That I can write, as ancient maidens chatter.
 As easily as chemists mix a lotion,
 Or lawyers make a bill, or scolds a clatter;
 And if I humbly hint my incapacity,
 They question both my will and my veracity.

VI.

It is not till with suicidal kindness
 I grant their wishes (to my shame and sorrow),
 And prove beyond a doubt their partial blindness
 By rhymes the meanest plagiarist would not borrow
 To save his soul, that gentle maids and matrons
 Desert my ranks of literary patrons.

VII.

Though at the risk of changing the opinion
Implied in your request, these hurried stanzas
Shall stand as proof of feminine dominion,
That from Don Quixotes down to Sancha Panzas,
So sways our sex that touched with sweet insanity
We play the fool with infinite urbanity.

VIII.

Who can refuse the fair? Oh! I for one
Feel it impossible; you now must know it,
To your cost and to mine. The deed is done—
The page is blotted,—yet I pray you show it
To all who own an Album—all who ever
Have thought your rhyming friend unkind or clever.

D. L. R.

What I have thus written, with the benevolent view of exalting future Albums in the scale of books, has appertained, principally, to the literary part of them, and has dwelt but little on their pictorial decorations. As a general rule, no prints should, as I have before said, be admitted, for they totally destroy every idea of originality, and are, in such a locality, intrinsically valueless. Besides, many persons paint and sketch very well, though excellence in the art may be rare enough; and even a hasty or an unfinished piece may abound in spirit and genius, like some of Coleridge's fragments; so that an Album stands less chance of being marred by amateur drawings than by amateur poetry—the mediocrity of the former, when it does exist, not being so discernible as that of the latter; and an error even in perspective being less atrocious than a blunder in sense, or a common-place in thought. In London an Album may be rendered a treasure to its owner, and a source of real enjoyment to every looker in. I have seen them made up of Cunningham, Mitford, Croker,

Landon, Hogg, Hemans, Watts, Fielding, Behnes, Martin, Hemans, Moore, Roberts, Southey, Croly, Heaphy, Landseer, and a number more—such a cluster!—and am frankly of opinion that an Indian Album composed of Parker, D'Oyly, Rattray, Smith, Grant, Drummond, Richardson, Carr, Neave, Barton, Henderson, Beechey, Campbell, Prinsep, and several more (besides myself) whose names are not at present on the muster roll of my memory, might be an Album, which, like the girl in the “Woodpecker,” would be

“Graceful to soul and to eye,”—

always supposing that the contributors to the Calcutta Annuals were not *all* permitted to “rush in” and mar the face of the fair creation.

END.

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' - for a day of recreation or

who came into the city, perhaps for a day of recreation or to meet some newly arrived countrymen, announced the reign of cheerful labor looking forward with confidence to the completion of a glorious undertaking,—at night the artificial thunder ceased to shake the hills, and ten thousand distant fires hanging on their dark sides pointed out the encampments of the labourers, and gleamed like living rubies in the pearly lustre of the tropical moonlight, or shot up red beams far into the heavens, when the stars alone ruled their dark blue depths. Then awoke the voice of revelry and music in the city, and from the countless delicious quintas in its charming neighbourhood. The streets and squares, thronged with a glad multitude, were in a blaze of illumination; while the country-houses of the gentry, where the most princely hospitality prevailed during the whole period, beamed brightly, but with a softened lustre, as the variegated lights of all hues streamed forth, through rare exotics, from amidst groves and bowers of oranges, of lilacs, and of jasmin, twined round the stems of gigantic aloes in their most brilliant bloom, or were reflected by sparkling fountains, or by the still transparent waters which slept black and unrippled in basins of jasper and porphyry, and spotless marble.

Alfred, I have often viewed the scene from this very spot. Bright as the sun of another system, high blazed the illumination of the gorgeous city, till the passing night-clouds reflected the glow like masses of burnished silver. Around glanced the soft pale lights from the quintas, embosomed in beautiful groves through whose ever-verdant foliage the emerald radiance streamed with a quiet lustre—further landward, circle beyond circle, spread the crimson flames of the camp fires on the purple ridges of the mountains, in the dark recesses of the cork and chesnut woods, on the verge of gra-

nite precipices, and by rushing torrents, which as they sprang from rock to rock down the sides of rugged hills, reflected the red gleam in long broken flashes.

It cannot be supposed, however, that in the midst of so great a multitude there were no minds less sanguine than the rest, some who from habit looked upon the great work in progress with constitutional indifference, others whose thoughts assumed even a gloomy colouring, and foreboded evil from its completion. Neither was it to be denied, that circumstances occurred, such as a vivid fancy might not unnaturally connect with the operations in progress, though by no visible or tangible link; circumstances, in short, which in a less enlightened age would have given a colour to superstitious presentiments, and awakened those vague fancies perpetually laying in wait as it were for imaginative minds. I remember well when the President of the great council of delegates, speaking the will of remote and mighty nations, gave his final and formal assent to the commencement of the canal. It was a glorious day in spring, without a cloud to chequer the serene splendour of the azure heavens, while a delicious breeze just rustled amongst the leaves of the blossom-laden trees, and rippled the sparkling waves of the ocean till they broke in silver curls upon the beach. All at once, as the President attached his name to the decree, there was a sudden darkness as if a thunder-cloud was passing over the sun; it was like the lurid dusk of a total eclipse. Many people left the senate house to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon, and they found the gaze of those in the streets, steadfastly directed to the sun, while others were pouring from their houses with marks of dismay and astonishment. I was amongst those who left the chamber of delegates, in which I represented the Cuban Republic, and I can scarce-

ly describe what I saw on reaching the street. Though the atmosphere was free from the lightest vapour, there was no difficulty in gazing directly at the orb of the sun : it was shorn of its insupportable lustre, and looked in the midst of the calm and cloudless heavens, like a large pale meteor : but the more strange phenomenon was, that it appeared instinct with life, I should rather say with corruption, for it resembled a moving, heaving mass, moving with that loathsome writhing motion which you may see in a knot of vipers or earth-worms, while every now and then there seemed to gush from it a sort of deep purple mist of a colour darker than blood, which after hanging around the pale orb for a few seconds dispersed, and as it were melted away in surrounding space, or was absorbed again into the globe of dim and colourless fire. This appearance lasted nearly a quarter of an hour, during which the birds sat cowering and silent, beneath the cornices of buildings, and under the boughs of trees, while the howling of the wild animals in the neighbouring mountains was distinctly audible in the city, where our awe was voiceless ; at the same time, a gigantic condor, grasping a mangled sea-eagle in his iron talons, fell dead in the great square :—but the terrible appearance of the sun slowly departed, men drew their breath again, and that evening, to the sound of a thousand trumpets, amidst the roar of cannon and the shouts of a countless multitude, the President struck the first stroke in the great work, with a pick-axe of pure gold.

There were not wanting in so great a multitude, people who considered the supernatural appearance of the sun as a prognostic of coming evil, but the less credulous or more enlightened smiled at their dreams—still a singular impression continued, I cannot say on the public mind, for the

mass of mankind anticipated unmixed good from the union of the two oceans, but on the minds of many. Some declared that in the silence of midnight, when the waves were asleep, and no night-breeze ruffled their repose, groans and hollow murmurs were heard on the sea-shore, nay, far out at sea, startling the wakeful mariner, who looked in vain upon the star-light sky and the calm waves for a solution of the phenomenon. Again, men said, that at high noon, when not a breath moved the loftiest boughs of the mountain cedar, deep sighs were heard in the forest, and the workmen, as they reposed beneath the shade of the great trees, were startled by loud unearthly wailings. These rumours, however, were naturally treated as the offspring of vulgar credulity, a mere continuation of the excitement created by the singular appearance of the sun on the day of ratification. "What," said Sariola, Behlere La Gage, Von Wedlon, Ellar, the great engineer Stelforth, and a host of less eminent scavans, "what is there to apprehend? The respective levels of the two oceans have been measured to the fraction of a line, and to fancy that any material geological or geographical change can result from their union is a demonstrable absurdity." Even those who felt an apprehension, not the less perplexing because they could neither define its nature nor trace it to any reasonable source, were soothed by the arguments, or convinced by the illustrations, or shrunk from the ridicule of the philosophers; and the mighty work went on.

For my own part, I was too well versed in the physical science of the age, too devout a believer in the perfection of mechanics, to do more than smile at the various idle rumours which would feign connect something beyond the ordinary laws of nature with a very grand, but yet very mechanical,

demonstration of the powers of art. I placed it to the score of human vanity, which would persuade itself, like the heroes of Homer, that superior influences were interested in the earthly aspirations, the earthly hopes, and the earthly cares of man. Alas, how has my vain imagination, my pride of knowledge, my presumptuous confidence been rebuked ! The haughtiness of philosophy refused to recognize in the human mind an anticipative faculty more true than the most forecasting calculations of science ; yet in inferior animals, in their never falsified perceptions of many physical calamities, of the coming earthquake, the approaching hurricane, the advancing draught or pestilence, we might have recognized and studied the existence of a sense, the possession of which by a superior rank in the scale of creation, we chuse to question rather than bend our pride to the avowal, that its existence baffled our investigation. The book of nature was open before us : we might have paused at the mysterious analogy between the feelings which perplexed us and the inexplicable terror of inferior creatures, dimly foretelling the approaching earthquake ere it springs from the unknown depths in which it slumbers to an awful life, while the keenest efforts of science, the most profound exertion of reason can trace no sign of its advent—we might, I say, have paused at this mysterious analogy between the dumb fear of the brute creation and that undefined trembling which filled many souls, (who yet strove against it with all the weapons of pride and reason,) at the prospect of that mighty union of two oceans which the kingdoms of the earth were labouring to complete. But our eyes were blinded, our hearts were hardened by the glories of mechanics, by the past triumphs of human science, and the gigantic work went on—gigantic, indeed ; for remember, Alfred, it

was no silver thread we traced through green and sunny glades, like the puny canals which once gave fame to the engineer, and wealth to the noble of the old world ; but a mighty chasm, many leagues in breadth, to be pierced through enduring barriers of solid granite, against which from the beginning of time the storms of two fathomless oceans had hurled their clouds and their thunderbolts in vain.

I had from the dawn of manhood been an enthusiast in the chase—the chase in its noblest form. There was that in seeking the American tiger in his lair, in rousing the savage condor from her inaccessible cliff, which stirred the deepest springs of my life blood with a thrilling delight—I loved to breathe, as the English poet sang, “ The difficult air of the iced mountain’s top,” in pursuit of this my favourite pastime : to track the bear through the storm as it broke in sleet and thunder on the granite peaks of the mighty Cordelliers, or to follow the crouching wolf, as he pursued his stealthy flight through the dingles and deep shadows of the forest. I was frequently bewildered and benighted during these perilous excursions, until at length two or three narrow escapes and the entreaties of dear friends induced me to make provision against the last, as, at particular periods of the year, it was the worst of those misfortunes. I possessed a small state called RITALE, in the mountains about a league and a half from the city. Alfred, look around you, perhaps that then comparatively barren and valueless spot, the least productive, the least thought of, amongst many wide and fertile domains ; now bears, a lonely island in the ocean, all the survivors of the countless race of man, all that still exists of human care or culture, or civilization, on the face of the earth—this, Alfred, this is RITALE.

I said that my state was situated about a league and a half from the city, in a direct line with that tract of country where I chiefly hunted; it was therefore convenient for me to make it a starting point in the morning, and it was no less favourably situated for establishing a hunting lodge, from which I might set forth, or which would give me shelter at night, when fatigue, or the state of the weather, made an additional league and a half of precipitous and broken mountain paths, an object for consideration even to a practised hunter. By degrees my lodge grew into a pretty rustic villa, elegantly if not luxuriously fitted up, and provided with all that could render hours passed in solitude agreeable—a choice library, pictures, the instruments of philosophy and those of amusement. A massive cliff, clothed with the splendid creepers of the climate, and bending round the little dwelling in the form of a horse-shoe, preserved it from the violence of the mountain winds, and still more completely from the gales which at times swept the wide Pacific. This perfect shelter at so high an elevation, enabled me not only to fill an extensive garden with the rare and delicate flowers of both hemispheres, but to bring to the highest perfection all the superior class of vegetables in the enclosed space. By degrees, I established a species of small farm, in a valley to the eastward of the house, in order to give occupation to the two or three domestics, whom I retained on the spot; granaries were scooped in the cliff, with stabling for the cattle, and fantastic grottos, which I filled with spars and monses, and fountains bubbling up through beautiful sea-shells. They were then indeed of little utility, how thankful have I been in their possession since! but they were always pleasant quiet spots, deliciously cool during the heat of the day, and therefore acceptable retreats to the friends

who occasionally accompanied me up the mountains, either to hunt, or to breathe the lighter air, and enjoy the superb view—superb indeed it was. On the right, spread the glorious Pacific, until its azure waves mingled with the canopy of heaven, and the eye sought in vain some line of horizon to mark where the empire of the waters ceased, and that of air began. On a still night, we could even hear the hoarse murmur of the waves many thousand feet beneath us. A few yards beyond the lawn, and in front of my verandah, which was thick with clustering jasmin and honeysuckle and China roses, the passion flower and the sweet leaves of the vanilla, rushed a mountain torrent clearer than crystal, and flinging high its sparkling foam as it dashed from one petty cliff to another. Its bright glancings could be traced far down amongst the mountains, and led the eye onward in the direction of the splendid city. That city, reposing as it were amidst groves of perpetual verdure, was a glorious spectacle, with its majestic Acropolis hanging high in the glittering air, its vast public edifices, its magnificent squares, its pellucid river catching the golden tints of morning on its quiet breast, while fountains, and columns, and domes, and spires shot up on all sides in the early sunshine, like jets of silver flame. Its wealth, position, population, intelligence, all seemed prepared, in combination with nature, to render it the commercial capital of the East and West, and the great connecting link between the four quarters of the globe. From our elevated position in that clear atmosphere, and with the fine glasses of Morand and Escrocque, we could look down upon it as on a panoramic map, criticise the architecture of each edifice, and trace the windings of every strada, nay even recognize the equipages of our friends, as

who occasionally accompanied me on the mountain



they moved along the streets, or themselves, as they sauntered, unconscious of observation, through the sweet shades of their charming villa gardens. From the great plain which bordered the bay, close to the city, we could follow the course of the vast excavation for many miles, as turning to the east, it wound its way amongst the mountains: now, lost amidst woods and cliffs, then again seen afar off, a black vast chasm, more like the rent left in earth's crust by some tremendous earthquake than the work of man. Again, the mountains themselves, the sea of mountains, through which it was cleft, were beautiful objects, the nearest and least elevated clad in nature's livery of everlasting verdure, or rich with the vineyards and maize fields which reposed in sunny luxuriance on their swelling slopes; those more remote and loftier, mingling the purple granite of cliffs and rocky masses with the deeper green of majestic woods, while the misty blue of the furthest range, as the rugged outline occasionally sank down at some abrupt angle, shewed a faint regular streak of the palest azure. This was the Atlantic. Alas! why do I pause upon these recollections. Our dwelling, Alfred, still stands beneath its sheltering cliffs; in those shady grottos now rest the children of my heart: but where are those, the kind, the good, the glad of spirit, whose cheerful laugh has been so often echoed from those hoary rocks? The sparkling stream still gathering its living waters in the higher regions of our mountain isle, dashes fresh and lustrous past the little lawn—but how brief its course! my eye follows it as of yore, and imagination still conjures up the intermediate dells, the far off city. A murmur fills my ear, is it what the English Milton so beautifully calls, "The busy hum of men?" Alas, it is the meet-

ing of that poor stream, after a course as brief as it is bright, with the waves of the boundless ocean, which roughly dash it back, almost at my very feet.

On the third of May, in the year of grace two thousand and fifty-four, it was announced by the President of that august assembly of delegates from the nations who had assisted in the mighty work, that the labours of four years were happily terminated—two boundless oceans were prevented from mingling their waves only by the artificial barriers against which they leant, but which would cease to exist at the mandate of the assembly. “Your decree is alone wanting, gentlemen,” said the venerable Las Pares, “Your decree is alone wanting to unite for ever through this magnificent channel the waters of the Pacific and the Atlantic. We have opened a new highway for the march of civilization and human happiness—we have achieved a mighty victory, and if our conquest has only been effected at a cost exceeding that of many wars, it is unsullied by those griefs which dim the brightest triumphs of politics, while it surpasses them alike in boundless utility and true glory.”

The tenth of May was finally decided upon for the opening of the great canal. Countless multitudes had assembled from all quarters of the globe to witness so magnificent a ceremony. The isthmus was covered with vast encampments, for the cities and villages could no longer contain the host of strangers assembled by the event. A statistical author of eminence, Millar of Philadelphia, told me that he had taken considerable pains to ascertain the probable number of individuals congregated at the most interesting spectacle that had ever been presented to mankind; his impression was, that they exceeded rather than fell short

of three millions. Perhaps the human race had never gathered together on one spot, in such numbers, or on so sublime an occasion.

On the morning of the ninth of May, a peasant brought me information, that a wolf of peculiar size and ferocity, and which had for some time past been renowned for his ravages in the mountain farms, had been traced to a woody dell, a few miles beyond my hunting seat. As he only occasionally made his appearance, probably from some remote quarter to which he retired after his slaughtering inclinations were satiated, and had hitherto baffled all the efforts of our best hunters to destroy him, I was very anxious to take advantage of his having been marked, lest in the course of the following night he should steal back to the unknown retreat from whence he made his bloody visitations. I therefore went off immediately, promising to return the same evening; or if I found that impracticable, to sleep at my lodge, and reach the city at an early hour on the following day. I kissed my wife and my children, bade a cheerful adieu to my friends, and left them with a laughing assurance, that I was proceeding to provide a solemn and appropriate sacrifice to the spirit of peace and good-will, which the event of to-morrow would tend to spread so largely over the habitable globe. "Nay," said I; "I will cast my wolf upon the first wave of the Pacific which enters the great canal, and he shall float to the Atlantic,—a symbol of departed strife, rapacity, and violence." My Marianna seemed depressed, but she could assign no cause for her depression. She rarely interfered with an amusement for which she knew my strong partiality, beyond an occasional gentle caution, and now and then a hint at the unfavourable state of the

weather, which I was frequently too happy to accept as an excuse for remaining with her. On the present occasion, though her beautiful face had a pensive, perhaps an anxious expression, her cheek was paler, and her eye less softly bright than usual, she urged no word against my departure ; on the contrary, when, fancying that she was not well, I pulled off my hunting cap, and said, "I will not go to-day, Marianna,"—she replied, "By no means—It is very strange, for the first time in my life, I feel desirous that you *should* go ; perhaps the ravages committed by this horrid wolf on the flocks of the poor people of the mountains, influence me to wish that he should not escape you.—Truly, Carlos, you will be a Theseus, a Hercules in the opinion of these poor creatures, if you accomplish an exploit in which our hardest mountaineers have failed ; at all events, do not stay on my account. I am really well, but depressed, I know not why—it is foolish ; but, dear Carlos," she smilingly added, "your return, a conqueror and benefactor, will console me for your brief absence, and I shall meet you quite restored in spirits and in health."—Alfred, we never met more. That wife—those sweet children, whose infancy was as dear to me as your own—my noble-hearted relatives—my kind good friends—Alfred, we met no more.

Leaving my carriages at the foot of the mountain, near whose purple summit my hunting seat shone afar off like a star, I ascended as usual on horseback ; some chasseurs and other servants were in attendance at the lodge, and in half an hour, I sallied forth fully equipped to track and combat the savage enemy. Encounters with more formidable antagonists were events of too frequent recurrence to leave any great apprehension on my mind as to the result of my present expedition. I was really more anxious to find and

along whose seams the durzee's charcoal marks were still unobliterated by the dho'bee, were learning to shift and balance their muskets. Somewhat aloof from the others, one section of the warlike tyros, nearly perfect in their discipline, were undauntedly firing away the Honourable Company's powder.

With a grave shake of the head, the hereditary son of Mars thus expressed his sentiments on the subject broached by the friendly tumbalee.

"The service you speak of is a steady, regular affair, no doubt. But from all I have seen and heard of it, I think I never could relish its strict systematic observances. They go to damp the ardour of a bold spirit, and bind up the energy of a fearless arm. The fleet dog, that aids in the chase of a deer, has at least the perquisite of picking his bones. But the Furungees have a different way of thinking. Their poor soldiers get all the blows, while they themselves take all the booty. Oh, no. Whatever prince I fight for, must not curtail my privileges of plunder, after I have contributed to gain him a victory."

"There is nothing but reason in what you say," answered Seedha Ram.

So far had the conversation proceeded uninterruptedly, when the interlocutors entered one of the narrow thoroughfares leading into the town. Here, the great number of passengers, the attention it behoved Seedha Ram to bestow on the well-laden animals he drove before him, the occupation of both sides of the lane with baskets containing fruits, fish and vegetables, and the noisy altercations of the vendors and buyers of these several commodities, put a premature end to all colloquial intercourse. Having threaded this tortuous alley, the tumbalee gave his front bullock

a punch of the goad in the right shoulder, and changed the direction of the march, by a road much broader and better defined, towards the north. Afterwards, turning to the east, they passed through the China-bazar; and once more facing the north, they at length approached the Chuorusta, or quadrivium of Cawnpoor. By this time, though the sun had not yet set, he had disappeared behind the tall buildings to the west, and the large area left vacant by the intersecting streets was crowded, as it usually is at that hour, with a population so dense, that our wondering Put'han, as he eagerly threw his regards over the scene, could distinguish nothing save a moving mass of white, red and yellow turbans. Could the unceasing undulations of that compact mob have been but stayed for a few moments, a slight stretch of the imagination might have fancied it an immense package of printed calico.

With infinite labour did Seedha Ram urge his horned assistants to force for themselves and burdens a passage through the closely-wedged multitude; and so slowly was the object effected, that though his shop was situated only three hundred paces down the main street on his left, it was already growing dark when he reached it. Not unmindful of his promise, however, he and his shopman had no sooner unloaded the oxen, and carried the hampers of paun inside, than he took the young Put'han by the hand, and conducted him straight to the surraee of Hussun Khan. This house of entertainment lay a little farther to the west, at the entrance of a lane diverging from the principal street to the right, where the obliging tumblee, having warmly recommended the stranger to mine host's favour, took leave of him for the night, with a general invitation to munch a betel-leaf at his shop whenever convenience suited him.

The following morning Nujat Khan, our Put'han friend, dressed himself in his best summer garments, and, with a brass-studded shield dangling at his back, and a red-scarbarded tulwar tucked under his arm, sallied forth to take a survey of Cawnpoor. To have done this effectually, would have occupied several days. But such not being his intention, and, moreover, as nothing at all remarkable is to be found in the place, he was satisfied with a walk through the bazars in the vicinity of his lodging; and about noon, he went to pay his respects to the friendly tumblee. Here he was kindly received, and hospitably treated; and after chatting away an hour, he went to see what his bhutiyara had provided for dinner.

Day after day, with little variation, came and went in the same idle manner, without an effort on the part of Nujat Khan to get employment of any sort. At the expiration of a month, he had almost reached the bottom of his purse; but the only consequence which the approach of that event produced, was a change in his daily promenades. Instead of ranging the bazars, or lounging in the shop of Seedha Ram, he now affected the retired lanes of the environs, and the shady roads by the river side.

One morning, as in listless mood he passed through the eastern suburbs, a pair of travelling showmen were exhibiting the several feats of a bear, a goat, and a family of monkeys, before the door of a snug well-finished lower-roomed house, situated a few yards from the road, and surrounded by a hedge. As several children and adult idlers were partakers of the amusement, our Put'han, who had no better mode of killing time, unceremoniously joined them within the inclosure. The tricks of the bear and monkeys were not however so attractive as to engross all

his notice. He had leisure also to observe a fair round female arm, decorated with golden kurrahs, that from time to time raised the edge of a purdah in one of the front windows. His attention being roused, he closely watched the motions of the shy spectator, and was soon rewarded for his pains with the view of a sparkling eye, a small roguish nose, and the better half of a handsome forehead adorned with a scarlet treka. He thought the eye beamed kindly upon himself; and the pleasing idea made him inflate his broad chest, and twirl his well-shaped mustaches, with unequivocal satisfaction. Twice had he enjoyed the charming vision, and each time had he persuaded himself that the lady behind the purdah regarded him favourably, when the diverting vagabond who regulated the motions of Bruin put an end to the entertainment, by shouting "Salam, beebie sahib! Gholaum bukshish paoonga?" Having received the customary largess, bipeds and quadrupeds made their tumultuous exeunt, leaving Nujat Khan alone inside the fence. No indication appearing on the side of the mistress of the mansion, (for mistress of it he confidently deemed her) that could warrant his stay, he lingered a few moments, and then slowly and reluctantly took his departure.

This rencounter, it may well be believed, furnished pleasant food for the imagination of our susceptible Put'han. That night he dreamt of the fair purdah-wallee; and early next morning, he found himself almost unconsciously proceeding in the direction of her dwelling. Arrived there he made a halt before the gate, apparently to adjust some part of his dress, but really to watch for a token of notice or recognition from the fascinating inmate. But vain was the stratagem. No sign of capitulation was made by the

garrison; and the besieging general was fain to march past.

He had not gone far, however, ere he was accosted by a young girl in the garb of a waiting-maid, who bluntly asked him whether he could read Persian. Having answered in the affirmative, she informed him that her mistress, the wife of a rich Hindoo merchant, had received a private letter in the Persian character, and being unwilling to entrust the contents to any of her household, she anxiously desired the services of some respectable stranger, to explain the same to her. The request was certainly unusual, but not on that account to be denied; besides, he entertained a notion that the merchant's wife and the beautiful unknown would turn out to be the same person. He therefore agreed to the proposal at once; and the messenger that instant marshalling the way to her mistress's house, he cheerfully followed in her wake.

His surmise was correct. The abigail led him straight back to the domicile of his incognito, where she hastily introduced him into a neat apartment, in which a female, having her face hid in her doputta, sat on a damask-covered tukht-posh. The maid immediately went and whispered this latter. The communication had a whimsical effect on both; for, clasping each other round the neck, they burst into laughter. Nujat Khan, meanwhile, stood like a fool in the middle of the room, undecided whether to take this odd reception in dudgeon or in good part. When the two women had laughed their fill, they separated from each other's embrace. Then she who had hitherto concealed her face, adjusting, while she partially threw aside her upper garment, discovered to the Put'han's eager view the whole of those glowing features whose lesser moiety he had for-

merly caught a glimpse of. There was a buoyancy of expression in the laughing countenance she so freely displayed, that set every thing serious at defiance ; still, the playfulness of youth was coupled with a kind of matronly dignity, that invited, yet checked, the familiar advances of her guest. Every lineament was cast in the mould of beauty, and enhanced by a complexion of that bright bamboo tint which generally distinguishes Hindoo females of the higher orders. Though aware, no doubt, of her personal attractions, she seemed to have called in the auxiliaries of dress, drapery and decoration, to render her charms still more formidable. But, in mercy to the reader, we shall waive our auctorial prerogative to describe them.

“ Natchna ko nikalee, g’hoonghut kya ? ” “ She who stands up to dance, has no need of a veil.” Thus did the lively Hindnee begin the conference ; and the gallant Put’han was about to make an appropriate answer to the proverb, when, throwing out a signal of interdiction, she continued as follows :—“ Young man, in a merry, and perhaps an unwary moment, I have admitted you into my house and presence. But do not presume so far upon these favours, as to abuse them. The same fiat which introduced you here, can as easily banish you hence. Consent, then, to regulate your conduct by the rules of strict propriety and decorum, otherwise our intercourse, which must never exceed the bounds of innocence, is this instant at an end.”

However unexpected such grave preliminaries might have sounded in the ears of Nujat Khan, he was too glad to enjoy the company of his ambiguous hostess, to hesitate a moment in accepting them. “ Beebee sahib,” said he, “ I am happy to be your guest on your own terms. But, believe me, independent of those conditions, my respect

for you is too great, ever to have permitted me to exceed the limits you have been pleased to prescribe."

After some farther observations of a complimentary nature on the part of the youth, and some attempts on that of the lady to give the conversation a different turn, she prevailed on him to enter upon a detailed account of himself and his affairs. This he did so promptly and ingenuously, as to raise himself greatly in the esteem of his auditors. As the reserve of a first meeting thus wore off, their intimacy of course increased; and the discourse becoming by degrees more and more animated, hour after hour passed away unnoted by either. The lady was gay, cheerful, and at times frolicsome; and the spark, taking the cue from his entertainer, exerted himself to the utmost to afford her gratification. Nor did his efforts fail. Often would her beautiful mouth strive to repress the smile that curled on her lip, and dimpled on her cheek; and once or twice, when the humour of her admirer struck a favorite chord of her risible fancy, she was forced to yield to the impulse of an irresistible merriment.

It was now mid-day, and two salvers containing fruit and confectionery were brought in by the attendant. Of these dainties the mistress of the house and her visitor right heartily partook, drenching them with rose-scented pomegranate shurbut by way of menstruum; for the Indian Cupid, though he might have shot an odd honey-tipped dart from his sugar-cane bow into the breast of either party, had not so far asserted his supremacy as to suppress the gastronomical appetite. Their refection over, the bland hostess prepared and presented to her guest a triangular giluree of paun, accompanied with a request that he would not taste it till he regained the street. Now this being

quite equivalent to a civil dismissal, our complaisant youth took the hint accordingly, and, having first made his equivocal entertainer a low salam, left the apartment. As he stepped across the threshold, the waiting-maid whispered in his ear, that his company would be acceptable on the morrow.

Proceeding on his way homewards, Nujat Khan pondered on his rare adventure, without being able to come to any decision as to its probable ultimatum. He nevertheless thought the lady a terrestrial hooree, and, so thinking, he mechanically put the folded betel-leaf into his mouth. But the first attempt he made at mastication, had well nigh cost him a couple of sound grinders. "What stout teeth the beebee must have, to chew such rascally hard sooparee!" he muttered to himself. Not to be outdone, however, by a woman, he made a second essay to grind the stubborn areca; and this he did with such force and good will, that his jaws were nearly dislocated in their first collapse. Abandoning therefore all farther efforts of a similar nature, he now proceeded to examine the contents of the paun-leaf in his hand, when, to his infinite surprise, though no great mortification, he found, instead of the expected fragments of a whity-brown streaked nut, a gay refulgent golden ushruftee. Like a sensible fellow, as he was, he quickly kummur-bunded (a stowage equivalent to pocketing, and rather more secure) the gold, and re-applied the giluroee to its legitimate use. Having then leisure to reflect on the possible motives which might have actuated his generous donor, he walked forward, at a contemplative pace, until a familiar voice, calling him by name, aroused him from his reverie. Looking up, he observed his friend Seedha Ram beckoning him over to his shop.

"Have you at last obtained employment, that you never pay me a visit?" demanded the paun-dealer. "Come, sit down, and taste one of my best leaves, while you tell me of your good fortune."

"Your leaves," answered the Put'han, have no attraction for me. "They are insipid, and altogether worthless, compared with the one whose savour is still on my palate."

"Ah! I understand," said the tumbole. "Presented by a sweetheart. But beware, young man, of such connexions. Now that you have got into service, neglect not your master's interest for any jilting light-o'-love."

"My friend, you are in a double error," replied the youth. "I have taken service with no one, nor have I formed any intimacy of the nature you allude to. But tell me, old boy, is that lady to be neglected, who at parting presents you with a paun ka beera which, amongst other musaluh, contains a kuldaree ushrufee?" So saying, he vainly exhibited the coin to the shop-keeper's view.

"Why, such compliments are to a certainty not often bestowed, and demand every attention on the part of the receiver. But where does the beebee reside? She must be immensely rich."

"As to her riches I know no more than yourself. Her house, however, is at the farther end of the Brasier's Bazar."

"Brother, I wish you every success. Pay her your constant devoirs; she is father and mother to you."

The friends then parted. And here we must enter our protest against any unbrage being entertained by our readers to the prejudice of Nujat Khan. The almost unlimited confidence he so readily reposed in the paun-merchant, though unjustifiable according to the European law of gal-

lantry, was in conformity with the manners of his country. There people may be overheard in the public streets recounting to each other their most private transactions. And with regard to the characters and intrigues of females, they are generally subject to equal publicity. The only exceptions to the custom are in the cases of wives, daughters, and other relatives, of the parties parlant, who are never, unless in the heat of quarrelling, either named or alluded to. If Nujat Khan, therefore, is obnoxious to blame, he can only plead the want of refinement, precept, and good example, among his compeers, in mitigation of judgment.

It will scarcely be imagined that our Rohilkund Adonis failed in keeping his assignation next morning. As soon as he could manage to bathe, dress in his best garb, and swallow a little dal khooshka for breakfast, he sallied out with that intent. Fortune favoured him; and in the space of one ghuree, or twenty-two minutes and a half, he had the felicity to find himself, as the Persian love-songs express it, roo-bu-roo with his fair hostess.

“ Ah ! beebie sahib ! ” said the youth, “ I shall ever be grateful for your inestimable favours. But let me beg of you, for both our sakes, not to heap them on me too lavishly. Sufficient for me is the happiness I enjoy in being admitted to your presence, without the allurements of gold.”

At the mention of gold, the beebie sahib smiled archly, but bewitchingly, and thus interrupted her visiter, “ Did you then find my paun so hard to chew, and so difficult to digest ? ”

“ Lady of my life,” solemnly observed the Put’han, “ I esteem your gifts in the highest degree; and though my jaws yet ache from their exertions on yesterday’s beera, I

am too devotedly the slave of your pleasure, to reject even poison at your hands." ~

"Then say no more on the subject," responded the lady ; "and remember next time not to bite so hard. Now tell me, continued she, "how you like Cawnpoor ; you have dwelt long enough in it to form an opinion."

Nujat Khan, so questioned, made an ingenuous exposition of his sentiments. But the detail, though interesting to his auditors, was protracted to such a length, as we fear would prove tiresome to our readers. A minute report of the desultory conversation which followed might be liable to the same objection. To avoid all cause of offence, therefore, we shall merely say, that they entertained each other until their tongues became parched from the sheer exercise of talking, when the mistress of the house had the discretion to call for shurbut. A separate lotah of that cooling beverage, and an abkhora to drink out of, were placed beside the guest. The discourse was then renewed with additional spirit. As the day was unusually hot, the Put'han helped himself, at every convenient pause in the parlance, to a draught of the shurbut ; but his drinking-cup being small, he was unable effectually to quench his thirst. By way of apology for his frequent applications to the lotah, he playfully remarked, "This vessel seems to resemble the prince's purse in the tale ; its contents are inexhaustible."

"Or perhaps," said the lady, humouring the notion, "like the oil-merchaut's jar, there may be a goolur bud at the bottom."

"Is there such virtue in that tree ?" asked the gallant.

"Not in the tree, but in its blossom," answered the mistress. "Have you never heard any of the wonderful narratives that are told of it ?"

The Put'han shook his head in reply.

"Then would you like to listen to the story of the oil-merchant I alluded to?" she demanded.

"Nothing could give me more gratification," he protested; "and I most earnestly beg of you to oblige me by relating it."

She complied with his request in these words, "Once upon a time, a poor gwalin had hawked a hundiya of duhce all day through some large town or c'her, without effecting a sale. In the evening, as she proceeded towards her village, tired and kuoreeless, she sat down to rest herself under a goolur tree. Here sleep overpowered her. At midnight the tree blossomed; and such is the delicate nature of its flower buds, that the instant they blow, they fall to the ground. Accordingly, as they were shed around the sleeping gwalin, one of them, by the greatest good luck in the world, dropped right into her hundiya. Now, you must understand, that whoever sees the goolur blossom (and he must watch at midnight who is desirous of doing so) will thrive ever afterwards in all his undertakings; but if he possess himself of one of the buds as it falls, he will then prove doubly fortunate.

"Next morning, the gwalin, being roused by the sun, returned to the town to dispose of her curds. It now so happened, that, stale as they were, they met with customers in plenty. Picc and kuorees rapidly accumulated in her butooa, while the duhce in her hundiya seemed to suffer no diminution. Sometimes she would puzzle herself, striving to account for a circumstance so remarkable; still she continued to sell away, to her great satisfaction. At length, her butooa was crammed to the top, and every spare corner of her saree felt heavy with copper coin. Then it was, that the very incident calculated to awaken the

cupidity of most people, alarmed the simple girl. Doubtful of the cause of her sudden prosperity, and dreading the consequences it might entail on her, she resolved to get rid of the enchanted hundiya; and to that end, she proceeded straightway to the house of a telee, who often dealt with her."

"Ah, silly creature!" exclaimed Nujat Khan; "she was easily sated with fortune's favours!"

"Though extremely anxious," continued the lady, "to transfer the contents of the pot, the pot itself, and whatever good or bad nuseeb might be attendant on both, to the first chapman, yet she was candid enough to relate to the telee all that she knew, and feared in relation to them. But this latter, being either less superstitious, or more avaricious, than the gwalin, laughed at her scruples, and, to their mutual content, unhesitatingly purchased the ambiguous merchandise.

"The telee was not long in putting the virtue of the hundiya to the test, when he found that the vender had made a true report of it. Being one of those folks who like to dive to the bottom of every thing, he incontinently dipped his hand into the duhee, and fished up the goolur bud from the bottom of the pot. Inspired with a crude idea of the nature of the charm, he thought it might operate upon oil as well as curds. He accordingly dropped it into a half-empty kooppa, by way of experiment. In a moment the oil rose to the mouth of the vessel; and he justly considered himself the luckiest man alive, in having made so profitable a bargain with the gwalin. From that day forward, he was at no farther expence for grain, workmen, or bullocks. The goolur blossom was his never-failing stock-in-trade; and from the single jar that contained it,

he supplied all his customers. He consequently soon became the richest oil-merchant in the whole city. Even to this day, it is a common saying, when any thing lasts very long, that its like telee ka kooppa, no coming to the end of it."

"Suo salam ! for your story," cried Nujat Khan ; " but there could have been no goolur bud in my shurbut ; for see the lotah is empty."

" And it is now rather late to replenish it," said the dame. " My husband comes home to his victuals every day about this hour ; and it is necessary you should withdraw for the present. In the meantime, take this paun ka giluroee, and patiently wait for what the morrow may bring about."

The lover at first refused the gift ; but being pressed on him by his charmer, he was fain to accept it. Then bidding a tender adieu to his presumptive inamorata, he made a tardy exit from the house.

As he walked slowly towards the surace in which he lodged, he opened the little green packet, and extracted therefrom the ushrufee. In justice to the character of our Put'han, it is proper here to observe, that he would perhaps have been better pleased had his mistress adopted a less expensive mode of showing her regard for him. Still, as it seemed a point on which she set her mind, he would have acted unwisely had he run the hazard of losing her favour by baulking her golden fancy. He therefore prudently secured the second ushrufee as he had done the first, and went on to dinner.

On the morrow, he was at his post about an hour after sunrise. His fair friend was also prepared to receive him. Many were the changes that came over the spirit of their

discourse, and many a time would the youth push the subject to the verge of tenderness ; but on such occasions, the more discreet lady would constantly baffle his attempts at gallantry, by humorous jests or delicate ridicule. Her manners displayed the strange enigma of blending the most buoyant spirits in the world with the most modest and matronly deportment ; and while the ebullitions of the former sometimes emboldened her admirer to address her in the language of love, the latter always effectually checked him in mid career. In this manner, the morning "flew past wi' tentless heed," scarcely a pause taking place in the conversation. One, however, of longer duration than usual at last intervening, the mistress, nodding to her maid, who sat in a corner, said, "Rusace, bring us some fruit and sweetmeats, if you have made any such provision."

The damsel, presuming on the evident dereliction of propriety, to which she was a daily witness, on the part of her mistress, and forward to proclaim her own folly, made answer, "Urreh beebée sahib, why should you take the trouble of eating now ? You will be hungry again before night."

The beebée wisely overlooked the impertinence of her domestic. "You are perfectly right," she good naturedly observed ; "but tell me, in what relationship do you stand to Ram Chera ? I know, by the style of your wit, that you are one of the family."

Before she could receive a reply, the Put'han unceremoniously interrupted the by-colloquy, to inquire who Ram Chera was.

"Ram Chera was an amusing wag, of whom all the world knows," answered the lady of the mansion,

"I assure you," said the Put'han, "that I for one never before heard him spoken of."

"Then I can tell you some jests of his that I think will divert you. Ram Chera, you must know, was nominally the servant of a learned and aged muoluwee, but in reality the plague of the old man's life. He was of so lazy a habit of body, that he constantly endeavoured to evade doing any work ; and so ready-witted was the fellow, that his contrivances generally succeeded."

"Sleep having one night deserted the muoluwee's pillow, he, after repeated calls, awoke Ram Chera, who lay in the same apartment, and desired him to blow out the light. After two or three yawns, and twice as many groans, 'Muoluwee-jee,' said he, 'why do you wish me to darken the chiragh?' 'Because I cannot go to sleep if it continues burning,' answered his master. 'Why not?' demanded the pertinacious querist. 'The light gets into my eyes, and keeps me awake,' replied the patient muoluwee. 'Oh, if that be all,' returned Ram Chera, 'you have only to pull the chudder over your face, and go to sleep as soon as you like in the dark.'"

Here Nujat Khan laughed heartily, as in duty bound ; after which the lady went on with her anecdotes.

"Another night, as the two worthies were in bed, (on this occasion the lamp had gone out,) the muoluwee was disturbed by the sound of wind and rain. 'Ram Chera,' says he, 'get up, and see whether it rains.' The lazy rascal was awake, but neither moved, nor spoke a word. After a little time, however, he made answer, 'Yes, muoluwee sahib, it rains.' 'You impudent rogue,' exclaimed the muoluwee; 'you have not stirred from your nest ; how do you know, more than myself, whether it rains or not?'

‘ I know it for a certainty,’ replied the positive knave. ‘ How can you know it, you rascal ?’ bawled his master in a passion. ‘ Why, if I must tell you, muoluwee-jee,’ said Ram Chera, ‘ the cat just now passed over my bed, when I put out my hand, and felt her hair wet.’

“ The old muoluwee once happening to fall sick, sent Ram Chera to call the hukeem. After proceeding about half-way to the house of the latter, a fit of sloth overcame the indolent messenger, and he came back to his master’s. ‘ Urreh sahib,’ says he, ‘ the hukeem lives very far off. If I go there, and find him from home, my labour is entirely lost. Better not go at all, than be so disappointed.’

“ ‘ And what is that to you ?’ growled the muoluwee. ‘ If he be out, leave word for him to be sent to me the moment he comes in. Go ; be off.’

“ Away he went a second time, but soon returned, without having executed his commission. ‘ Now, master of mine,’ he asked, ‘ supposing I find the hukeem in his house, and bring him here, what will he do for you when he comes ?’

“ ‘ What will he do for me ? you blockhead ! Will he not give me medicine to cure me ? Go to him this instant, and take care how you return a third time without doing your errand.’

“ Again Ram Chera took the road. Fate had however decreed, that he should never reach the hukeem’s. He came back, as usual, pregnant with the workings of his own fancy. ‘ I have been considering your case, muoluwee-jee,’ he observed with a grave air. ‘ As you must one day die, and so indeed must we all, why should you put yourself to the inconvenience and expence of taking vile physic, with the vain hope of escaping the angel of

death? You may do all you can; but he will assuredly catch you at last.' "

"What a humorous rogue that Ram Chera was," cried Nujat Khan. "I would swim across the Ram Gunga in the height of the bursat, to exchange bhugulgeeree with him."

"Then I suppose," observed the lady, smiling, "you would have no objection to embrace his sister here; and that you can do without fear of becoming food for the fishes. And now, Rusaee," addressing the wench, "lawful sister of Ram Chera, what new excuse can you now offer for not bringing in refreshments?"

The poor girl's bolt was shot, and to avoid farther railery, she was fain to do as she had been ordered. Choice confectionery quickly made its appearance, and having no less quickly made its exit, the hostess prepared the customary present of paun. Her guest understood the signal; but wishing to prolong the conversation, he put the following question to his fair entertainer.

"Beebee sahib, I have often noticed your paun-eaters, before they introduce choona and spices, break off the tip of the leaf. What can be their reason for so doing?"

"A very good one, Khan sahib," responded the catechumen. "The paun gardens always abound with snakes; and those poisonous reptiles are reported, I know not how truly, to have a custom of drinking the dew from the sharp points of the leaves. So, to guard against accidents, those parts are generally thrown away."

The information given was so perfectly decisive, that he had no apology to continue the dialogue. He therefore reluctantly took his leave.

As he passed Seedha Ram's shop on his way home, that individual accosted him from the window, where he sat on

a broad bench, protected in front and flank by batteries of paun leaves. "I guess, Khan sahib, you are just come from attending your mistress. Is she still as liberal as at first?"

"You shall judge for yourself," answered the Khan, opening the giluooree, and exposing the gold to view.

The tumboleer looked hard at the object displayed. "That paun," said he, "was to a certainty purchased from my shop, as I well know. I am the only dealer in all Cawnpoor, who has any old-growth leaves remaining for sale. But I cannot call to recollection what customer of mine resides about the place you say your patroness does. Pray, is the house at all distinguishable from the others in its neighbourhood?"

"Yes," replied the Put'han; "it is the best of all those thereabouts. It is surrounded by a mendee hedge, and has a flower-plot in front, with a kamnee tree in the centre."

This description seemed to have an odd effect on the betel-merchant. He no sooner heard it, than pleading business in the interior of his premises, he bid the Put'han a hurried adieu, and went inside accordingly. Here, having seated himself on a mondha, he thus communed with his troubled spirit. This young sportsman has soon started excellent game truly. The house he visits at, I have every reason to believe, is my own, and his lady-love no other than my wife. Alas! what disgrace and misfortunes we are subject to in this wicked world! I know my wife to be young and volatile; but who could have imagined she would ever run such lengths in depravity? Yet, gently; who knows but I may be mistaken, and she still innocent? It behoves me to investigate this matter properly. Tomorrow, therefore, I will go home sooner than usual, and if

my conjecture be right, surprise the culprits together. Then though she were the only woman in the world, I will renounce her forever, and send her back to her father's without good fame or provision." His resolution being taken, he then went home to dinner.

True as the sun, the Put'han was tête-à-tête with his charmer on the following morning. Though at all times in a lively humour, he found her, if possible, in a merrier mood than ordinary. She was singing a sprightly air, accompanying herself on the dholkee, as he entered.

"Come along, Khan sahib," said she, "you have never heard me sing. Which do you prefer, a grave or a gay ditty?"

Her admirer naturally chose the latter.

"Ah, then," she continued, "I can suit your taste exactly. But, remember, the song you are about to hear, is none of mine, nor has it the most distant reference to my own situation."

With this caution, she commenced the lay that follows, which we, doubtful of its effect in the original Oordoo, when spelt with Roman characters, have taken the liberty to render into English verse.

SONG OF THE TUMBOLIN.

A sorry life the Hindnees lead,
As I know to my grief;
So I'll embrace Muhumut's creed,
And feast on fowls and beef.
Yes, I shall be,
A Tooruknee,
Whose days are spent in festive glee.

I'll dress in ungiya and peshwas,
 With gool-buddun izar ;
 And should a Hindoo give me cause,
 I'll beat him with puezar.
 I'm born to be,
 A Tooruknee,
 As written in my destiny.

I'll have khulecfa called at dawn,
 To cook rich dopiyuzu ;
 Stew'd fowls shall grace my dustar-khwan,
 Most redolent of muzu.
 So I shall be,
 A Tooruknee,
 From churlish Hindoo laws set free.

I'll dine on khorma and poolao,
 On kuliyu and kubab,
 On flesh of goat, and sheep, and cow,
 And feast like a nawab.
 Whoe'er she be,
 No Tooruknee,
 In sumptuous fare shall rival me.

In lent, all robed in weeds of woe,
 I'll join the tu'uziyu's throng,
 And beat my breast, and curse the foe,
 Who did the Sueyids wrong.
 May I ne'er be,
 A Tooruknee,
 If such is not my firm decree !

And should the gracious powers above
 Grant me a faithful swain,
 We'll taste the joys of mirth and love,
 While youth and life remain.
 No begum-jee,
 Born Tooruknee,
 Shall me excel in constancy.

The truth is not to be spoken at all times. Had Nujat Khan acknowledged to having heard the above song twenty times before, he might probably not have exceeded the truth, but he would assuredly have fallen in the estimation of his mistress. Therefore, while he enthusiastically applauded her voice and execution, he spoke of the composition as one entirely new to him. He likewise feigned to view the circumstance of her singing it as a high compliment paid to himself. This she would not allow, and reminded him of the previous warning she had given him against making any personal application.

In the height of this friendly altercation, he persisting in his opinion, and she disavowing all complimentary intention, Rusace, the maid, who had been out of doors on some household business, rushed into the apartment almost out of breath, and acquainted the lady that her husband was coming up the street. In a moment the argument was dropped, joy forsook the countenances of the hitherto animated disputants, and both sat the pictures of apprehension, perplexity, and despair. The female delinquent, as it mostly happens in such cases, was the first to recover her senses. "Khan sahib," said she, "if you would save my life and reputation, you must this instant creep under my tukht-posh."

"Any thing, any where, to save you," exclaimed he, promptly obeying the mandate.

His retreat was just effected, when the dreaded husband, who, as our readers may have foreseen, was no other than their old friend Seedha Ram, entered his wife's room with a threatening look. Missing the object he expected, for the Put'han was effectually hid from view by the ample damask covering of the tukht-posh, which reached to the

floor on all sides, his features relaxed into a milder expression ; and making a silly excuse for the untimely visit, he retired to his khulwut-khanu. Being a placable man, and moreover, not sufficiently certified on the subject of his dishonor, he was loath to discover a premature jealousy, by instituting a strict search for the supposed interloper. He therefore satisfied himself with visiting the different apartments in the house, as if in quest of something he had mislaid, and then went away no wiser than he had come.

No sooner was the unwelcome visitant clear of the outward gate, than the spark was liberated from his awkward place of confinement. But the mirth which had heretofore characterised these stolen meetings was gone. Between apologies and protestations, and attempts to rally each other into better spirits, half an hour passed slowly by, with evident impatience on the part of both. It was therefore as desirable a relief to the one as to the other, when the Put'han judiciously arose and took his leave.

Proceeding homewards in rather a melancholy mood, he was about to pass the shop of the paun-merchant, his usual halting-place, without even saluting the owner. But at that moment their eyes meeting, friendship and good manners forbade the graceless act ; for he had not recognized the voice of that individual, in the few words he had uttered, while he himself lay perdue, and consequently entertained neither fear nor enmity towards him. The tumbleee, on the other hand, was glad of the interview, as he hoped to obtain from the confiding youth a solution of his jealous doubts.

" Eh, Khan sahib," said he, assuming a tone of gay indifference, " your duty is over somewhat early to-day.

But, now I perceive it, you are as dismal as a forest at midnight: what, has your patroness discarded you?"

"Oh, no!" answered the Put'han. She is an angel. It is her husband who threatens an interruption to our meetings. Either from design or accident, I know not which, he to-day came home most unfortunately while we were together."

"And how did you escape, or what happened to you?" eagerly inquired Seedha Ram.

"Why, I concealed myself under the tukht-posh till he went away," was the simple reply.

"And do you intend going back any more?" continued the interrogator.

"Ask me if I intend eating hat'h-rotee and dopiyazu two ghurees hence at Hussun Khan's suraee," was the ready rejoinder. "When did you hear of the boolbool deserting the rose?"

Seedha Ram had by this time gained all the intelligence he desired, and was not sorry to see the Rohilla depart shortly afterwards. His suspicions were now confirmed beyond a doubt. Not however being of a hot or deadly temperament, the utmost extent of his contemplated vengeance amounted to nothing farther than sending his wife back to her father. Yet, before doing so, he wished to catch the spark in his house, that none of her relations might be able to say he had dismissed her without cause. In the meantime, he well knew the maxim of his country, which says, "a straight finger brings but little ghee out of a pot;" and in adopting a crooked policy, he determined to let no change appear in his manner towards his wife or the Put'han, the more readily to surprise them in each other's company.

In accordance with the resolution he had expressed the day before, Nujat Khan failed not to visit the tumbolin, whom we must now designate as such, on the ensuing morning. The alarm of the preceding day had been forgotten, and the dialogue quickly assumed as sprightly an air as if no such occurrence had taken place. In the midst of their hilarity, however, they were provident enough to take the precaution of planting Rusae sentry at the gate, to give timely notice of the eventual approach of her master. And well it was, for the credit of both, that they did so; for they had not long enjoyed their tête-à-tête, ere the maid retreated into garrison, bringing with her the unpleasant information that the enemy they dreaded was advancing to the storm. As it formed no part of their plan to show a bold front in the present crisis, a speedy and secret asylum had to be chosen for Nujat Khan. He wisely objected to yesterday's hiding-place, and the ingenuity of the fair tumbolin could hit upon no better one than the garden behind the house. "Run out," she cried, "into the back garden. You will find a wicker seat with a high back, by the side of a bathing cistern. Lie down there, and no one will see you." Her advice was too good to be rejected; he accordingly obeyed her forthwith.

By the time Seedha Ram arrived, the coast was again clear. His wife was quietly perched on her tukht-posh, and the hand-maiden sat picking dal in the door-way.

"To what fortunate circumstance am I now indebted for the return of my lord and master so much earlier than usual?" the former asked him, with an appearance of fondness, mingled with respect.

"It was hunger that chased me from the shop," answer-

ed he ; " and I request you will give directions for the dal-rotee being got ready without delay."

" Your breakfast has had a rapid digestion," remarked his spouse.

" Oh, not at all," he replied ; " I am still fasting. I know not how it was, I had no appetite for my doodh julebee this morning."

Not being free to contradict this assertion, inasmuch as she and her husband had their meals served up in their respective apartments, she gave prompt orders to Rusace to expedite her preparations for the mid-day repast. Meanwhile, Seedha Ram, who was a man of little discernment, and no practice, in the affairs of gallantry, simply imagined that the Put'han would this day select the same place of concealment which had yesterday so well befriended him. Seating himself therefore on the side of the covered bench, he thought himself secure of his aim, and revolved in his mind how he should ascertain the actual presence of his supposed captive, without discovering any mistrust of his wife's virtue. With this view, he cunningly enough took some rupees from his turban, and, feigning to count them, let one drop from his hand. It rolled under the tukht-posh, and, to regain it, he quite naturally, as it were, stooped, and lifted up the overlapping damask, without awakening any doubts of his real purpose in the breast of his spouse. But great and unexpected was his disappointment, when no secreted lover was to be found there. His laboriously-laid scheme had failed ; he was completely at fault. Hastily picking up the rupee, therefore, he retired to his own room, under pretence of putting by his money, and there waiting for dinner.

"Ah! 'tis well I dissembled my errand to my wife," thought he to himself, "otherwise I should have looked mighty foolish. I believe in my heart, that Rohilla sipahee is either jesting with me, or makes his visits at some other house. My wife would never be guilty of harbouring the fellow." Having come to this comfortable conclusion, he felt relieved of a heavy mental load; and as soon as his homely meal appeared, he swallowed it, and withdrew to his place of business.

His wife was not sorry at his departure, and sent to recall the Put'han, whom the messenger found stretched at his length, and fast asleep, on the garden seat. So much discourse then ensued, relative to the two interruptions they had suffered, and so innumerable were the surmises made by both, as to their being accidental or otherwise, that the accustomed hour of separation had long elapsed, ere the tumbolin presented her guest with the rooksut paun, the signal of its being time for him to retire.

Seedha Ram's shop lay in his direct route to the suraee; and, had he been so disposed, he could not have passed it unseen. The only confidant of his amour sat most invitingly, too, under the jhamp of the window. Without waiting to be asked, therefore, he imparted to him the fresh disappointment of the morning.

"And where did you hide yourself to-day?" demanded the tumbolee.

"Why, I was directed to a high-backed chair in the garden," was the answer, "where I enjoyed a coolish breeze under the broad shade of a tree, and fell fast asleep. When the impertinent husband thought fit to be off, I was awakened by the maid-servant."

“What an ass I was,” mentally ejaculated Seedha Ram, “not to look in the garden. After all, it can be no other house than mine he goes to.” Then speaking aloud—“Khan sahib,” said he, “a lucky star predominated at your birth; it will be hard for misfortune to overtake you.”

“I hope you may prove a true diviner,” observed the youth. “But I sometimes fear, the matter I have engaged in will scarcely end as I am desirous it should. Yet good luck is every thing; and God is great.” So saying, he walked away.

Notwithstanding the interruptions the lovers had experienced on the two preceding days,—if lovers they might be called who spoke not of love at their meetings,—no inclination was evinced on either side to discontinue the intercourse. The tumbolin, though averse to leaping boldly into the abyss of sin, was in so far subject to its influence, that she took no little delight in sporting about its margin. The Put’han was a modest ingenuous youth, who regulated his conduct by that of his charmer; and taking into consideration the allurements by which he was assailed, he could not well be expected to act a wiser part. Accordingly, the following morning found them, as usual, together.

“I cannot help thinking,” said the lady, “but that my husband has received secret intimation of your coming hither. Else why should he have falsely pleaded hunger from want of breakfast yesterday, as an apology for his early coming? I learned afterwards, from Rusace, that he had taken his morning repast with his wonted appetite.”

“Are any of your neighbours at enmity with you?” asked the gallant. “Some one among them has most probably been the informer.” At the same moment he reflect-

ed on his own imprudence, in having revealed so much of the affair to his acquaintance Seedha Ram, not at all aware how nearly that individual was concerned in the transaction, or that he was the hound that had twice chased him into cover ; for his mistress had never told him, nor had he ever used the freedom of asking her, the name or occupation of her husband.

"It may be as you say," answered the tumbolin ; "though none of them have any reason to be ill-disposed towards us. But that might not prevent the wagging of idle tongues."

Here the look-out at the gate rushed into the room, and put an end to the discussion, by reporting the approach of the master of the mansion.

"Alas ! we shall be discovered at last," sighed the tumbolin. "Khan sahib, you must again betake yourself to the garden."

"I have but poor shelter there," said he ; "any one searching in that quarter would be sure to find me."

"What do you think of stepping into the huoz ?" rejoined the ready-witted dame. "You would be secure in that ; and the weather being hot, you can scarcely catch a cold. And stay, here is the scooped-out rind of a water-melon ; with that on your head, you can safely keep your mouth above water."

"Admirable !" exclaimed the youth. Give me the melon ; I have not a moment to lose."

So saying, he swiftly retreated from the house. On taking his station in a far corner of the cistern, he found the water, as he rested on his knees, just reach to his chin. Making several air-holes with his finger in the bottom of the melon, he placed it invertly on his head, and patiently awaited the termination of the adventure.

He had but barely fixed himself in his position, when the paun-dealer, who had passed through the house without stopping, arrived at the garden seat, in eager quest of the intruder. Not meeting him there, as from the Put'han's confession, and a silly ratiocination of his own, he really expected, he sat himself down in the rural chair, to ponder on his fresh disappointment. Much time for cogitation was not afforded him, ere his wife joined him.

"And what has come over you to-day, khawind?" said she, smiling. "Has the demon of hunger again visited you?"

"No," answered he, dissembling his feelings, "but the heat overcame me. At this hour the sun shines directly into the shop; which brought me here for the benefit of the shade."

"Would you not be quite as cool in the house?" said the tumbolin, in a conciliating tone.

"I think not," was the gruff reply. "I can enjoy both the shade and the breeze here."

"As my lord wills it," acquiesced the complaisant wife. "Perhaps," she added, "you would relish some sugar-cane at the present time. I have some inside ready peeled, chopped, and steeped in rose-water."

"Bring it here, and you shall see how I relish it," said he.

At these words, away she bounded, to obey the behest of her not-over-civil husband. When she was gone, he resumed the thread of his meditation, which enabled him, before she returned, to discover cause for entertaining a better opinion of her. How far the little attentions she had shown him went to influence his decision, remains unknown; but he now felt assured of her virtue, and concluded that the young Put'han was playing off a hoax upon

him. In the best of possible humours, therefore, he partook with her of the sugar-cane. Meanwhile, the immersed gallant continued to kneel in the cistern, invisible to the view of his enemy, more by the friendly rays of the sun, which were brightly reflected from the surface of the water, than by the agency of that fluid itself. He could not, however, so completely control his own motions, or those of the floating melon, but that the gourd, as if endowed with animation, would occasionally change its place. Now this happening without the propulsion of wind or wave, the wary tumbolin very naturally became alarmed, lest it should attract the observation of her husband. To divert his attention, therefore, and to account for the circumstance should he notice it, she ventured on a bold manoeuvre.

"Come," said she gaily, "let us try which of us can hit that hollow water-melon with a single gunderee from our present seat. Whoever strikes it first, becomes entitled to a hundred mangoes from the other. Is it a bet?"

"It is," conceded the husband, entering into what he imagined the playful whim of his rib, "and I shall certainly be the winner."

"That we shall presently see," she rejoined, throwing a piece of cane at the melon. It went wide of the mark. Her opponent threw another, with as little effect. Three times had they launched their missiles at the floating target, and as often had they missed the object aimed at, when the tumbolin, determined to carry the prize by a coup-de-main, cast a whole handful of gundereeah at the gourd, one of which struck it, more by chance than a good aim.

"Ah, I have won the mangoes," cried she, clapping her hands exultingly. "I have hit the mark with a single gunderee."

"But you flung a handful at once," objected Seedha Ram.

"And if I did," returned she, "it was no infringement on the terms of the wager. Our purpose was to strike the melon with a single gunderee; but we were not restricted to throwing only one at a time. Come, come, miyan; send out for the hundred mangoes you have lost."

It would have been churlish to contest the point farther with so ingenious a casuist. Yielding, therefore, with a good grace, he arose, and proceeded towards the house, to despatch a messenger for the fruit. The successful dame followed him. "I think," said she, "as we have just been eating gunna, which we know to be very cooling, that mangoes, which are of a heating nature, might at present prove hurtful to us. Had we not better keep them soaked in water till after dinner time?"

"Your remark is true, and your advice is good," answered he. "I leave you to do as you have proposed, and will return to my shop in the interval; by this time, I believe, the high buildings have extended their shade over my door."

Away went the paun-merchant, the loser of a hundred mangoes, but a hundred times better pleased than if he had discovered the lurking lover he came in search of. Immediately on his departure, the latter was released by Rusace from his watery asylum, in a sufficiently dripping plight. Furnishing him with a dhotee and an ungah belonging to her master, and desiring him to wring and spread his own clothes on the grass to dry, she retraced her steps to the house. Having speedily completed the change of raiment, he was not long in presenting himself to his Hindnee charmer in the garb of her people. A hearty and prolonged

laugh was his first reception. This was scarcely ended, when the forfeited mangoes were brought in.

"Did you overhear the bet we made, while you sat in your watery cover?" asked the tumbolin.

"I knew there were people near me," he answered; "but I could neither recognise their voices, nor distinguish the words they uttered. I was however thankful to them for the gundereeah they threw me from time to time, and extracted the delicious moisture from as many of them as came within my reach."

"I am glad you were so well occupied," she rejoined. "You must understand that my husband, either from caprice or jealousy, took it into his head to locate himself by the bathing cistern, until I won these mangoes of him, by striking your vegetable helmet with a piece of the sugar-cane we were eating. And now, let us do honour to the ripe tempting fruit of my wager. Rusae, bring a knife."

Without farther ceremony, the light-hearted pair commenced an attack upon the mangoes. Many were the lively sallies that escaped them, and loud was the merriment in which they indulged, while this operation lasted. That over Nujat Khan stepped into the garden, and resumed his own garments. On his return, the tumbolin thought fit to present him with the accustomed paun ka giluree, when he submissively took his leave.

On the way to his quarters, he considered he would do well to repair the error he had already fallen into, by avoiding all intercourse with Seedha Ram for the future. But he had approached the shop, and caught the eye of the merchant ere he had made up his resolution. Seedha Ram himself, convinced the Put'han had hitherto been jesting with him, was not over-solicitous for the interview. Curiosity, how-

ever, that inborn tenant of the human breast, overcame whatever reluctance he might at first have entertained to the presence of the youngster. "Let me hear," thought he to himself, "what new story the spark will fabricate to-day." He then put the usual question to Nujat Khan, who was not exactly prepared to decline an answer, though averse to imparting all the particulars of his morning adventure. He contented himself, therefore, with saying, "Yes, my friend, I come from the place you mention; but this day I had no cause whatever for secreting myself. The husband, who after all, cannot be very jealous of his wife, came there, to be sure; but after resting a short time in the garden, he went away, without visiting his wife's apartment." Having made this partial communication, he passed on, leaving the tumblee a prey to the fiery passions of jealousy and disappointed revenge. The former re-took possession of his mind with ten-fold tenacity; and, in obedience to the excitations of the latter, he retired to the penetralia of his warehouse, to devise a new system of family tactics, that would infallibly enable him to develop the mysterious amour.

The young Pu'than, the object of his consideration, was encumbered with no such cares to disturb his equanimity. Maugre the sincere attachment he entertained for the tumbolin, and the daily increasing obstacles which presented themselves to its prosecution, he ate heartily, slept soundly, and rose again with a fresh appetite. His regular visits to the lady had elicited a sort of mechanical consuetude on his part, which left him no more volition than that exercised by a mail-coach horse. Accordingly, on the morning subsequent to the events above related, and at his wonted hour, he was snugly seated in her chamber upon an Uzeemabaalee mond'ha, close by the

foot of the boarded couch, or tukht-posh, whereon she half-reclined against an ample pillow. She could not help remarking a shade of deep thought, if not of sadness, such as he had never before witnessed, that overspread the hitherto smiling countenance of the cane-tinted fair one. Having, in the choicest terms of respect, ventured to inquire the cause, she slowly assumed an erect posture, and thus gravely explained the circumstance :

“Khan sahib, it is necessary, for both our sakes, that we put an end to our meetings. If we continue them, no good, and possibly much harm, may ensue. My husband is certainly aware of your coming here ; and, one day or another, he will undoubtedly surprise us together. A fanciful though innocent impulse instigated me to court your society, but my motives will be misconstrued, and my good name irretrievably lost, if we do not stop short in the wild career we have unthinkingly entered upon. I am convinced, by what I can judge of your feelings, that such an event would give you pain. Let us, then, relinquish the gratification we enjoy in each other's company. I shall return unstained with guilt to the path of duty I was imperceptibly swerving from ; and you may seek out some honourable employment, which will enable you to forget the follies we have been guilty of.”

An address so unexpected, and one too that contained an argument so sound, could not to be answered without some consideration. Nujat Khan was therefore taxing his ingenuity for objections to her wise and virtuous proposition, when he was saved the mental labour, by the sudden entrance of their watchful sentinel Rusace, who announced the proximity of her mar-plotting master.

“Gunga dohaie !” exclaimed the tumbolin. We shall

now be discovered in good earnest ; for I know of no other lurking-hole. Ah, what shall become of us !”

“ Fair lady,” interrupted the Put’han, if my life could save your reputation, I would most joyfully make the sacrifice. But the taking or throwing away of lives at this moment would avail you nothing. Try to think this once more of some place where I may secrete myself, and I swear to you, however miserable the observance of my oath may render me, I shall not again be the cause of uneasiness or danger to one I so highly respect.”

“ Alas !” sighed the lady, I am at my wit’s end. I know not where you can possibly be concealed.”

Here the hand-maiden, who not having so much at stake as her afflicted mistress, had in proportion more presence of mind, took the liberty of making a suggestion. “ What think you, beebee,” said she, “ of the large empty chest in the lumber-room ? It is big enough to hold a more bulky man than the Khan.”

“ You are right,” answered the beebee ; it will just do. Come along, Khan ; we have no time to spare. Oh, how dull I was, not to remember that most convenient chest !”

Without more words, the anxious triumvirate passed into the indicated room, where the Put’han was quickly stowed away in a chest of very uncommon dimensions. It was sufficiently deep and long, to admit of him either sitting upright or stretching himself at his ease, inside. The lid, moreover, fitted so loosely to the sides, that there was no likelihood of his being suffocated for want of fresh air. Having locked this ark, the mistress and maid returned to their own apartment, to be in readiness to receive their master the tumblee ; but, to their unaccountable surprise, they remained upwards of ten minutes at their respective

posts, without seeing or hearing any thing of the expected though unwelcome visitor. The mistress impatiently charged her hand-maiden with raising a false alarm; and the latter, solemnly protesting she had actually seen the tumble coming towards the house, offered to go and bring intelligence of his farther movements. Her services being accepted, she was about to leave the room, when the dame called her back. "Stay, Rusae," said she; "what burnt smell is this which pervades the chamber? And whence comes all this smoke that curls about the roof? Alas, the house is on fire!" So saying, she rushed out into the yard followed by Rusae.

Here she was met by her husband, who after indulging in a bitter laugh, accosted her in these words. "Yes, I thought I should soon smoke you out. But where is your lover? You surely have not abandoned him to the flames."

"What lover do you talk of, vile man?" retorted the wife. "The only lover here is in your own jealous pate. Now I know what brought you prying about the house these several days past."

"I had good cause for so doing," observed the husband; and though on former occasions I failed in making the discovery I sought for, I shall make sure of the gallant this bout. That fire and smoke will speedily drive him out of his hiding-place."

"And so, this is all your own doing?" said the wife. "You have unfeelingly set fire to the chuppur over my head, to detect a lover that never had existence but in your own brain. You have forced me into the open street; you have exposed me to the gaze of the public; you have most cruelly and unjustly aspersed my fair fame;—you whose duty it was to have protected me from all such indignities.

But I shall not stop to receive farther ill usage at your hands. I shall return this instant to my father. Rusace, assist me in saving what I can of my personal property."

Luckily for all parties, it was the rainy season. The thatch was consequently damp, and burned slowly, with more smoke than flame. It therefore required nothing beyond common fortitude on the part of the two females to re-enter the premises. They went in accordingly, but re-appeared in a few seconds, the one dragging, and the other pushing, the large wheel-mounted chest in which the Put'han was locked up. By this time, a number of spectators had assembled to witness the anticipated conflagration. Among others, muzoors were not wanting; and Rusace got the chest raised on the heads of four of them, while her mistress bestowed a parting salutation on the discomfited tumblee.

"It is high time," she remarked, "for a wife to quit her husband, when he makes the house too hot for her to live in. I came to you, Seedha Ram, rich in clothes and jewels, and with this chest full of brass utensils; I leave you, taking with me an empty chest, and scarce chuddur enough to shield myself from the view of the world. But I have a father, who will exact justice at the hands of an unnatural husband, and to whose house I now return."

At these words she set off, followed by Rusace and the chest; and after passing through several narrow streets, the whole train found shelter in a small upper-roomed house.

In the meantime, a shower of rain fell, that produced a two-fold benefit to the deserted husband. It extinguished the fire, and dispersed the crowd, that had began to laugh at his folly. He then took shelter in the house, where, having searched every nook and corner for the expected

Put'han without success, he sat down to ruminate on the innumerable disappointments, including the last vexatious disaster, which had befallen him.

On the night succeeding that eventful day, as soon as darkness and opportunity favoured, the faithful tumbolin slipped down stairs to a lower apartment, in which her chest, with its live contents, had been deposited. Cautiously she turned the key in the lock, and extricated the half-stified but patient Nujat Khan from his durance. Whispering him to be silent, she conducted him to the street door, where, as he took his leave, thinking it might prove their final interview, he ventured to kiss her hand. Hastily but not resentfully, she withdrew it from his grasp, and shut the door. Arrived in the open street, he found himself in a part of the town he was a stranger to, and was obliged to inquire the way of several passengers, ere he regained his lodging in the suraee.

Some days had elapsed without anything of moment occurring to the subjects of our tale, when Seedha Ram, the tumblee, was one morning cited to appear before a punchayut of his peers, at the house of his father-in-law, to answer on a complaint of alleged misconduct towards his wife. This being a summons that no Hindoo dare disregard without risking the loss of caste, he was fain to obey the call instant. The court was assembled on the shady side of the prosecutor's tenement, and the senior member, or president having stated the charges, called upon the accused for his defence. Poor Seedha Ram made a true recapitulation of all the circumstances the reader is already acquainted with; upon which, and the justice of his cause, he rested his hopes of honourable acquittal. His vindication having been very attentively listened to, the president justly ob-

served, that to establish the truth thereof, it was necessary the court should hear the testimony of the Put'han. This declaration was particularly unpalatable to Seedha Ram, who anticipated the difficulty he should experience in inducing a lover to criminate his mistress. But the alternative being either to make the attempt, or to abandon his plea, he left the punchayut with a heavy heart, and proceeded towards the quarters of his witness.

Though he had so often before missed the Put'han, when in more eager pursuit of him, on the present occasion, he was fortunate enough to find him. Furthermore, when he imparted to the youth, a counterfeit statement of having related his love adventures to some friends who were assembled at a merry-making, and who wished to hear a repetition of the narrative from his own mouth, the credulous lad, confiding in its truth, and thinking the tumbolin was lost to him for ever, agreed at once to accompany him to the party. Arrived at the court, which the inveigled witness knew not to be such, and as little recognised the house he had so lately escaped from in the dark, the presiding member civilly intimated to him the desire of all present, that he would detail to them, the curious particulars of his amour, previously reported to them, in an imperfect manner by the tumblee. With this request, so politely urged, he complied in the following terms :

“ Friends, to oblige my brother, Seedha Ram, and yourselves, I am willing to recount the several adventures which have happened to me, since I took up my abode in Cawnpore; but, I warn you beforehand, they are far from being so remarkable as to deserve your attention. You must understand, then, that not long ago, I became acquainted with a lady who lives at the farther end of one of the streets

leading to the chuok. We had several meetings at her house, passing a few hours each day innocently and pleasantly together, until her husband, whom I know not, took it into his head to be jealous, and disturb our felicity. One morning he came upon us unexpectedly; but I hid myself under a tukhtposh till he was gone. Next day he returned about the same hour, when I was obliged to skulk in the garden. A third time he had nearly surprised us; but I concealed myself in a bathing cistern, with a hollow water-melon on my head. The best of the joke was, that wife and husband came together to eat chopped sugar-cane by the side of the tank, and, at the cunning instigation of the former, threw handfuls of gundereeah towards me, which I picked up and munched with great satisfaction. Once again did the jealous-pated husband make an attempt to discover our intercourse by setting ——."

As the last word left the narrator's lips, his turban was struck from above by a small hard substance. He paused, and looked up, to ascertain whence it came, when he was unexpectedly delighted by obtaining a view of the captivating tumbolin. She looked upon him from a small embrasure-like window in the gable wall of the building, and extending her open palm towards him, with that and her head, she motioned to him to proceed no farther in his relation. His position enabled him to see and understand the sign, yet his auditory remained altogether ignorant of the matter; inasmuch as he stood facing them and the wall, while they were all seated with their backs to it. Shame and remorse took possession of his breast, at the idea of having betrayed the dearest object of his regard. Something like the truth, as to the predicament, he had been decoyed into, also flashed across his mind; and a happy

thought occurring to him at the same moment, he determined, if possible, yet to save the reputation of the lady. These acts and meditations, however long they may appear in the recital, occupied so small a space of time in the real drama, that the members of the punchayut had not expressed any impatience at the interruption, when the speaker thus addressed them in continuation.

"Honourable friends, I am sorry the strength of the last small allowance of opium, I took, is just now spent. I am a poor fellow, and cannot afford myself a hearty dose. But if any one of the company has a spare golee, I can soon be in a fit trim to resume the thread of my narrative."

At these words, the rage and disappointment of the hitherto patient and attentive members of the punchayut may be more easily conceived than described. Every voice was loud in execrations on the heads of the supposed ufeemee, and the foolish defendant who had adduced him as an evidence.

"Drive away the dozing opium-eater," cried one.

"Awaken him from his trance by twenty stripes of the korah," cried another.

"No, no," observed a third. "Rather let us impose a heavy fine on Seedha Ram, for making a false defence, and deriding and delaying the court with his dreaming witness."

The last suggestion was approved by all. They accordingly proceeded to pass sentence in the cause, deeming any farther investigation unnecessary. Their finding, as announced by their senior, was as follows: The complaint being fully established, and the defence not proven, Seedha Ram must receive back his wife, to whom no blame attaches; and he is mulcted in two hundred rupees, to be expended in a public entertainment to all his brethren

paun-dealers in Cawnpoor. Should he fail conforming to this decision, he shall forfeit caste, and be scouted from the presence of every Hindoo as a Chundal."

This award, from which there was no appeal, affected the Put'han, who still lingered near, as deeply as it did the condemned Seedha Ram. His eyes were now completely opened to the latter's duplicity ; and cursing him for a rogue and himself for a fool, he left the place in disgust. Never again did he resort to that part of the bazar where it was likely he should meet the crafty tumbolee ; and only once did he pass by his dwelling house, in hopes of catching a transient glimpse of his fair spouse, where finding a surly looking burkundaz stationed at the gate, he never repeated his visit.

WOMAN AND POETRY.

BY LIEUT. P. SCOTT.

WHAT to us were this world and its burden of care
 But a fetter of clay that in slavery bound us,
 Were our troubles not soothed by the smiles of the fair,
 And if poetry spread not its magic around us.
 In the hour of our gladness, if woman be near,
 More smoothly the stream of enjoyment will flow ;
 And where can our grief find a balm, like the tear
 From the bright eyes of her who partakes of our woe.
 To the other—a power of enchantment is given
 Which time cannot limit, space cannot define ;
 Which can lift on its wings the wrapt spirit to Heaven,
 And make dull mortality almost divine !
 Oh ! woman and poetry—each is a treasure,
 A mine of delight that enriches life's span ;
 The first is a ministering angel of pleasure,
 While the gift of the next makes an angel of man !

STANZAS.

*[Written at the Rain Ghat, near Belgaum, in 1834, from
which Goa is seen, and the Sea, 40 miles off.]*

BY R. C. MONEY, ESQ.

I.

COME out with me beneath the sky,
We'll have a treat to-night ;—
What folded memories sleeping lie
Till wakened by the light
Of those soft fires above,
Which look like all things pure and bright—
The very eyes of love.

II.

Old England cannot boast a scene
So beautiful as this ;
She has her summer beds of green—
Her summer homes of bliss—
And rivers running through
Landscapes like those of Paradise—
Blest land and people too.

III.

She has that jewel month of May,
Worth all the months together,
And something sweet in every day,
Of clear and cloudy weather—
With winter's eyes of brightness,
(The merry black, ah, send him hither,)
And teeth of ivory whiteness.

IV.

See, what a flock of Poets fly,
 Like birds with silver wings,
 Across the thought's unclouded sky,
 Her genius-plumed kings.
 " By many an ancient river,"
 By mountain wilds and mossy springs
 Their music lives for ever. .

V.

She has her peasant cottages,
 Her lion-maned strength,
 (Alas, we know not such as these,
 Through this land's breadth and length !)
 And shod with thunder, bears
 The shout of Freedom's jubilees
 For full a thousand years.

VI.

She has that heaven-descending prize
 The glorious gospel light,
 Which through a million British eyes
 Like water-stars by night,
 Up to its beauty turning,
 Lets down its shining mysteries
 In the soul-furrows burning.

VII.

Have we that gospel light ? how few
 The real Christians are—
 • We do, alas, as Heathens do,
 Worship at any star,
 Pride, lust, or liberty,
 Nor heed his love and glory, who
 Suffered on Calvary's tree. •

VIII.

She has our home, our own loved home—
Sweet casket, sweeter gem—
Could eyes and thoughts together roam,
And take a peep at them,
I would not envy at
Those lucky three of Islamdom,
Their glass and magic mat.

IX.

She has all these :— we have them too
In memory just as sweet ;
And to our hearts of love as true
As if laid at our feet—
Though what we mark around,
E'en to the very midnight dew
Or most familiar sound,

X.

Is Eastern all—the spur-fowl's whrry,
Stirr'd from his jungle nest—
Or some wild winged plunderers' cry,
Like Arabs ere they rest,
Shout through the silent hour ;
Ere they close in the fiery eye,
Or on the heath-bed cower.

XI.

We have them too, though far away
That forest ocean heaves,
Beneath the moon's mysterious sway
Its wilderness of leaves—
And with day's dying hum
Is heard some minstrels roundelay,
Or the loud Temple drum.

XII.

We have them too, though here are none,
The morning light to wake,
With eyes of love to look upon,
Or hands of love to shake—
Our pet-companion may
Be some sweet precious little one—
Oh, who so sweet as they ?

XIII.

I have known two who shared my walk,
Round whom my heart has twined,
While listening to their little talk
The music of their mind.—
One's left—and I may never
See such twin-buds upon a stalk :
Oh—peace be theirs for ever !

XIV.

Ah, to look here as we do now
O'er that wild scene, below ;
While memory, on life's early bough
Flies, gleaning to and fro
Some relics of the past,
To build her little nest, somehow
'Tis work too sweet to last.

XV.

I venture then to tell you why
They cannot feel and think
In England, now as you and I
Upon this mountain brink—
They want what we have here,
An English heart and Indian sky,
To hang o'er memory's tear.

XVI.

These random images are caught
 From sounds of such a night,
 Like voices o'er the waves of thought,
 Wakening its depth of light—
 Come then and see at last
 What English nights have never brought,
Such memories of the past.

THE DEATH OF THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

BY LIEUT. J. BRUCE.

"In this service," conducting the rear-guard, "the Chevalier received a wound, which he immediately perceived to be mortal, and being unable to continue any longer on horseback, he ordered one of his attendants to place him under a tree, with his face towards the enemy; then fixing his eyes on the guard of his sword, which he held up instead of a cross, he addressed his prayers to God, and in this posture, which became his character both as a Soldier and as a Christian, he calmly awaited the approach of death. Bourbon,

high-spirited
 in the discharge of my duty. They, indeed, are objects of pity,
 who fight against their king, their country, and their oath."—
Robertson's Charles Vth.

BENEATH a spreading chesnut lay
 A Knight of princely mien,
 Beside him stood a "gallant grey,"
 In warlike trappings sheen;
 His father's sword was in his hand—
 His spirit in his eye—
 Whilst thus communing with his brand,
 The Knight prepared to die.
 "My Sire's failing breath hath dimmed
 Thy keen bright blade ere now,
 Whilst o'er a flying field he skimmed
 With triumph on his brow—

Should I then murmur, who have seen
The Chivalry of France
Sweep o'er this death-encumbered green
Before th' imperial lance?
Farewell, my blade! awhile thou'lt hang
In that old stately hall,
Where first I heard the trumpet's clang
Resound the vassal's call—
Where he who's soon to claim a crest
As stainless as the sun,
Now ponders o'er with glowing breast
Thy deeds of glory done."
Then half reclining on the moss
That clothed the verdant shade,
With eyes uplifted to the cross
Of that long-cherished blade,
He doffed his casque, he crossed his brow,
Nor less a warrior seemed,
Than when mid battle's fiercest glow
His dark eye proudly gleamed.
Whilst thus he mused, and looked above
To those ethereal bowers,
Where hostile passions cease to move
The soul's electric powers,
A Knight drew up, whose vengeful eye
Flashed scorn and ruthless ire,
• Till brighter beams from mem'ry's sky
• Subdued its meteor fire.
'Twas Bourbon's lord, by hate allied
To France's direst foe,
Who reined his steed, and kindly eyed
The chief that bled below;

" My old, my gallant friend ! " he said,
 " I grieve to find thee here, ,
 Tho' adverse were the hearts we led
 In glory's bright career."
 " Mourn not for me, thou faithless lord ! "
 The wounded Knight replied,
 " But blush for him, whose rebel sword
 Our Norman blood hath dyed—
 Whose headlong passions, fiercely wrought
 By wrongs they scorned to bear,
 Have burst the bounds of legal thought,
 And rushed upon despair."
 " Yes ! mourn for him whose sullied crest
 The proud Castilian's scorn*,
 E'en tho' they deem his spear the best
 That led their host this morn.
 Nor hope, Sir Knight, that the wild fire glow
 Of a short and spurious fame
 Can soften the blot—I tell thee, no !—
 It shall live, while lives thy name."
 But, speed thee on ! thy course is run—
 Grieve not to see me here—
 A banner for my fall I've won,
 A buckler for my bier.
 The Saints support the warrior's head, .
 Whose 'scutcheon stainless falls—
 While Fiends must haunt the Traitor's bed,
 Who dies, midst princely halls."

* We are told, that the Spanish Nobles shunned all intercourse with Bourbon, and that the Marquis de Villena, on being desired by the Emperor to receive him into his palace, politely replied, " That he could not refuse gratifying his Sovereign in that request, but that the Monarch must not be surprised if, the moment the constable departed, he should burn to the ground a house which, having been polluted by the presence of a traitor, became an unfit habitation for a man of honour."

THE VILLAGE OF CHIHOOREE, OR THE CONVENTS OF NIPAL.

BY M. CROW.

A FEW miles from the town of Bettiah, there is a small village called Chihooree, which is a patrimony of the Catholic Church, and recognizes as its zemindar and owner the priest, who may for the time be in charge of the Christians that reside there. The village is divided into three portions, two are inhabited by Hindoos and Musulmans, and the third exclusively by Christians. In this last portion there is an ancient-looking chapel and a sort of parochial house, built after the fashion of the monasteries, with extensive gardens attached to it. You may from the top of these buildings enjoy in a clear morning the most majestic scene I have ever beheld. Looking towards the north, you are presented with a landscape, the fore ground of which is occupied by an extensive forest, commencing almost from the very skirts of the village, and losing itself in the blue hills which separate the valley of Nipal from the Turiânee. This appearance is owing to these hills being covered with vegetation, which continues verdant throughout the year ; but the glories of the landscape are visible only on clear mornings. You then behold the blue hills of Nipal crowned with the lofty chain of the Himalaiâh, the summits of which, covered with eternal snow and disposed in the most grotesque forms of uneven angles, reflect the rays of the rising sun in all the wonderful enchantment of prismatic colors. From the glowing crimson, and the mellow purple, to the

dazzling white, you perceive a succession of tints which every moment shift their position as the sun approaches towards the zenith. The variety of colors is greater in the morning, when the richer tints predominate, than towards noon, when the dazzling white is rather painful than pleasant to the sight. The flitting clouds which occasionally hide these elevated rocks from the sight tend to increase the grandeur of the effect, and impress the beholder with the conviction of their tremendous height.

This delightful little monastery, secluded from the pomp and bustle of the world, formed my retreat some years ago. I had here an opportunity of observing the customs and manners of the Christian inhabitants of Chihoorée, who are indeed a singular race. These people are the descendants of the Newâr tribe, who formerly were the ruling people in Nipâl ; but have been since conquered by the Goorkhâs, another tribe of mountaineers, who are now on the ascendant. Some centuries ago the indefatigable Missionaries of the Catholic Church, burning with zeal for the conversion of heathens, and fearless of the dangers attendant on the preaching of the Gospel in countries like these, had penetrated the valley of Nipâl, and erected there the banner of Christ. The little flock was however as exposed to the persecution of the little hill monarch as the hosts of primitive Christians were to the prison, the rack, and the wild beasts of a Nero or Domitian. They were at last forced to fly for ever their native land, and rather than forsake the faith they had embraced, follow their European pastor, and seek refuge in the dominions of the Great Mogul, whose empire then extended to those parts. One or two venerable patriarchal old men, at the time

of my sojourn at Chihooree, were the only remnant of those who had come from their native land : the rest of the villagers were born on the spot, and though they do not mix with the people of the country they now inhabit, their number, it is said, has increased a great deal since they settled here. This is nothing but the natural consequence of their honest, industrious, and peaceful way of living. The recent converts to the faith from the country-people have another church, and more extensive lands at Bettiah. The Chihooree Christians are entirely aborigines in their manners and customs which regard not the forms of the religion they now profess. They speak the language of their ancestors, dress like them much after the fashion of the villagers of the upper provinces, live in huts such as are seen in that part of the country, and are in every respect, save religion, the same as their ancestors were. They have a literature of their own, and there are catechists among them who teach the Christian doctrines in their vernacular tongue. According to the custom of the Catholic Church, they however join the public worship, which is in Latin. This they know by rote, and have the whole of it written in their own characters, something after the scheme of Mr. Trevelyan. They however understand the import of the whole service, having translations of it in their own language. Their pastors having been Italians, they pronounce Latin words as much according to the Italian way as the peculiar habit of speaking their own language from infancy will permit them. The sound of the language of Virgil and Cæsar, as uttered by these mountaineers of Nipal, is indeed singular, and forms one of the most unique varieties to which the pronunciation of Latin has been subjected by its modern speakers. .

Thus prepared and habited like the natives, they leave their plough and oxen, to attend the summons of the church bell whenever divine service is to be performed. In the church the women sit apart from the men, occupying, unlike the Catholics of Calcutta, the parts most remote from the altar. The men occupy the front, and a dozen or two, forming the choir, range themselves on either side of the rail which separates the altar from the body of the church. The officiating minister, having intoned the "Gloria in excelsis Deo," or the "Credo in unum Deum," one side of the choir follow it up by chaunting forth the following verse, then the other side succeeds, and so on, relieving each other, until the whole is gone through. They have no musical instruments to accompany them, and being unrestrained by those rules which generally regulate the vocal performances of the choir, they chaunt forth the sacred hymns with a rustic loudness which would no doubt ~~as~~ ^{resound} the delicate auditory organs of our Calcutta folks. The generality of these Christians I have found to be far better acquainted with the leading doctrines of the Catholic faith than the lower orders of the Calcutta Catholics, who enjoy the superior advantages of speaking at least a brogue of the Portuguese. They are aware of the great doctrinal revolutions which signalized the sixteenth century. Some of them have heard, that Luther, a fallen priest, had, after the example of the fallen angel, headed the rebel host, and disturbed the peace of the Church. Protestant, or as they choose to mispronounce the word, *protesant*, they know is the distinguishing appellation of the followers of Luther. I was not a little amused one day by observing two of these village theologians argue the claims of Protestantism. One of them maintained that they

could not be far out of the way of salvation, since their distinguishing appellation signified something that was saintly. He argued that they were called "*Protesants*," the last syllable of which word, he said, was *sant*, or "*Sanctus*," which he knew was applied in Latin to all the holy beings, for whom he entertained a high respect. His assailant, however, did not feel himself quite prepared to enter into this etymology of the word "*Protesant*," and chose rather to allow no degree of holiness to a name which he knew appertained to the disturbers of the Church.

Among other anecdotes of their progenitors, the following appeared to me the most interesting. It was related by an old man.

"I know not how the truth may be,
I'll tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Bhikhun and Bhimrāj were two devoted lovers ; the former was the only daughter of an opulent merchant of Pātun, and the latter a distant relation of the reigning family. Bhikhun had a nurse who had been attached for years to the merchant's family, and having had the bringing up of her young mistress, possessed the greatest share of her confidence. She was however a Christian, and a zealous one, and had succeeded in instilling in the tender mind of Bhikhun the doctrines of her religion. Hence, in a great measure Bhikhun's constancy to Bhimrāj, on whom she looked as her betrothed. Through her influence, he also had imbibed the principles of the Christian faith, though through fear of offending his family, he had judiciously kept his feelings on the subject a profound secret from all but his beloved Bhikhun.

Things had gone on thus for some time, when the news of the royal edict of banishment against the Christians first broke like a clap of thunder on the ears of Bhimrâj, who, in consequence of his connection with the court, knew it before those with whose fate his was inseparably united. He at once foresaw in the firmness of Bhikhun's faith the dreadful catastrophe which awaited her, and him too, who could not for a moment entertain the thought of abandoning her in the moment of danger. Collecting his perturbed spirit as well as he could, he hastened to the house of Bhikhun, to communicate the painful news, and endeavour to devise some means for their safety. The shock which this intelligence gave to the gentle heart of Bhikhun had better be left to the imagination of the reader than described. Suffice it to say, that after ruminating on many a romantic scheme, they all agreed to adopt the following plan. After the interval of a week Bhimrâj was to come in the night at a small door, which opened into the garden of Bhikhun's house, and along which meandered a gurgling mountain-stream. Here at the appointed hour Bhikhun's nurse was to meet the young lover, and convey him through a secret passage to the apartments of her mistress. They were all three then to depart from the same way, carrying with them such things as were considered of immediate use, and necessary for the long and perilous journey they had to perform. At the ghât Bhimrâj was to provide a dongah or canoe, which was to take them down the stream till out of the watch-posts which guarded the boundaries of the town. They were then to make the best of their way to the plains of Hindoostan, and share the fate of the Christians who were banished from their native land.

Romantic as this plan for escape appeared, it was thought preferable to martyrdom on the one hand, and apostacy on the other, which they knew would be the inevitable consequence of staying in the valley of Nipāl. With heavy hearts the lovers parted for the time, to prepare for the step they had resolved to take. The filial obedience in which Bhikhun had been educated, and the natural affection she bore to her parents, who she foresaw would pine away to death at her loss, raised in her tender bosom a storm of contending passions, such as she had never before experienced. She sought relief from these internal torments in the counsel of her confidential nurse, who, though she could not appease the tumult of feelings in her mistress, succeeded, by arguments drawn from the precepts of religion, in soothing the bitterness of her woe. She represented to her mind the sacrifice which religion required, she displayed before her the heroic examples of the ancient martyrs—those luminaries of the Primitive Church, and joined with her in invoking their prayers to the throne of the Almighty for their safe passage through the Nipāl territories. In these agonizing reflections Bhikhun and her nurse passed the time which preceded the appointed hour for the appearance of Bhimrāj at the garden door.

As the gong of the Rajah's palace announced the hour of midnight, the old nurse silently glided through the shady walks of the garden to the place of rendezvous. Here she had not waited long before Bhimrāj arrived in the canoe which was intended to carry them beyond the purlieus of the town. He was attended only by two men, one the conductor of the canoe, and the other a trusty and experienced guide, who was to direct their course through the

mountain passes which they had to traverse ere they could reach the plains in the Turjānee. The rain had poured down in torrents the whole of the preceding day, and had swelled the rapid stream to an alarming extent. It continued to drizzle through the night, which though illumined by the moon, scarcely shewed the objects around, owing to the masses of cloud which hung over the valley in sombre festoons, and gave to the whole a funereal aspect, the fit accompaniment of the heavy hearts with which the devoted lovers and their three attendants pushed off the fragile bark from the garden steps.

The velocity of the stream hurried on the dongah in its course towards the bridge, which formed a part of the town walls, and was known to be guarded by a watch at night. The boat-man, aware of the danger of passing through the arch, which he knew would afford but a narrow passage owing to the swelling of the torrent, was preparing to put the bark in the centre of the stream, when they were discovered and hailed by the watch over the bridge. As the passengers could give no satisfactory account of themselves, the only alternative was to hurry through the arch as quickly as possible, and elude search by passing in the dark through the meanderings of the stream. The watchmen's challenge had however so frightened the boat-man, that he, in attempting to propel the canoe, drove it against one of the piers of the bridge. It instantly whirled round, and taking in a quantity of water from one side, luckily righted itself, and glided down the stream, till it was lost to the observant eye of the guardians of the night. Had it not been for the foulness of the weather, in all likelihood, a pursuit would have instantly commenced ; but as it was,

the watchmen contented themselves with only abusing the disobedient people who had refused to answer the challenge, till their voice was lost to the fugitives in the distance which they soon attained by the rapidity of their course.

Having escaped this danger the party congratulated themselves on their safety ; for there was no other guard to be passed. Little did they think at the time, that the danger they had escaped by the miraculous righting of the boat was only a warning of the greater perils which awaited them. The vessel at length arrived at the place where they had to disembark, and commence their land-journey. Having dismissed the boat-man with reward, they pushed forward as fast as they could to be out of the reach of pursuit, which they expected would be commenced as soon as Bhikhun's flight would be discovered at her father's house ; and as they had been seen by the watchmen on the bridge, they apprehended that their pursuers would be able to trace out the course they had taken. To elude their search, they now held a consultation, and asked the guide to convey them through some circuitous path which would not be discovered by their pursuers. This he promised to do ; but represented the dangers of the route as being very great, which he said must have considerably increased by the swelling of the hill-torrents, in consequence of the late falls of rain in those parts. They however preferred this track to the usual road, and in the hope of escaping from their pursuers, journeyed on through the winding glen.

The rising sun found the town of Pátun in unusual bustle : the domestics of Bhikhun's father and the whole police were in search of the fugitive heiress to his immense wealth, and a handsome reward was offered to any one who

could discover traces of the merchant's daughter. The watchmen of the bridge having heard the rumour, communicated the adventure of the night, and though darkness had prevented their recognizing any one of those who had passed their post, they yet failed not to express their suspicions as to who they might have been. The nurse's absence, who was known to be a Christian, and various other circumstances, led them to conclude that Bhikhun had most likely followed the banished people to the Turianee. A strong party was immediately sent to search the hill-paths in that direction, and the disconsolate father, impressed with a lively presentiment that his daughter must have gone towards the plains, accompanied the party, with several domestics, who attended the old man to search for the lost belle of Pátun. Among these a little pet dog of Bhikhun's found his way unperceived, and followed the party until they arrived at the spot where the lovers had landed from the canoe. Here they were all astonished to see the little dog run about from place to place, then run round in a circle, and begin barking, as if he were distracted with joy. Having played these pranks for a while the little sagacious animal dashed into a bye-path that winded through a dense forest. The people, astonished at these unusual symptoms in the dog, paused for a while to consider what they could mean. They at first thought of pursuing the usual road ; but the incessant cries of the dog, and his significant actions, made them change their purpose, and follow the path he appeared to point out.

In the mean time, the wearied lovers, having travelled the whole night, and a considerable part of the morning, and being pretty sure that their pursuers could never discover

the track they had chosen, were resting under the shade of an aged banian that stood near a torrent which they had to cross. There was a wooden half-decayed bridge, which at this time presented the only passage across the boiling gulf formed by the cataract, which swelled by the rain, foamed underneath, and shook the frail posts that supported the bridge. The guide warned them of the danger which would attend an attempt to cross it at such a time, and told them that if they waited, the fury of the torrent would be lessened. Whilst they were thus engaged, the pensive Bhikhun, who sat on a root of the tree, fancied she heard the barking of a dog which was familiar to her; another, and another more audible cry, made the blood run back in her veins. She started up, and involuntarily cried out; They have found us—we are undone! The whole party were now on their legs; the guide had already approached the bridge followed by the nurse, Bhikhun was next, and last of all stood Bhimrâj, facing the danger that seemed to approach them every moment from among the rocks and woods which they had passed. At last a party of men disembogued from the thicket, and the faithful dog and the old merchant stood before the astonished and terrified lovers. Another involuntary scream escaped the distracted Bhikhun, and she rushed forward over the tottering bridge, calling out to Bhimrâj to follow her. The guide, who was the foremost, passed onward and the rest followed: when lo! dreadful to relate, the planks creaked under their feet, the fabric shook beneath them, and with a crash the bridge separated from the centre. The guide, who was nearest the opposite side, leaped upon the firm ground, and the old nurse hung by a projection of the shattered plank. Poor

Bhikhun was precipitated into the torrent, and Bhimrāj, who had not as yet approached the centre of the bridge, stood motionless on the brink, staring with stupid gaze at the awful chasm, which had swallowed up all that was dear to him. As the rebounding volume of water bulged up at a few yards below the cataract, he caught a glimpse of his beloved: her raven locks and uplifted hands, as if imploring assistance, were all that could be discerned. The distracted Bhimrāj leaped in to save his beloved, and the little pet of Bhikhun instinctively followed, barking as before, and was seen no more. The unfortunate father stood on the bank, contemplating the dreadful catastrophe that had befallen his daughter and her devoted lover, until he was roused from his reverie by the people who had discovered the corpse of this faithful pair a little way down the stream. They were found clinging to each other in the convulsive grasp of death, as firmly as their hearts had been united whilst living.

The old nurse, whom the guide had by this time rescued from her perilous situation, saw the tragical catastrophe in which their scheme had terminated, and fearing to return to her master's house, she pursued the way to the Turiānee, and safely arrived at the encampment of the banished Christians, to tell this tale of woe.

THE SARACEN'S BRIDE.

[*A Spanish Romance.*]

BY JAMES ATKINSON, ESQ.

I.

TWILIGHT'S mysterious mantle has o'erspread
 Morena's lofty peaks, the bowery dell
 Of Argalon receives a browner shade ;
 And now is heard the distant vesper bell,
 Echoing from cliff to cliff. The prospect round
 Grows still more dark, and o'er its pebbly course,
 As the clear stream descends, the gushing sound
 Seems to the listening ear more loud and hoarse.
 The landskip sinks in gloom—no voice I hear,
 Save the rude goatherd's song, or merry muleteer.

But mark, what light breaks o'er the devious road
 With fitful radiance ; there a castle rears
 Its minarets high, the calm retired abode
 Of war-worn heroes, chiefs of other years,
 When the bright crescent held unrivalled sway,
 And Christian Spain was humbled to the earth.
 Here still the towers, the Prophet's flag display.
 A Moslem leader of illustrious birth
 Rules the domain—blest in domestic life,
 With that enchanting boon, a young and blooming wife.

The light is in the deep-arched corridor,
And shews the casement's blazonry and pride ;
The pomp of champions in the faith of yore,
Martyrs and saints who gloriously died.
Such sacred picturings grace the chapel tower,
Suited to dim the dazzling glare of day ;
And now the taper, at this lonely hour,
Sheds but a faint and melancholy ray.
Vespers are o'er, 'tis past the time of prayer,
Perhaps some holy priest—some penitent is there.

O 'tis a scene of grief and wretchedness,
The walls are hung with black—emblems of woe
On every side the feeling mind oppress ;
For death has laid an innocent victim low.
Cold in his coffin sleeps the only child
Of one distracted, grovelling in the dust ;
Her frame convulsed—her eye with frenzy wild,
Imploring Heaven, the Merciful, the Just ;
She starts—then shrinking down in shame and fear,
Prays to offended God to end her misery here.

With mournful, frantic air behold her now,
Clasp her loved child, still beautiful in death ;
Kiss its unyielding lips, and icy brow,
And watch and listen for returning breath ;
Vain hope ! 'tis gone forever. Canst thou find
Life in the marble statue, warmth in snow ?
Health in the burning pestilential wind
That desolates Arabia ? Joy in woe ?
Still she hangs weeping o'er the unconscious shroud,
And pours the anguish of her heart aloud.

II.

Alas ! is that the gentle Isabelle,
For whom so many noble lovers sighed ?
Who, eighteen fleeting summers old,
And formed in beauty's sweetest mould,
Became the rich Almanzír's Christian bride ?

The loveliest maid romantic Spain e'er knew,
Playful and coy, how soon has pleasure past !
All radiant then with blooming smiles, she drew
Old age and youth in chains—and o'er them cast
A binding spell ; she archly looked and said
Things that entranced, for in her laughing eyes,
There was a syren witchery, which made
The gazer's anxious heart an easy prize.

Rare union of the beautiful and good,
Formed for the world—yet with a heart as pure
As holy nun, though warmed with youthful blood,
And seeming thoughtless of her beauty's lure.

Admired by all—upon her wedding day,
How many Christian lovers sighed to see,
Almanzír bear the matchless maid away ;
Her lovely looks, amidst the pageantry,
Charmed every eye, and all seemed life and glee.

The castle hall resounded with the song
Of merry minstrels—knights and ladies fair
Mixed in the mask, and graceful tripped along,
To the soft castinet, and lively toned guitar.

How then adored was Isabelle the bride !
The doating Arab asked no further joy ;
He never thought misfortune could betide,
Nor ever fancied happiness could cloy ;
Rich in a gift, to half the world denied,
The treasure all his own, 'twas bliss without alloy.
Then did his soul the sweetest triumph prove,
Whilst thus the minstrels sung the force of woman's love.

SONG.

Is there a joy, a feeling warm,
Which gives to life its sweetest blessing ?
Is there a heart ne'er felt the charm,
Or thought that joy not worth possessing ?
In every land, in every clime,
The floweret blooms, its sweets bestowing,
And who denies the truth sublime,
That woman's love with virtue glowing,
Is solace to this world of strife,
The magic balm of mortal life ?

And who when woman smiles, and owns
Her throbbing heart with love is swelling,
And speaks in soft impassioned tones,
Her very eyes the secret telling ;
Say, who unmoved could hear her sighs,
And see a heart devoted, broken ?
O never love so true despise,
But triumph in the flattering token ;
For that will banish care and strife,
The magic balm of mortal life.

III.

But what destroyed the charm? Fair Isabelle
Had owned another lord—and her young heart
Had glowed with fondest transport—soon to part
From him she loved, “not wisely, but too well.”

Her marriage had been secret—known to none,
Save him who bound them in the holy tie,—
When suddenly her sire, of lineage high,
Besought a new alliance—and with one
Of different faith, alas! But at that time,
Had she confessed her nuptials, told her crime,
What would have been her humble spouse's doom?
The grave or slavery on the Barbary shore,
And she devoted to a convent's gloom,
Never to meet or see her lover more.
• Yet deeply and unseen she wept, and still
Dared not gainsay her cruel father's will.

But was that father then deceived? Ah no!
Secrets deemed safest often are betrayed,
And Guzman felt the overwhelming blow;
He knew, but did not seem to know,
The curse that secret union on him laid,
And sought the Arab's favor, to efface
That act of foul disgrace,
• Though the offender's life-blood might be shed—
• Thus hoping to preserve the honor of his race.

IV.

But could she e'er forget that blissful eve!
The sun had sunk in pomp beneath the rim

Of the horizon, down, as loath to leave
The glittering world, spreading through æther wide,
Orange and purple splendor ; bright the gleam
And warm the ruddy tints fell on the stream
Which, through the dusky bowers was seen to glide,
Fitful and sparkling. Could she ever
Forget that blissful eve ! oh never, never !

The heavens consenting seemed to frame
A gorgeous canopy of clouds above
The favourite spot, where betrothed she came
To meet in secret her own true love.

All hushed was the breeze—in a balmy shower
Floated the perfume of many a flower ;
The red rose peeped from its crisp brown moss,
And flung rich incense the pathway across.
The jessamine pale, and the hyacinth bright,
The violet blue and the lily white ;
And the blossoms of sweetest scent and hue,
All steeped in their fragrant honey dew,
Breathed out from their lips an odorous blessing,
As the fresh green grass her feet were pressing ;
As she passed to the chapel, remote and lone,
To meet her lover at the altar-stone ;
As the last faint sparkle of tender red
From the crest of the western hills was shed,
O could she, though ages had past, forget
The hour and the joys when they briefly met ;
When the first warm gush of her feelings discovered
A heart over which truth and constancy hovered,
When the smile of her lip, and her voice's tone,
Proclaimed that she lived but for him alone ?

O could she forget when Alonzo came lightly,
And clasped to his heart all he valued on earth,
When her bosom throbbed quick, and her eyes shone brightly,
Caressing and blessing in passionate mirth.

V.

O Love ! the life of life, the soul
Of every joy of human birth ;
In thy immortal breathings and control
Purer than aught of earth.
And yet how varying still, and treacherous, thou !
When pleasure wreaths the fair one's brow,
When all is sunshine, and the youth
Inspired by thee, with plighted truth,
Adoring lingers at beauty's shrine,
Then, thou art a charm, a spell divine.

•
Yes, the love devoted to one,
When true, burns brightly on ;
Like the vestal-fire fed every day,
It glows and sparkles, and dies not away.

But transient was the nuptial dream,
In sooth, life's pleasures only seem
Visions, by playful fancy wrought,
And poured upon the waking thought.
As evanescent as the dyes
Which flash through the storm illumined skies ;
When past, the mockery of their power
Is seen—and destroyed is their fairy bower. •
Yes, brief was the time of Alonzo's bliss,
For soon came the farewell, and parting kiss ;

And the heavy sigh, and the lingering look,
Which the soul's deep agony partook—
But the tramp of steed and the trumpet's bray
Had summoned the gallant youth away.
And Isabelle—a secret bride,
Remained by her haughty father's side.

VI.

Hush, groans again ! Ah ! was that sad lament
Sigh of bewildered fancy, reason gone ?
For love hath oft the mind to frenzy bent,
And there is madness in her lengthened moan.

'Tis midnight now—within that holy space,
Before the cross, a monk devoutly kneels,
Sad the expression of his aged face,
Sad is the heart which for the wretched feels.

Deeply sincere the prayer he pours,
Impassioned are the words he speaks ;
He supplicates the saint his soul adores,
And for the sufferer heavenly comfort seeks.

Still wildly bending o'er the bier,
The mournful Isabelle appears—
“ Father, canst thou absolve me here,
Canst thou dry up these burning tears ?

“ O tell me, hast thou power to save
A soul o'erwhelmed in misery ?
Canst thou subdue the terrors of the grave,
And from a torturing memory set me free ?
Approach me then, I need thy prayers to heaven,
And say if guilt like mine can be forgiven.

"Alonzo! thou wert all to me,
Betrothed, affianced, before God
Made mine—yet I abandoned thee,
By vows of constancy unawed.

"That heart which once, devoted, true,
Poured forth its warmest, purest sigh;
That tongue, which spoke the last adieu,
All cold in death—cold, cold—yet I,
Live on. I know some hireling slew
My love, amidst the battle cry.

"O dearly loved, forsaken youth,
United were our fates in one;
But power, and pride that bane of truth,
Forbade—no more—'tis past, 'tis gone—
His will, though fell as viper's tooth,
Must be obeyed, and his alone.

"Yes, yes, my father knew my heart
And hand were to Alonzo given,
And yet he vainly tried to part
Souls joined, and in the sight of heaven.

"Here lies my child, what am I now?
By cruel force, to whom allied?
The victim of a broken vow,
The victim of a father's pride."
Thus raving, prostrate on the ground, she prest
The lifeless infant to her bursting breast.

VII.

Where was Almanzir at this lonely hour?
Groans loud and deep had struck his startled ear,

And drawn him trembling near the chapel-tower ;
Her wringing anguish it was death to hear.
Then first he learnt the maddening tale of shame,
Which burst upon him like a thunder cloud,
The ruin of his happiness and fame,
The blight of honors once so high and proud.—
Where could he now seek comfort, where obtain
That blessed balm which soothes a wretched husband's pain ?

Amidst the Alps thus journeying on elate
The heedless traveller feels, when overhead
He hears the crash of snow, the voice of fate,
The avalanche rush thundering from its bed ;
Beneath the loosen'd ice Almanzir sunk
Powerless and faint ; so sudden was the blow,
His riven heart at once collapsing shrunk,
And his chilled life-blood almost ceased to flow ;
Snatched from the regions of ethereal light—
To wander through the gloom of sorrow's lingering night.

With what a look of utter misery
Did he behold her then ; how did he groan
With still unquenched affection, yearn to see
His best beloved thus at the altar-stone.
For she was all the world to him, he fed
On her sweet smile with ever new delight ;
But that brief heavenly vision now has fled,
Her reason gone, yet lovely in his sight.—
O'er her the tragic scene had sweeping past
Like the Simoom, with deadening force—she never
Breathed word again—but lingered on—at last
Gazed as with sense, then closed her eyes for ever.

“ THE RAJPOOTNĪ,” OR “ FIRE-SIDE REMI-
NISCENCES.”

BY MRS. J. L. MOWATT.

I AM so fond of seeing a blazing fire, with a semi-circle of happy “ familiar faces” sitting round it! People may say what they like, about *India* having no comforts; it is an excellent doctrine for idealists and grumblers; but for my own part, I have enjoyed much comfort; yes, real *English* comfort in *India*. The reader may smile, but if he believe me not, let him come and spend a week in our neighbourhood, in December, and I will introduce him to my snug library, with its bright fire, and tempting books—my circle of dear “ familiar faces,” and last, not least, my *Indian* garden, filled with *English* flowers! I shall not quickly forget last Christmas—it was unusually cold; and we were unusually merry. Of the many happy evenings, I will just sketch one; more, however, for the sake of the interesting conversation, which was by chance brought on the tapis, than any thing else.

The wind whistled loud, but our fire burnt brightly; the little round table, with its “ wine and walnuts,” stood in front, and our chairs partly encircled it; there was our kind and amusing friend Colonel ———, and opposite sat our young guest, the pretty and lively Fanny, who in spite of being in *India*, looked so happy, and so English, with her cold hands, and rosy cheeks, her Cashmere dress, and her *bha!* with one tiny foot, on a miniature ottoman, and her chin, resting on her small white hand. “ I am so glad, that I am not a native lady,” she exclaimed, much

to our amusement, “ I do so love to talk, and to hear others talk, and to be treated like a rational being, and give or change my opinions as I like. I could never submit to spend day after day, shut up in a zenana, smoking a hookah, or eating paun, or perhaps looking over my jewel box, for the twentieth time, in *one* day.” This was said *at*, not *to* the Colonel ———, with whom she was the very best friends in the world, but still, with whom she used to argue, so like a *woman*, that he, in spite of having the best of the argument, would often, half through gallantry, and half through badinage, succumb to the fair wrangler ! “ You are wrong, my dear Fanny, quite wrong,” he said, “ in thinking so ill of Eve’s dark daughters ; I must get you to read a few good works on oriental customs, and I think you will quickly alter your ideas on this subject ; however, listen to me, and I will amuse you this evening with a few hints on the subject.”

It is a very mistaken idea, that the females of the higher classes in the East, are objects of commiseration : it is only the superficial observer, (who applies his own standard to the customs of *all* nations,) whom we find lamenting the degraded condition of Native females, deploring their want of liberty, and calling their seclusion an imprisonment. Let him inquire for a moment into the respect, the happiness, the freedom enjoyed by the Rajpoot women, and he will, I think, speedily throw aside his prejudices on this point. The elegant and chivalrous “Ségur,” with his remarkable knowledge of human nature, says, “ there is no better criterion of the refinement of a nation, than the condition of the fair sex therein ;” and if deference, and respect, be proofs of civilization, then indeed, must Rajpootana be considered as redundant in evidence of it. An oriental sage says, “ Strike

not even with a *blossom*, a wife guilty of a hundred faults :'' here is oriental forbearance! The Prince of Troubadours, the far-famed "Reginald de Born," never uttered a more refined or delicate sentiment! "Les hommes font les lois, les femmes font les mœurs," and this is powerfully shown and felt in Rajpootana. The influence of the fair Rajpootni, over the prowess of every Rajpoot cavalier, and their power over their husbands, are facts proved by many beautiful anecdotes. Nor are these women mere brilliant slaves; far from it; they superintend both the household arrangements, and the domestic expenses; and believe me, many of them lead a far happier, and certainly a more useful life, than the languid fashionable Parisienne Belle, who spends her morning at the toilette, and her afternoon, in promenading through the Champs-Elysées.

The simple and beautiful text, "Let mutual fidelity continue to death," is both revered and practised by the Rajpoots, and is in every sense, worthy of a more enlightened nation. Neither the annals of our own country, nor Roman nor Grecian history, can boast of more instances of female devotion, magnanimity, delicacy, or presence of mind, than abound in every page of Hindoo history, from the most remote periods.

A constant repetition of these traditional histories, doubtless, has a great effect in forming the minds of the Rajpoot women; for true it is, that these legends form a great part of their amusement, and a primal topic in all their conversations: they read them, and also frequently hear them sung by bards and minstrels. Is it then to be wondered at, that the Rajpoot mother claims so large a share in the glory of her son, who imbibes at the maternal breast his earliest ideas of chivalry?

Let me now give you an instance of the firmness of purpose, and high sense of honor, evinced by a Rajpoot woman. The tale of Lucretia, is often cited with admiration ; but really I think its equal is to be found in the story of the queen of Ganore. After a long and wearisome defence of her five fortresses, against the foe, she reluctantly retreated to her last stronghold on the Nerbudda, and had scarcely reached it, when her assailants arrived in eager pursuit. The defenders were disheartened, and few in number, and the fortress was soon in possession of the enemy (who was the founder of the family, now ruling in Bhopal). He had heard much of his lovely captive, and the queen's beauty was an allurement only secondary to his desire for her country, and he despatched his messengers, inviting her to reign over it, and *himself*!

The proud queen knew that denial to his degrading request, would be useless, and would probably have subjected her to immediate coercion, for the "Khan" was impatiently awaiting her reply in the audience hall below :—but she was a Rajpoot, and a woman, and neither her presence of mind, nor her tact failed her, at a moment when most needed to defend her honor.

She, therefore, returned a message of assent, accompanied by a complimentary reflection on his bravery, adding, that her hand should be the reward of his gallant conduct, and that orders should be issued for the celebration of their nuptials on the terrace of the palace. She, however, demanded one favor, which was two hours' respite for preparations, to allow her appearing in the attire and state which her own, and his rank, demanded. All this seemed most reasonable, and was readily granted ; every preparation, as magnificent as the shortness of time, would allow,

was made. The discordant war-song, was replaced by strains of joy, and the victorious "Khan," was summoned to the bridal terrace, robed in the magnificent dress, presented him by the queen, and decked with the choicest jewels to be found in the coffers of Ganore. The bridegroom hastened to obey the mandate, and found that fame had not even done justice to the charms of his lovely, and conciliating captive. She rose from the ottoman as he approached, and drew up her stately figure to its full height. Strange it is, that a beautiful woman when under excitement, or even grief, can never wholly *forget* the effect of her beauty ! nor was the fair captive disposed to be indifferent to the effect she wished at this moment to produce. Though scarcely above the common height, she had the appearance of being much taller ; and there was a majesty in the turn of her head, the slope of the shoulder, the breadth of her brow, which showed, she was a queen of Nature's own making. Her long lashes, and exquisitely pencilled brow, gave an additional eloquence to her full black eyes ; and her profile, which in a fine countenance is always so striking and impressive, was purely Grecian : her hair, of the most luxuriant and deepest black, was simply braided over her forehead, reminding the beholder of the highest order of classical beauty ; while the upper lip, short and curved, covered the most dazzling teeth, and the full dewy under lip completed her noble and still strictly feminine face. Her throat and bust, were of the justest proportions, and her waist, not the narrowness of constraint, but almost insensibly less, and round as a circle.

The proud Rajpootni saw the effect she had produced on her captor ; he seated himself on the ottoman beside her, and hours flew like minutes, as he conversed with his beau-

Is worthless quite !—The Pheasant's plumes
Naught but the glare of day illuſes—
And where's the eye ſo keen to mark
The Peacock's tail, when all is dark ?”
The conſcious insect looks aſkance—
First on them caſts a haughty glance,
And then with ſolemn voice aloud
Addresses thus the ſilly crowd :—
“Think not, ye ſtupid dolts, that I
Am like an ordinary fly !
The flame you hail with clamorous din
Is not of earthly origin,
But came from Heaven—look there afar
Yon brilliant ſpeck ye call a ſtar,
Reſembling me, ſhines clear and bright ;
And all the dazzling globes in ſight
On which your eager eyes are bent
Are Fire-flies of the firmament !
So, all thoſe types of power that frown
And glitter in the Sovereign's crown—
Thoſe diamond wreaths his brows entwine
Their ſparkling radiance take from mine !”
Thus vaunting, in his train he drew
Throughout the night the rabble crew.
But now a faint yet kindling ray
Gilds all the Eaſt, and drives away
The ſhades of night.—The ſtars retire
Before that ſplendid orb of fire
Which Phœbus from the ocean wave
Uplifts and guides through Heaven's concave.
But where's our boaster ! whither flown ?
Behold !—a loathſome insect grown,

A grovelling beetle on the earth !
 What now is all his sparkling worth ?
 Confessed he stands—as well he may,
 A wretch that shuns the light of day.

Ye fools, whose base-born thoughts invite
 To shine with tiny spurious light—
 On pleasing kindred fools intent, .
 And raising empty wonderment,
 Fitted, as well in heart as mind,
 For ‘ one-eyed monarchs of the blind’—
 Tremble lest the sun’s bright glare
 Lay all your false pretensions bare.

NIGHT.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

WHEN gentle Twilight floateth o’er the scene
 On cloudy car, and with the glare of day
 The busy mind’s bright chaos melts away,
 What tender images and thoughts serene
 Steal forth like stars ! And when Night’s darker screen
 Divides us from the world, our mortal clay
 Off-drops at Fancy’s touch ;—earth-freed we stray
 To realms more wild than haunted forests green
 Where fairies love to wander. But the time,
 Though hallowed with alternate light and shade
 Of vision fair, or solemn trance sublime,
 Or memories sweet by distance dream-like made,
 Is brief as precious ;—at the rousing chime
 Of morning birds, all these enchantments fade !

THE RAJPOOT'S LAMENT.

BY W. F. THOMPSON, ESQ.

SHADES of the mighty, mighty dead !
 Then have ye lived and died in vain,
 And have ye fled, forever fled, '
 With all the glories of your reign,
 And left the world you used to bless
 In sin as deep, in need no less
 Than when ye burst upon its guilt,
 And half the blood it bore was spilt ?

The Cheytrie's pride, the Brahmun's god,
 Shall both be trampled and o'erthrown,
 And the pure land, your footsteps trod,
 Debased by lords to you unknown ;
 And will ye sleep, for ever sleep,
 While good men pray and brave ones weep,
 And native honor's latest gasp,
 Is ebbing in the oppressor's grasp ?

Whose foot is on the Brahmun's land ?
 A foot his country hath not borne—
 Whose hand is on the soldier's hand ?
 A hand the soldier holds in scorn—
 Whose lance is in the nation's heart ?
 A lance more odious than its smart—
 Who fill the thrones revered of old ?
 The slaves of slaves, whose god is gold.

Soft Ganga checks her troubled wave,
 And slave-like weeps with veiled brow ;
 'Twas there, 'twas there ye bade us lave ;
 And will ye, could ye bid us now ?
 The pride—the peace of native sway,
 Your deeds, your names have past away ;
 And will ye never, never aid
 To guard the right's your glory made ?

Shades of the mighty ! who shall dare
 To say ye are not mighty still ?
 Your voices float on every air,
 Your spirits move in every thrill
 Dim through the dusky waste of years—
 Dim through the glimmering veil of tears—
 I see ye, warriors ! stern and grey—
 I see ye—but no other may.

I breathed it to the rushing flood—
 The water's murmuring voice replied ;
 I breathed it to the waving wood—
 The drooping branches bowed and sighed :
 I told the rock—I told the cloud—
 And they returned it doubly loud ;
 I spoke it in the haunts of men—
 And not a sound was heard again.

Stupendous spirits ! Ye could mould
 And recreate a nation's mind,
 And will no whispering voice unfold
 The glorious art that rules mankind ?

Oh ! I have mused on all ye taugh ,
Till my young heart grew old with thought,
But never yet that sacred gleam
Has reached my soul in thought or dream.

'Tis vain, the task is not for me—

Fly baseless hope and shadowy throne—
My country's soul I cannot free,

I WILL be master of my own :
Shades of the mighty ! yet, oh yet
Spread o'er this heart the proud regret
That pines and glows in every beat ;
A little while—and we shall meet :

Though ear is deaf and voice is dumb,

I know the spirit dieth not ;
The ocean sleeps—the storm shall come,

When I, perchance, shall be forgot ;
Enough for me if freedom's eye
Shall mark my ashes as they lie,
And freedom's tardy hand confer
A wreath on him who died for her.

